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THE NEW YORKER

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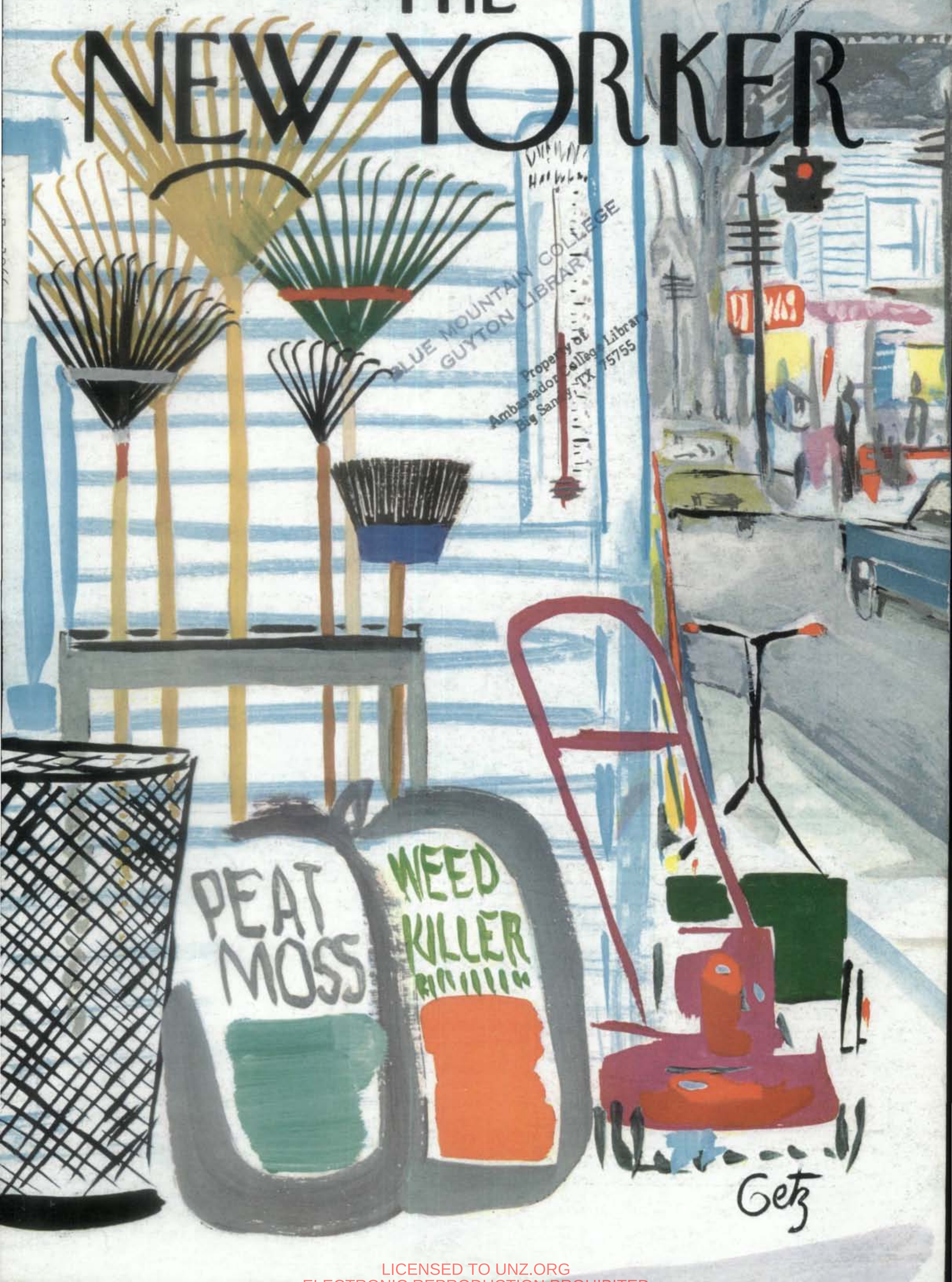
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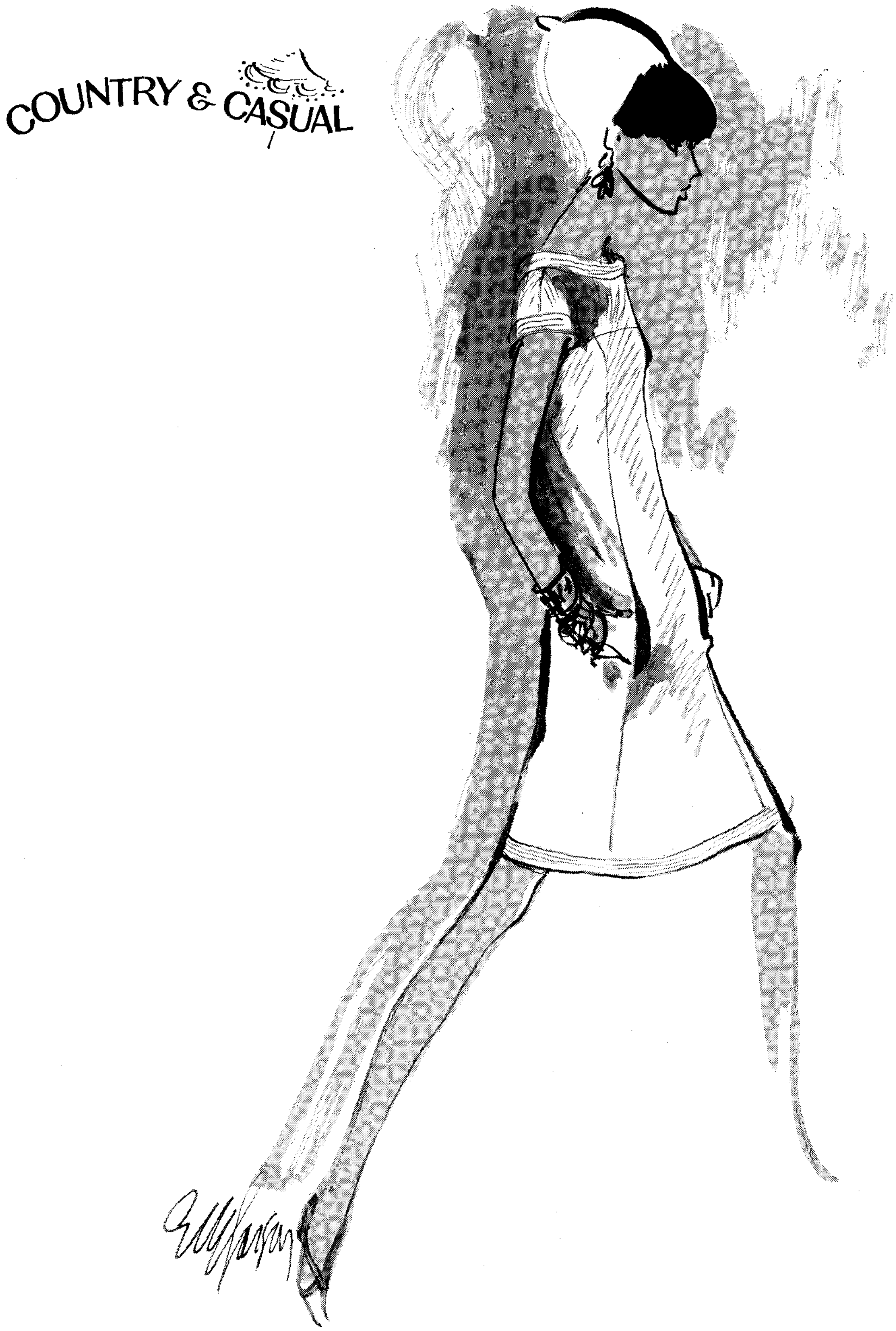

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Cactus Flower—Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, Brenda Vaccaro, and Robert Moore, among others, gambolling about in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. Mr. Burrows has doubled in brass as the director of his play. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Generation—The performance of Henry Fonda as a civilized man trying to cope with the mores of a beatnik son-in-law is one of the good things in this play by William Goodhart. There aren't many others. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Hostile Witness—There are altogether too many dramatic recesses in this courtroom drama by Jack Roffey, but Geoffrey Lumsden, Michael Allinson, Melville Cooper, Angela Thornton, and Norman Barrs give the proceedings a lift every now and then. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Impossible Years—A standard-brand sort of comedy, in which Alan King appears as a psychiatrist surrounded by a noisy pack of adolescents who baffle him. The play is by Bob Fisher and Arthur Marx, who have written a lot for television. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Lion in Winter—James Goldman's fitfully amusing fictional creation of the private life of Henry II at a time when the king was trying to determine who would be his successor. Robert Preston plays the king, and Rosemary Harris his queen, and they are both estimable, as are the others in the drama. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—A play by Brian Friel, laden with rue and laughter, that describes the last night in his home town of an Irish lad about to set off for America. Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford are superb as they project two aspects of the hero, and Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, Mavis Villiers, and the others who participate are all first-rate. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Royal Hunt of the Sun—Peter Shaffer's colorful and dramatic account of Pizarro's conquest of Peru, in which David Carradine and Robert Burr lead an excellent cast. John Dexter directed the play, and Michael Annals created the costumes. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Wait Until Dark—A limp thriller about the efforts of a blind girl to frustrate the plots of a trio of villains anxious to lay hands upon a doll that happens to be stuffed with heroin. Lee Remick has the principal role in Frederick Knott's play. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

You Can't Take It with You—The APA Repertory Company's expert revival of the thirty-year-old comedy by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman. Ellis Rabb is the director, and he has made it seem as fresh and funny as it was in the first place. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** Sandra Smith and George Gaynes in a play by Muriel Resnik about a girl being kept by an industrial big shot. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **LUV:** A triangular trifle that has in its cast Barbara Bel Geddes, Larry Blyden, and Gabriel Dell. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE ODD COUPLE:** A comedy by Neil Simon having to do with a couple of hilarious male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Pat Hingle and Eddie Bracken head up the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** About a clutch of middle-class Irish-Americans in the Bronx who spend most of their time bickering. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, May 21.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Ivanov—John Gielgud and Vivien Leigh in a limited engagement of the Chekhov drama, imported from London. Adapted and directed by Sir John. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 11.)

MUSICALS

It's a Bird . . . It's a Plane . . . It's Superman—The book of this rehash of a comic strip of a couple of decades ago is short on ingenuity, but its music, by Charles Strouse, and its lyrics, by Lee Adams, are not without merit. The cast—Jack Cassidy, Michael O'Sullivan, Bob Holiday, Patricia Marand, Linda Lavin, and Don Chastain are among those most prominent—is a fetching group. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

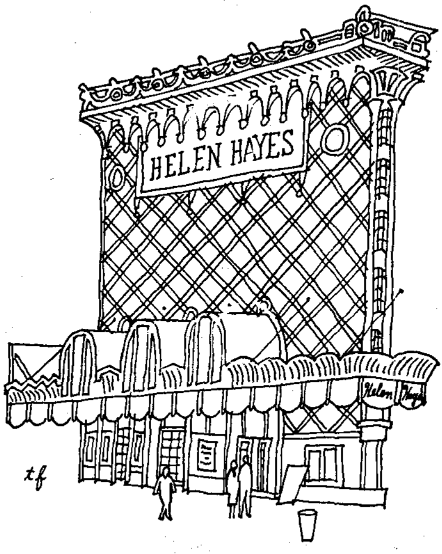
On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Alan Jay Lerner has invented a rather clumsy book for this musical, which is concerned with extrasensory perception and reincarnation. However, Barbara Harris, as a reincarnated lass, is high-spirited and funny, and the music, by Burton Lane, is soothing. Handsome sets by Oliver Smith, and elegant costumes by Freddy Wittop. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Skyscraper—Julie Harris is appealing as a young lady trying to save a Manhattan brownstone from some high-rise builders bent on destroying it, but this musical hasn't much else to recommend it. Adapted from Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl" by Peter Stone, the play has music and lyrics by James Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sweet Charity—Gwen Verdon as a dance-hall girl who dreams long dreams of true love and matrimony. The book, by Neil Simon, is rather a bore, but the choreography, by Bob Fosse, and the music and lyrics, by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, are lively. Miss Verdon is, as always, full of beans, and so is the cast that supports her. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait a Minim!—A jolly musical miscellany from South Africa, in which an octet of lively youngsters go about brightly interpreting native songs and dances, playing assorted strange instruments, and relaxing now and then with familiar folk songs from England, Ireland, and Scotland. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, May 8.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Herschel Bernardi. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** Mimi Hines representing Fanny Brice. (Majestic,



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	137
BOOKS	186
THE CURRENT CINEMA	182
MUSICAL EVENTS	125
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: FEMININE FASHIONS	131
THE RACE TRACK	184
A REPORTER AT LARGE	142
THE THEATRE	120

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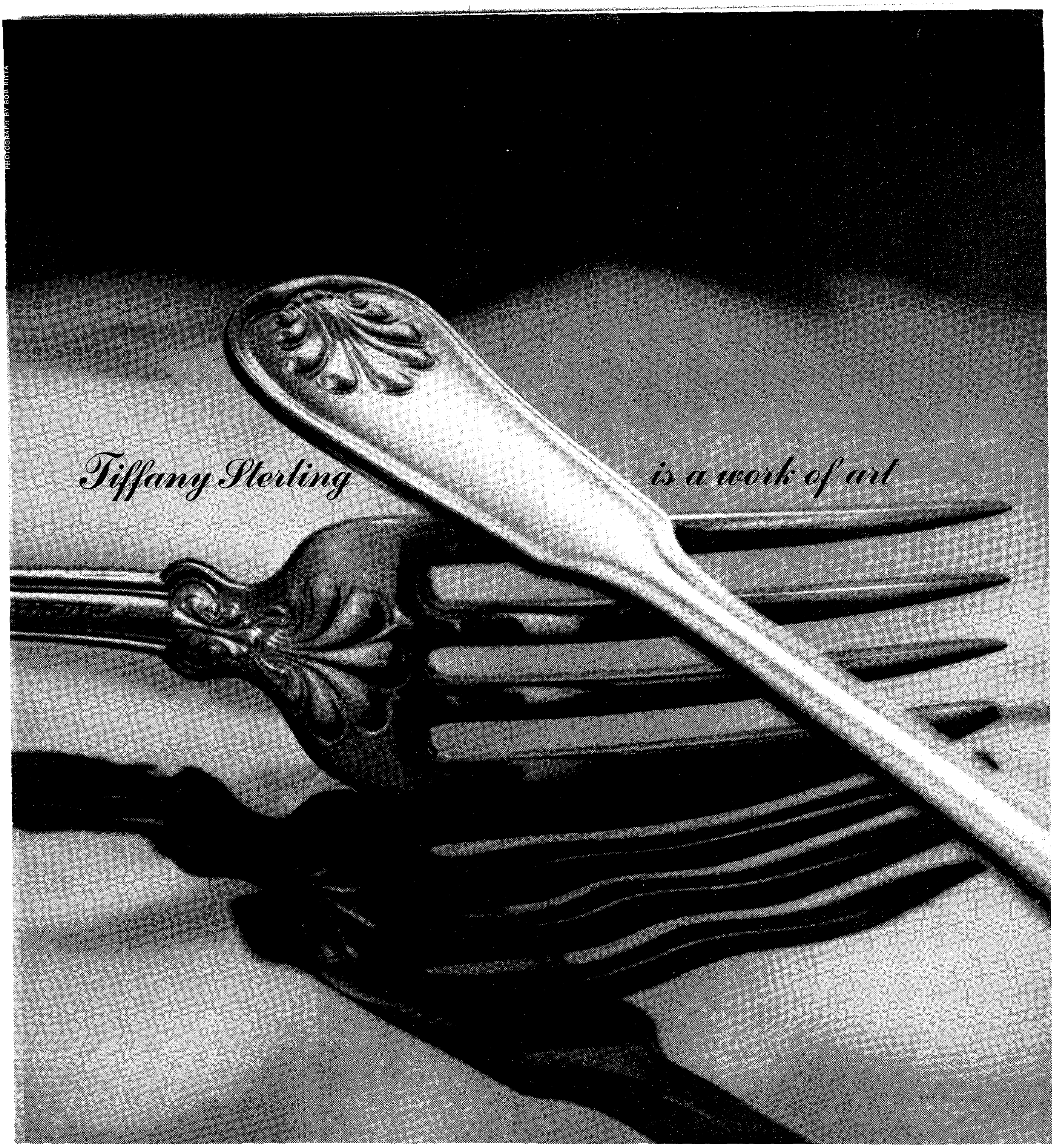

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HALF A SIXPENCE:** Tony Tanner in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps." (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Barbara Fritchie. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY: Billy De Wolfe, Len Gochman, Lee Goodman, and Sheila Sullivan in **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING,** which will play through Sunday, May 8.... **THE MOST HAPPY FELLA,** with Norman Atkins, Barbara Meister, Art Lund, Karen Morrow, and Jack De Lon, will be the second in a series of four Frank Loesser musicals by the company. Preview Tuesday, May 10. Opens officially on Wednesday, May 11, and will run through Sunday, May 22. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; *opening-night curtain at 7:30.* Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—The company's final offering of the season is Bertolt Brecht's **THE CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE,** adapted by Eric Bentley. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **IL TROVATORE.** (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

Bohikee Creek—Four separate scenes, all of them set along a creek in South Carolina. They are rather weak, but they do provide any number of opportunities for the fine all-Negro cast, which is headed by Moses Gunn, Georgia Burke, and James Earl Jones. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of very funny one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward which take a wry view of the Negro's predicament and his ways of coping with it. An excellent company, headed by Mr. Ward himself, makes the most of both of them. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A good play by William Alfred, both comic and tragic, about a saloonkeeper who runs for Mayor of Brooklyn and is tripped up by his own past. The time is 1890, and everyone in sight is Irish. The company does well. Barnard Hughes, as a parish priest, does especially well. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mad Show—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. Richard Kiley is at the top of his game in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville, Ray Middleton, and Joan Diener support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

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Phèdre—Racine's tragedy translated into flat but insistent rhymed couplets by William Packard and, under Paul-Emile Deiber's direction, performed more or less in the French manner. The result is a production that is pleasant to look at—the movements are graceful, the set and costumes are decorative—but awfully wispy, since the acting is only so-so. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Thursday at 8:30 and Saturday at 7 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 8.)

The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Serjeant Musgrave's Dance—A melodrama set in nineteenth-century England about four soldiers who come to a mining town to expose the cruelty of war. The play is done as a sort of Victorian primitive, and whatever excitement it has (not much) lies in the manner rather than the matter, which is fairly conventional. Britain's John Arden is the dramatist. John Colicos is good in the leading role. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

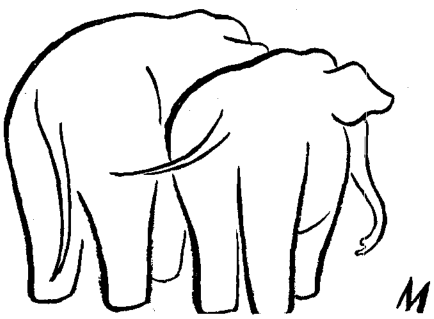
A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The World of Günter Grass—A program of excerpts from the poems and novels of the modern German writer, as recited and performed by a company of five. The actors do pretty well, but it is Mr. Grass, his words evoking the spirit of wartime and post-war Germany, who steals the show. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, May 5, at 8:15: "Dim Lustre," "Piège de Lumière," and "Ballet Imperial."... ¶ *Friday, May 6, at 8:15:* "Dim Lustre," "Jeux," and "Piège de Lumière."... ¶ Saturday, May 7, at 2:15: "Harlequinade" and "Jeux."... ¶ Saturday, May 7, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Divertimento No. 15."... ¶ Sunday, May 8, at 1:15: "Serenade," "Jeux," and "Swan Lake."... ¶ Sunday, May 8, at 7:15: "Raymonda Variations," "Piège de Lumière," and "Liebeslieder Walzer."... ¶ Friday, May 13, at 8:15, and Saturday, May 14, at 2:15 and 8:15: "Don Quixote." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, May 22.)

Bolshoi Ballet—Final performances of a three-week engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House—Thursday, May 5, at 8:30: "Don Quixote."... ¶ Friday, May 6, at 8:30, and Saturday, May 7, at 2:30 and 8:30: "The Nutcracker."... ¶ Sunday, May 8, at 8:30: A program of highlights. (The company will present seven extra performances at Madison Square Garden starting Tuesday, May 17.)



Midi Garth—With her company, in a program of modern dance. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Thursday, May 5, at 8:30.)

Juilliard Dance Ensemble—A benefit program of works by Fredbjorn Bjornsson, Richard Englund, José Limón, and Anna Sokolow, performed by students and alumni of the Juilliard dance department. With the Juilliard Orchestra, conducted by Jorge Mester and Luciano Berio. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday and Saturday, May 6-7, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

MISCELLANY

Mark Twain Tonight!—Hal Holbrook's impersonation of the Missouri humorist at seventy. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. CI 6-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's annual basket party. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2 and 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 6. Closes Sunday, May 15. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—At dinner and supper in the Royal Box, Shirley Bassey, a jubilant May flower, sings everything from April showers to midsummer madness. The incumbent jester is another matter. On Monday, May 9, Nancy Wilson and her arias will replace both of these characters. The orchestra of Lee Evans spends the evenings sampling its ample collection of grace notes. Closed Sundays.

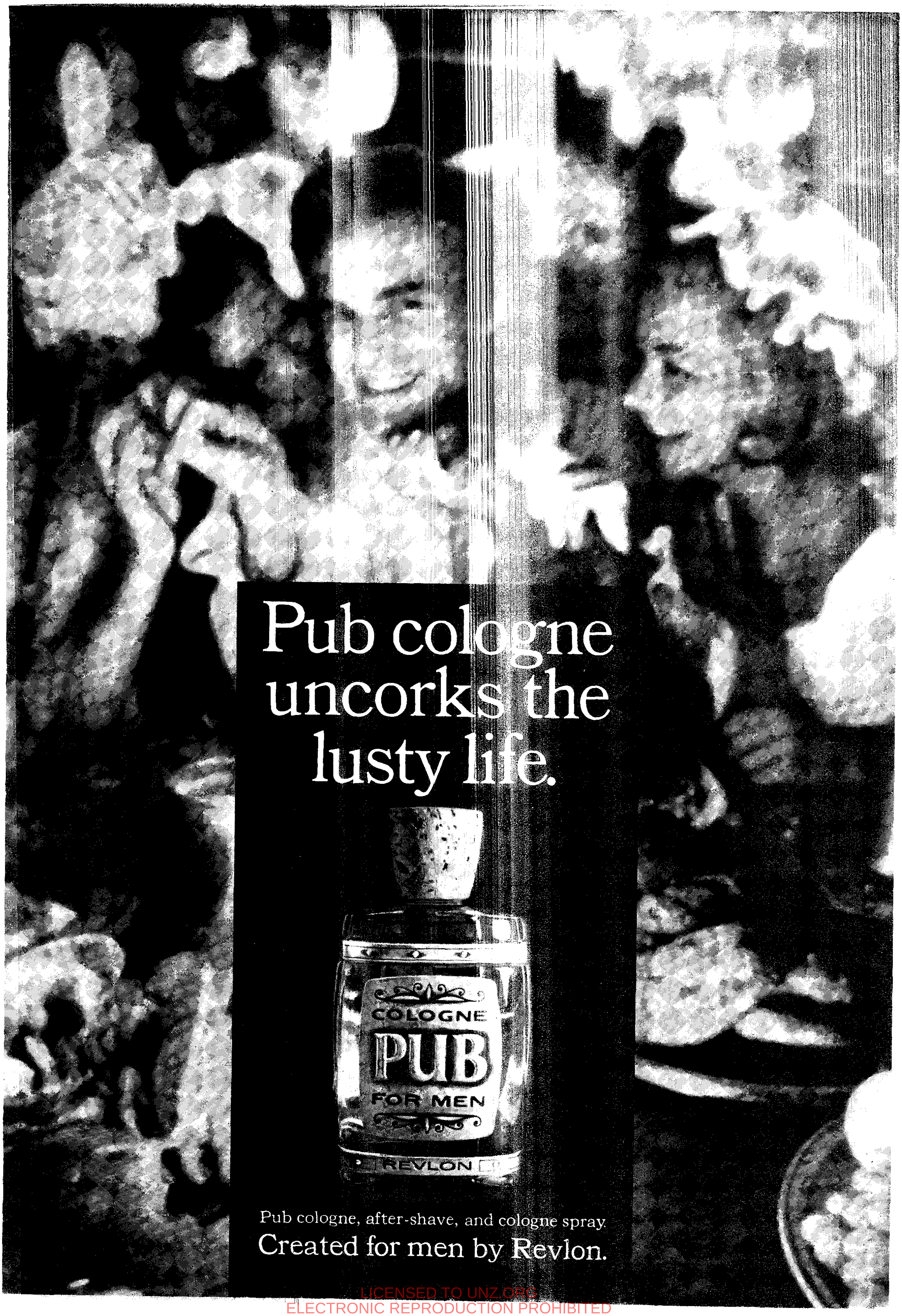
Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The nights have grown longer since the dance band of Horace Diaz moved in among the dinner tables of the new wing, which, candy-striped from head to foot, looks exactly like the late Little Club—and such it actually is, complete in every detail, including Billy Reed, prop. The tunes begin at nine during the week and cease at two; they begin at ten on Fridays and Saturdays, when three is closing time. Sundays, another band is on duty from nine until two.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Well-schooled dancing is par for this *concours,* where George Anaya's small group of musicians parades the restaurant from eight until nine, then breaks into prance tunes. Sundays, no dancing, but perambulatory musicians are there until ten. No music Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—This sceptred isle is among the crown jewels of the British Empire, which is always glad these days to pick up another good colony. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Charles Bubeck's orchestra work out in the grand salon; in the Champagne Room, though, only a violin and a piano confer, and in whispers. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, Ben Cutler's boys from Boola Boola U. stick to the real New York beat every night of the week for whoever both dances and dines. Franco Pagani, a perky Roman, sings out every night but Sunday.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Vic Damone, outstaying his original intentions but not his well-deserved welcome, finally stops singing in the Persian Room on Tuesday, May 10. He is a dinner and sup-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per specialty. Next evening, at ten, Eddie Fisher takes up the uneven tenor of his own special way. He, too, will be twice-a-night thereafter. Plenty of dance music will go on being decanted in the course of the evening, the best of it by Mark Monte's light-as-a-feather revellers. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and "Merry Widow" music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. . . . ¶ On the stroke of eight, the Palm Court becomes a tale of two cities—Vienna and whatever the capital of Ruritania is—with the assistance of Gunnar Hansen's gallant violin and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte*, water ices, and spirits. The dream ends at one. Sunday nights are stilly.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Room with a view. If the vista and the vittles do not use up enough time, there is always a dance floor, ministered to by the quartet of Jonah Jones, whose fettle is of the finest. The music goes on from eight-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Ring out the new, ring in the old (and all its splendid, ornate naval architecture). The ringing is done by the orchestra of Harry James, whom we don't get to hear much any more. The music lets go from seven-thirty to one-thirty during the week, from eight to two Fridays and Saturdays. No sound on Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The new blossom in the Sheraton daisy chain, and the handsomest. In the Maisonette, Quintero's Latin band and Ralph Stuart's orchestra are the urban and urbane hosts from dinnertime until curfew, which arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a next-door neighbor, offers a peace and quiet broken only by Jani Sarkozi's Danubian violin, which sees action between seven and twelve-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Ray Hartley's *champagne-brut* piano—which happens from cocktail time until eight or nine during the week (except Mondays), and from five to eleven on Sundays—is right up Peacock's Alley. The little dance band that bowls in the Alley from nine to one takes Sundays off.

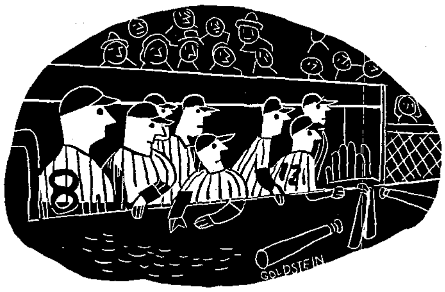
Note—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—New York's only astrodome, which houses a playing field that is all hardwood and a mile wide. Every sport but the Twist and its offspring is permissible. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Additionally, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, one-thirty to six, and Sundays are non-stop, beginning at three-thirty in the afternoon. A gaggle of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Public life made easy by customers who have been in the business for years and have loved every moment of it. Through this merry crossfire, music can be heard from cocktails on, beginning with Sam Hamilton and ending with Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who settle down to four-handed piano after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **L'INTRIGUE,** 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): Downstairs, where Murray Grand's piano recalls the best years of our lives, Jimmie Daniels sings about the best nights of our lives, and (whenever it enters her mind) Nancy Steele, the patroness, slithers through her Texas Guinan cantatas. None of these inmates are early arrivals. . . . ¶ Upstairs, in what was the dining room of the old Wanamaker town house, Bobby Short is the night-watchman for those who stay awake long, long after the dinner hour. Their reward is the blithe spirits of, respectively, his songs, his piano, and his sidemen—Dick Sheridan and Beverly Peer. All is shut tight Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Domestic life in Firenze. The family retainers who are not required in the kitchen now and again display their knowledge of Italian, operatic and otherwise, to the diners. They are not unaware of American arias, either. Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also at-your-leisure dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **MIKE MALKAN'S,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-3000): The Kingdom of Lilliput in a talkative mood, full of young'uns on their best behavior. While they gabble, Mr. Malkan, *padrone*, plays rumbling piano. Seven until almost daybreak is the scheme. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Scenes of a happy Budapest childhood. The background music, which never stands still, is zimbalon, violin, tenor, soprano, and (for dancing in the streets) Béla Babai's band. The tenor is grand old Tibor Rakossy. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner who, after eleven years at one piano, has unassailable squatters' rights in the Western Hemisphere, begins playing at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. The dining is minimal here. No music Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island hoppers who put into this port will discover reasonably accurate reproductions of the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): An exercise hall for young people who have to do with this or that dab of the amusement industry. The setting and the talk are very heads-up. A bright and breezy jazz trio (Cecil Young's) performs during the week; Sundays, from five-thirty until eleven-thirty, another gang works out. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The salon of Rita Dimitri, she of the saucer eyes, the flaunting eyelashes, and the soubrette hairdo. She chirrups from or on the piano, at nine-thirty through the week, and also at midnight Fridays and Saturdays. A dance trio reports for duty at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The employees are forever on the brink of a soliloquy: to be or not to be waiters, to be or not to be Metropolitan tenors. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHARLIE BATES,** 1487 First Ave., at 78th St. (734-9777): Neighborhood bars may have been like this sixty years ago, but even if they were not, this effort at total recall delights the young people. The music—Bob Emma's period piano and song, and the choral work of a folk foursome, the Dirty Shames—sets to at seven; Sundays, in their place, the Smith Street Jazz Society Band bleats from four until one. The menu is plain but hearty. . . . **BELL'S,** 314 E. 70th St. (UN 1-1419): The comforts of home, and the happy congregating of young and old for a mannerly Old Home Week. George Taylor's trio, which is always on the verge of sing-along, chortles from nine until three. It stays home Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Charles De Forest, his piano, and his songs are for the dusk-to-dawn dwellers in big cities. He is absent Sundays.

Note—The discothèque, a moth that has not yet danced too near the flame, will be best represented during its span of life by these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): The most formal of the enterprises devoted to the odd art form, a fact that does not prevent the older generation of dancers, too, from leaping to sometimes awkward conclusions. A full-fledged menu prevails from dinner through supper. Some of the music, which begins at seven-thirty, comes out of pressure cookers, and some of it is woven on the spot. Killer Joe Piro, leader of the lost generation born in the shadow of the Peppermint Lounge, does a special shivaree—assisted by half a dozen acolytes—at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty. Taps sounds at three or four. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Little children, often in what amounts to *bal-masqué* costumery, can be seen but not heard, so prodigious is the music of the electronic age. Ten until four Tuesdays through Thursdays and nine-thirty to four Fridays through Sundays is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is recited from memory by a machine and by certain members of the human race named the Uncalled Fors, the hours are nine until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the table fare is tenuous, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who floats with the greatest of ease. The garb runs from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): Both human beings and automation take part in the music making for a plain-spoken but pleasant pavilion whose guests are mostly angelic Mods and Rockers. The house dancers spend their evenings (nine-thirty until three or four) inventing the most pleasurable of unsquare dances. There is a menu, to an extent.



SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The lord of this grand manor is Cy Walter, from whom nearly all good ideas about drawing-room piano flow. His piano operates from six to one. Sundays, Forrest Perrin, his expert lieutenant, gets to use the keyboard instead. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Quaint conceit is the essence of this children's-hour castle keep. His Majesty's revels are accompanied by the dream-sequence violin of Norbert Faconi, a ruler himself among the circumnavigating fiddlers. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): The new face of Spain, but even so the architecture makes the twentieth century a great deal less stark. The current musicians, Inaki & Carlos, are Basque—which puts them under the heading of Rarity. They are both strolling players. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar discusses, in the subtlest of language, everything Spanish from nights in the gardens of Granada to the habits of the gypsy wanderers, and the architectural background is indigenous and ingenious. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Doing as the Romans do (and doing it superbly), with the same viands, libations, and scenery. Among the citizenry is a round of dulcet minstrels (mandolin, violin, and accordion) who operate from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Busy, busy nights on the Via Veneto. Some of the traffic jam is itinerant musicians plying their fiddles with great determination. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERATON-EAST,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the august Café Ambassador, there is piano from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Le Palais, which deals only in dinner, from seven to ten, is an excellent way of keeping in touch with Vienna, and so is Hans Hansberg's zither. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The scenery of this landed estate makes us all sorry that we ever moved out of the American past. In the bar, there's piano from six to one, except for Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Dignity is what the Regency Room cocktail lounge stands on, but that does not prevent Rack

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Godwin's piano from indulging itself in occasional subtle bouts of byplay. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Reasonably subdued grandeur presides over the bar-restaurant, where Enzio Lembo vocally accompanies his guitar from nine-thirty until one every night but Monday. Tony Gorody's well-constructed piano is on approximately the same running time, except on Sundays. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): Dreams of Empire, all right, but of the one that once lay along the Neva and the Volga. Marina Fedorovskaya, the doyenne and chanteuse of this enterprise, who has a very Russian chef under her arm and thumb, can sound both hearty and heartfelt; she is spelled by a pair of musicians, likewise very Russian. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The social significance is tremendous, the music (George Feyer's piano, from eight-thirty until two) is Venetian-glass. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): This portion of the Hotel Westbury is given over to dining and to the casual piano of Conrad Monjoy, who is on duty from nine-thirty until one every evening but Monday. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): From six-thirty until midnight every night but Sunday in the Casino-on-the-Park, that dispenser of peace on earth, Steven Weltner (pausing for the season on his way around the world) plays piano to really listen to. . . . **NEW YORK HILTON,** Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): In the Seven Hills, whose René Bouché murals do a reprise of Rome at sundown, Mario Peralta wields with ease an absolutely unwieldly and age-old bandonion, whose seven-until-nine music is all balm. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERATON GLADSTONE,** 114 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4300): In the Bivouac Room, which is a bar first and foremost, there is voice and pianoforte by Delos Rios, a recently imported *Chileno*, from five-thirty to twelve-thirty. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Clang, clang, clang goes the trolley in which Louis Prima's road show (jazz band and singers) rides out every night to the cornfields. The attendant humorist shall be nameless. On Thursday, May 12, Johnny Mathis and his artful voice become the whole deal, aside from his boy-and-girl choir, and the pretty Copa ballerinas will be temporarily put out to pasture. Dancing for the customers, though. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from ten until who knows when, there is boom and zoom on the bandstand. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "French Dressing," a Never-Never Land in which girls outnumber boys six to one and (in a special sense) outstrip them, too, is a leisurely parade that lasts nearly two hours. The pride of the paraders is Betty Jo Alvies, a Class A puma. The honored guest is Teresa Brewer, brimful of carol and cajolery. She will be succeeded, on Tuesday, May 10, by Corbett Monica, a standard-gauge wit. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Dionne Warwick, a lark never far from the gates of Heaven, does her final glorious outpouring of song on Saturday, May 7. The team of Burns & Schreiber, whose tongues are sharper than most, follow suit. The enterprise reopens on Thursday, May 12, for the benefit of promgoers; i.e., a cast headed by the rolling Righteous Brothers. . . . **CHEETAH,** 1686 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The hipbone disconnected from the thighbone, the thighbone disconnected from the anklebone. The young, doing dances their fathers never taught them in clothes their mothers never made them, submit to this seemingly painless operation from nine-thirty until four every night. The lighting and the music, both of them live and voluminous, are contrived by Marat/Sade. No dining.

CABARETS

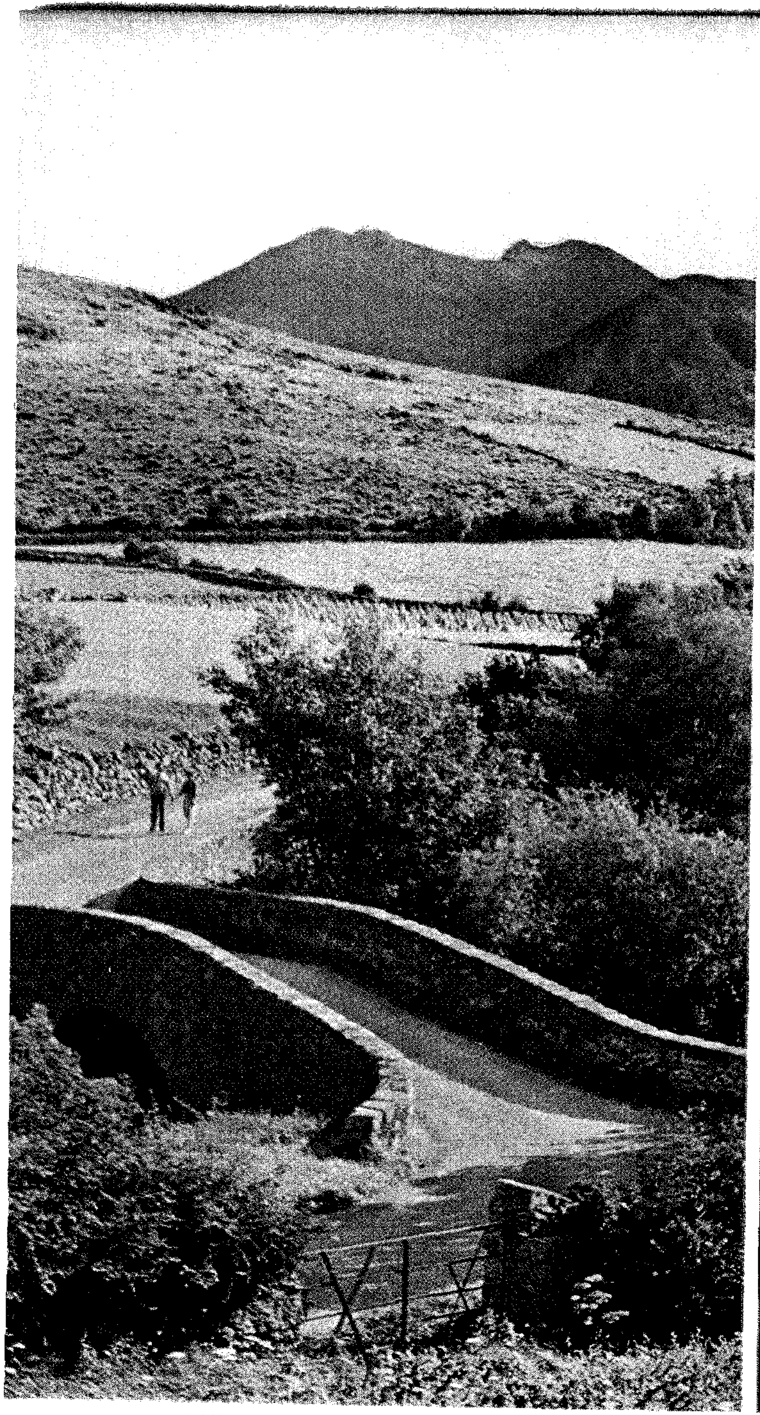
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Pick a Number XV," Julius Monk's annual report on the state of the nation, not to mention you and me, is—as ever—in revue form and rare form. The ladies of the house—Elizabeth Wilson, Liz Sheridan, and Lee Beery—are all noblewomen; Bill Hinnant is their sly shepherd. The pianos of Robert Colston, Frederick Silver, and Otis Clements act as orchestra. Curtains at nine and eleven-thirty. No frolics on Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): It doesn't matter who has the floor in the back room; the will to win is always there. For the record, though, the occupants are mainly Rosario and Esperanza Galán and their Ballet Español, whose hands and feet are quicker than the eye and twice as bright. Juan Lejido, a carefree but worldly troubadour, helps out. Dinner and supper during the week is the schedule, but the dancing by the customers can make the performance continuous. On Sundays, another time card: tea dancing in the afternoon (Tito Puente's band is the catalyst) and just one show, at ten. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Mario Escudero's guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Just for Openers," the pocket-edition revue here, is a slow starter, but it soon picks up an amiable momentum. R. G. Brown, Fannie Flagg, and Richard Blair are the leaders of the pack. Nine-thirty and midnight, except Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Coals of fire are what Joan Rivers heaps on her head, and the resulting conversation is by turns poignant, piquant, and pithy. Warren Vaughn, one of our ranking romantic pianists, often sings at his work. Not much happens until well along in the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): A Second City on the site of earlier and memorable Second Cities, but this revue is built of thinner materials, like all new American constructions. This is by no means to say that there is no ingenuity or wit. The players are Sandra Caron, Bob Klein, Judy Graubart, David Steinberg, and Fred Willard. Fridays at eight-thirty and eleven, and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty; the rest of the week, except Monday, only at eight-thirty.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The foreboding horn of Miles Davis, part Ancient Mariner and part Albatross, leads his band into action each Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Other activities: Tuesday through Thursday, May 10-12, Charles Lloyd's quartet; every Monday, the Mel Lewis-Thad Jones Jazz Band. Sunday matinées from five to nine. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): This emporium, a two-layer cake, combines a street-level restaurant with a belowstairs cave. Up top, the Dave Pike trio ruminates late every evening but Monday, and Cousin Joe, a pianist just shipped out of New Orleans, takes solo flights. Sunday afternoons (five to nine) there are offertories by other jazz men. . . . ¶ In the grotto, Fridays and Saturdays, there is Felicia Sanders, who knew all about soul music (the real stuff) long before other singers did, and Larry Adler, who can put any harmonica through the multiplication table with honors; with them go Willie Ruff and Dwike Mitchell, whose efforts to bridge the unbridgeable gap between jazz and chamber music are just great. On Mondays, down under is occupied by clumps of Latin musicians, to say nothing of Symphony Sid, a commentator on the jazz scene for whom time has stood still. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The little old Village smithy and hero-sandwich forge. Roland Kirk, his arms bristling with instruments, runs a foursome. On Friday and Saturday, May 6-7, Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers operate, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The land of the coffee bean and usually of the folk song, which at the moment is represented only by Gale Garnett; the Uncalled-For 3 are jokers. The regulars, as is the custom here, lay off each Tuesday. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The stage is occupied by Abbey Lincoln, that lyric



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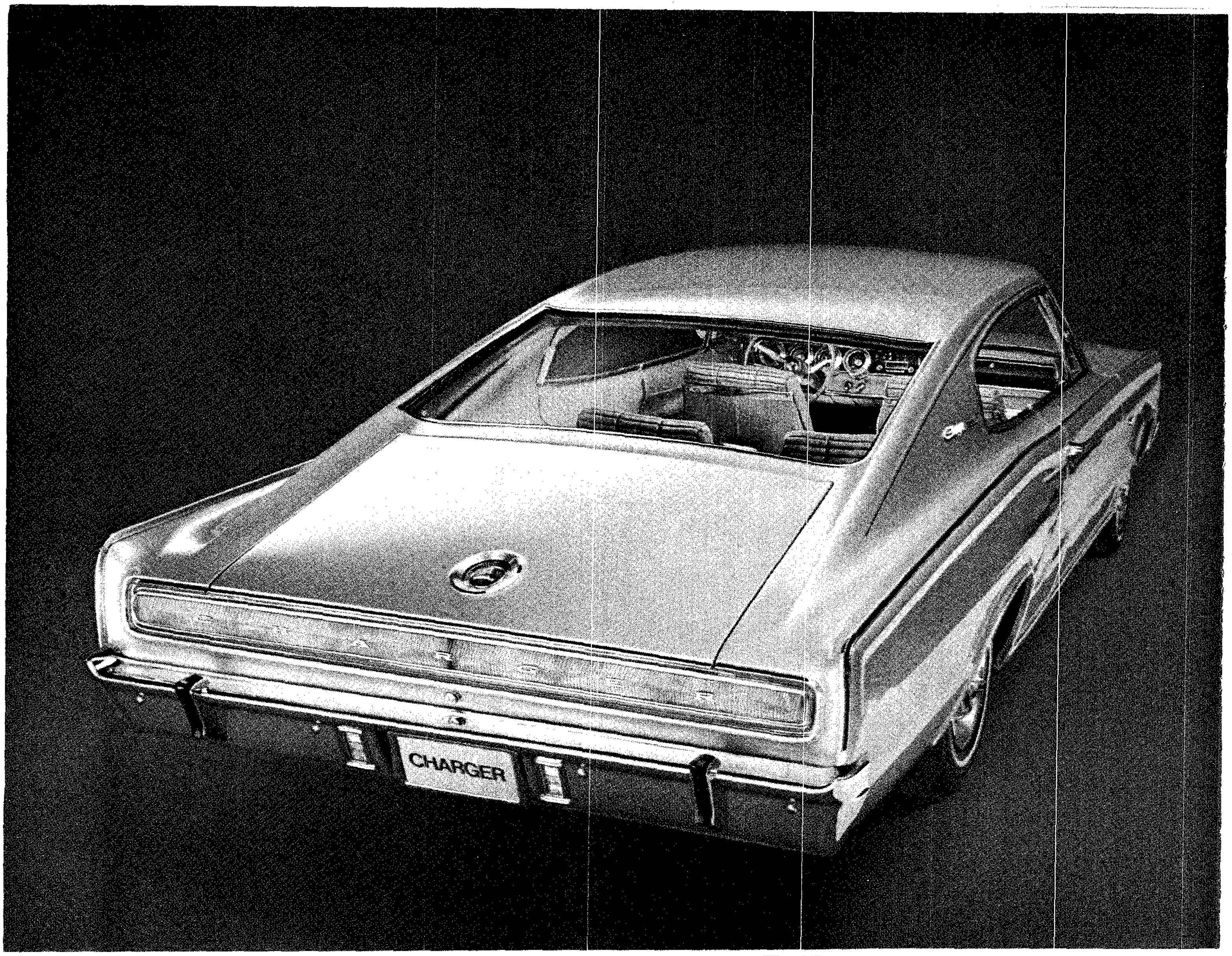

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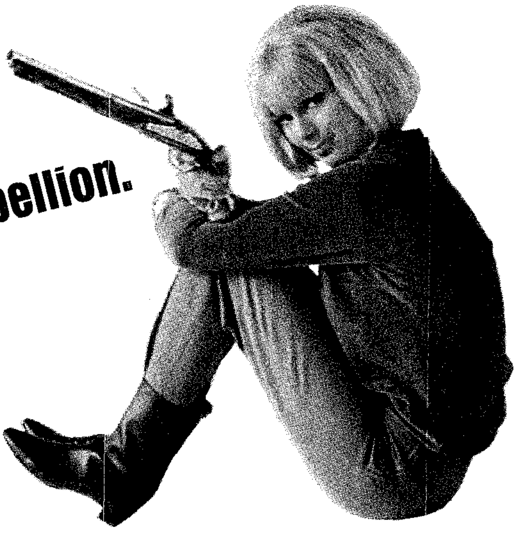
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Lorelei, and the strong-arm quintet of Max Roach. On Mondays, other players stand in. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): A fine cottage industry—handmade music of the old-fashioned kind. It is good to listen to, good to dance to. The craftsmen are Mr. Condon, Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Morey Feld, and Dave McKenna. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the bar is the threesome of Billy Taylor. Its mood jazz is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson, the solo operator. Nine-fifteen is starting time. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): In case there is ever another 52nd Street, a crew usually comprising Max Kaminsky, Zutty Singleton, Cliff Jackson, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown is lying in wait here. Sundays, Don Frye plays piano all by his lonesome. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The dust on the floor of this ancient sawmill is fresh every day, for it is made on the spot by a collection of banjoists who are enthralled by the turn of the century. They plunk down their notes from nine to three every night, and each Tuesday-through-Thursday a bagpiper waxes eerie. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Another at-ease brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). Sundays offer, at four-thirty in the afternoon, a few stanzas by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (477-9737): In the center of one of the new play areas for the come-as-you-are small ones. Sawdust, beer, and intent listening go along with the music, which is currently being put together by Lucky Thompson's quartet. On Tuesday, May 10, Donald Byrd's quintet inherits the job. The regulars take time out every Monday, when some other cohort occupies the stand.

ART

Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open eekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 nd 6.)

GALLERIES

ERB AACH—Paintings; through May 19. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

BE AJAY—Relief paintings; through May 28. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

NRICO CASTELLANI—Constructed canvases; through Saturday, May 14. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ERNARD CATHELIN—Landscapes and figure paintings by this School of Paris painter; through May 21. (Findlay, 11 E. 57th St.)

RANCIS CELENTANO AND MINORU NIIZUMA—Optical paintings by the first and sculptures in stone by the second; through May 28. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

EORGE COHEN—Paintings and gouaches; through May 28. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

OSEPH CORNELL—Collages; through Saturday, May 14. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ANCY DRYFOOS—Stone and bronze sculptures; through Saturday, May 14. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

HARLES DUDLEY AND HAROLD GOLDSTEIN—Paintings and constructions by the former and paintings and concrete sculptures by the latter; through Friday, May 13. (Brata, 56 Third Ave. at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

MMY ERNST—Abstract black-on-white paintings; through Saturday, May 14. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

NTONIO FRASCONI—Color woodcuts; through May 28. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDERICK FRIESEKE (1874-1939)—Impressionist paintings; through Saturday, May 7. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

ISABETH FRINK—Bronze semi-abstract sculptures of birds and birdmen by a young English artist; through Saturday, May 14. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

N GELB—Abstractions; through Saturday, May 7. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

ALTER GUTMAN—Figure paintings; through Saturday, May 14. (Great Jones Gallery, 645 Madison Ave., at 59th St. Closed Mondays.)

AL HIRSCHFELD—Gouaches and drawings by the theatrical caricaturist of the *Times;* through Saturday, May 14. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

RAY JOHNSON—Painted collages; through May 21. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

WASSILY KANDINSKY—An exhibition of paintings from the Bauhaus years (1922-32), marking the hundredth anniversary of his birth; through Saturday, May 7. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

FREDERICK KIESLER—"Creatures–Landscapes," a retrospective show of sculptures by the late architect-sculptor-painter; through June 10. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

GARY KUEHN—Abstract sculptures; through Saturday, May 7. (Bianchini, 50 W. 57th St.)

WALT KUHN—Early works: landscapes, circus scenes, figures, and still-lifes; through Saturday, May 7. (Walker, 117 E. 57th St.)

JOHN LA FARGE—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes, plus two stained-glass windows, in the first showing of his work in thirty years; through June 10. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

JENNETT LAM—Paintings of beach chairs; through Saturday, May 7. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St.)

JACK LEVINE—Figurative paintings and drawings; through Saturday, May 7. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

JACQUES LIPCHITZ—An exhibition of sketches in bronze entitled "Images of Italy;" through Saturday, May 7. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

MARISOL—Life-size figures; through Saturday, May 7. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

MATTA—Recent abstract Surrealist paintings by this Chilean-born Paris artist; through May 28. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

AUGUST MOSCA—Landscapes, figures, and still-lifes; through Saturday, May 14. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

GABRIELE MÜNTER (1877-1962)—Fifty years of her paintings (1906-56); through Saturday, May 14. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

REGINALD NEAL—Optical paintings; through Saturday, May 14. (Amel, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

EDGAR NEGRET—Painted aluminum sculptures; through May 21. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

LUCIEN PISSARRO (1863-1944)—Landscapes and still-lifes by the eldest son of Camille Pissarro; through Saturday, May 14. (Findlay, 15 E. 57th St.)

SAVO RADULOVIC—Paintings; through Saturday, May 14. (Artists Little Gallery, 135 E. 62nd St.)

JAMES ROSENQUIST—Pop Art; through May 25. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

STEPHEN ROSENTHAL—Paintings of nudes; through May 21. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

GEORGE SAKIER—Paintings; through Saturday, May 7. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JUDITH SHAHN—Portraits, figures, and city scenes; through May 15. (Hinckley & Brohel, 45 Christopher St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 11; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

SUZANNE VÁRADY—Abstract paintings; through Thursday, May 12. (Westerly, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

ABRAHAM WALKOWITZ—Watercolors from the early part of the century; through May 28. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

JANE WILSON—Landscapes; through Saturday, May 7. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

SEVEN DECADES, 1895-1965, CROSS CURRENTS IN MODERN ART—Ten galleries are participating in a four-week benefit exhibition (through May 21) of three hundred and seventy-one paintings and sculptures, ranging from Post-Impressionism and Symbolism to Op Art and kinetic sculptures by such artists as Matisse, Picasso, and Brancusi—At the **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: 1895-1904. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: 1905-14. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: 1915-24. . . . **THAW**, 50 E.

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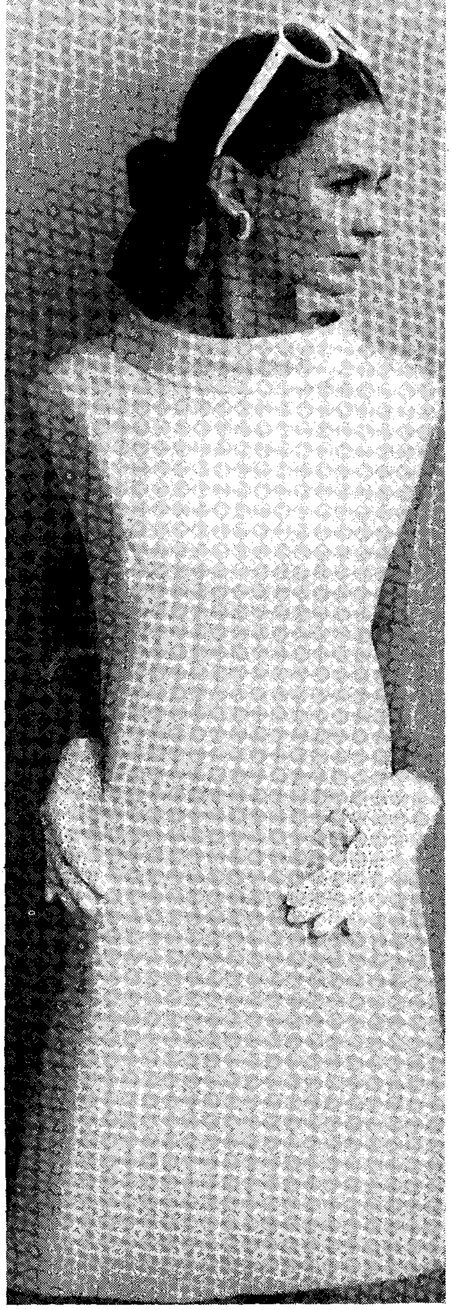

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

78th St.: 1915-24. . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: 1925-34. . . . **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: 1925-34. . . . **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57th St.: 1935-44. . . . **EMMERICH**, 41 E. 57th St.: 1945-54. . . . **ODYSSIA**, 41 E. 57th St.: 1945-54. . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: 1955-65. (All the galleries are closed Mondays except Rosenberg and Knoedler.)

Romantics and Realists in French Painting (1820-70)—A benefit loan exhibition of works by Chasseriau, Corot, Courbet, Daumier, Delacroix, Gericault, Millet, and Theodore Rousseau; through Saturday, May 7. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS**, 41 E. 65th St.: "40 Under 40, Young Talent in Architecture," a display of photographic panels of fifty-two projects and seven models depicting the work of Robert Venturi, Charles W. Moore, and Charles Gwathmey (to mention a few); through Saturday, May 14. (Closed Saturday mornings.). . . **BLACK**, 1062 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and drawings by nineteenth-century artists, including Albert Bierstadt, Frank Boggs, and Asher B. Durand; through Saturday, May 14. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Childe Hassam, John Twachtman, and Adolf Dehn are three of the artists represented in a show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.). . . **VALENTE**, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Robert Henri, George Bellows, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, and other twentieth-century painters; through Saturday, May 14. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Show—The annual showing of sixteenth- to twentieth-century drawings, pastels, and watercolors, including works by Francesco Guardi, Watteau, and Kokoschka; through Saturday, May 14. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St.)

Chinese; Group Show—Paintings and calligraphy by Ch'i Pai-shih, James C. M. Lo, Wang Chen, and others; through May 27. (Gallery of Chinese and American Art, 399 E. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 7.)

Israelis; Group Show—Oils, graphics, and drawings by Agmon, Bacon, Greenfield, Weil, and Weiss; through May 29. (Greenfield, 21 W. 39th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Note—The fifth annual Artists-for-CORE benefit exhibition and sale of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints by about three hundred artists (among them Philip Evergood, William King, and Adja Yunkers) is being held at the Grippi & Waddell Gallery, 15 E. 57th St.; through Saturday, May 7.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Recently acquired European and American prints and drawings by a spectrum of artists ranging from Rembrandt, Peter Paul Rubens, and Claude Lorrain to Jack Levine. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Oils and watercolors by Joseph Mallord William Turner, most of them lent by the Tate Gallery, the National Gallery, and the British Museum; through June 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 7, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 7.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"The Stations of the Cross," a series of paintings by Barnett Newman; through June 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Works by contemporary American sculptors (for instance, Roger Bolomey, David von Schlegell, and John Chamberlain), assembled by the Lipman Foundation and the Whitney Museum. After Sunday, May 15, the Museum will be closed until late September, when it will reopen in its new quarters at Madison Avenue and 75th Street. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of oils, watercolors, and drawings by the nineteenth-century marine painter James Hamilton; through May 22. (An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.). . . ¶ The fifteenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and eighty works by artists (Will Barnett, Robert Motherwell, and Louise Nevelson, to name a few) from every section of the country; through June 12. . . . ¶ In the Sculpture Garden, some two hundred decorative details salvaged from buildings now demolished in the New York City area. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"Treasures of Peruvian Gold," a travelling exhibition of more than a hundred and fifty pre-Columbian ceremonial and ornamental objects from ancient tombs and temples, on loan from seven Peruvian museums; through June 12. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, prints, collages, and sculptures by Salvador Dali; through Sept. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Primary Structures: Younger British and American Sculptors," a showing of pieces by forty-two artists, among them Gerald Laing, Ronald Bladen, and Lyman Kipp; through June 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions: Illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, bookbindings, autograph manuscripts and letters, and master drawings; through July 29. . . . ¶ Drawings of children—Parmigianino to Kate Greenaway; through July 29. . . . ¶ A selection of children's books and manuscripts; through July 29. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—Primitive oils, watercolors, and carvings from the collection of the New York State Historical Association, in Cooperstown; through June 5. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—African sculptures (in wood, ivory, gold, and brass) from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Four hundred and thirty-eight glass paperweights, including American examples from the Sandwich, Mt. Washington, and Millville factories and such French examples as Baccarat, Clichy, and St. Louis. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"The Architect and the Illustrator," a display of illustrated and illuminated texts (religious and Biblical works, classic tales, and poems, as well as books on architecture), dating back to the thirteenth century, from countries throughout the world; through June 30. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Brooklyn Opera Company—Final performances of the season—Saturday, May 7, at 8:30: "Rigoletto." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 14, at 8:30: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

Mannes Opera Production Workshop—A double bill: Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue" and Wolf-Ferrari's "The Secret of Susanne." Paul Berl is the musical director and James Lucas the stage director. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Thursday and Friday, May 5-6, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, May 5, at 8:30; Friday, May 6, at 2:15; Saturday, May 7, at 8:30; and Monday, May 9, at 7:30 (all with Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale, duo piano); and performances of Haydn's "The Creation" on Thursday, May 12, at 8:30; Friday, May 13, at 2:15; Saturday, May 14, at 8:30; Monday, May 16, at 7:30; and Wednesday, May 18, at 8:30 (all with Judith Raskin, soprano; Alexander Young, tenor; John Reardon, baritone; and the Camerata Singers).

Symphony of the New World—Benjamin Steinberg conducting, with Gwendolin Sims, so

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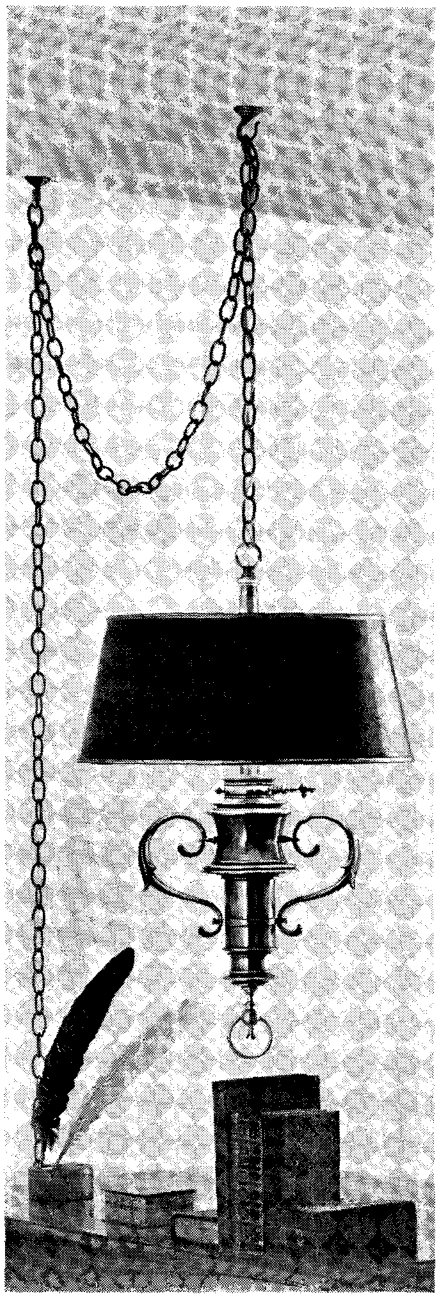

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

prano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, May 8, at 2:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting the final program of the season, with the Dessoff Choirs, a boys' choir, and soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 8, at 3, and Monday, May 9, at 8:40.)

Collegiate Chorale—Abraham Kaplan directing a Walton-Fauré program, with Veronica Tyler, soprano, and Thomas Palmer and Heinz Rehfuss, baritones. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 6, at 8:30.)

Hunter College Choirs—Ralph Hunter directing. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, May 14, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Beaux Arts Trio—The last in a series of concerts of piano trios, this one a Tchaikovsky-Schubert program. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, May 6, at 8:40.)

New Lost City Ramblers—Folk singers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, May 7, at 8:30.)

Douglas Nordli—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, May 13, at 5:30.)

MISCELLANY

Folk-Song Concert—Pete Seeger, Carolyn Hester, the Wiltwyck Steel Band, and others, in a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 11, at 8:30.)

Jazz Concerts—Ray Charles, pop singer, and his orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 7, at 8:30 and at midnight.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thursday, May 5, at 2. . . . **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Chicago, Friday, May 6, at 8; Saturday, May 7, at 2:15; and Sunday, May 8, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Mets vs. Houston, Tuesday through Thursday, May 10-12, at 8. . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Francisco, Friday, May 13, at 8, and Saturday, May 14, at 2:15.

Crew—Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Philadelphia. Saturday, May 7.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Ithaca. Saturday, May 7.) . . . ¶ Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. Saturday, May 14.)

Horse Shows—Sugartown Horse Show. (Newtown Square, Pa. Saturday and Sunday, May 7-8.) . . . ¶ Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. Friday through Sunday, May 13-15.)

Hunt Racing—Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, May 7.) . . . ¶ Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 14.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30. The Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 7, and the Withers, Saturday, May 14. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2; last day Monday, May 30. . . . **CHURCHILL DOWNS,** Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 7.

Track Meet—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, May 14, at 11.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, May 24. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 26.

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "Madame Butterfly," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, May 14, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Ching Ling and the Magic Peach," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **STORYLAND THEATRE:** "Heidi." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Mother Goose Magic Show." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays at 2:15.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," *an exhibition of art and artifacts* from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The new show is called "The Domain of the Great Bear." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Children's Zoos—In **CENTRAL PARK:** Where the youngsters may visit a pond inhabited by ducks and geese, a Jonah's Whale (with an aquarium inside), a storybook castle, and so on. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.) . . . ¶ At the **BRONX ZOO:** Among the new arrivals this year are a community of prairie dogs, a baby llama, and a fresh crop of bunnies, lambs, piglets, kittens, and the like, which can be petted as well as admired. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby *no earlier than thirty minutes* before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry and Prose Readings—Truman Capote reading from his own works. A benefit performance. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Thursday, May 5, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Edwin Honig, Galway Kinnell, Carolyn Kizer, Adrienne Rich and May Swenson reading their own translations of Spanish, French, Chinese, Dutch, and Swedish poetry. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A. Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, May 8, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Richard Wilbu reading from his own poetry. (Law Club Lounge, Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdouga St. Thursday, May 12, at 4:15. No tickets necessary.)

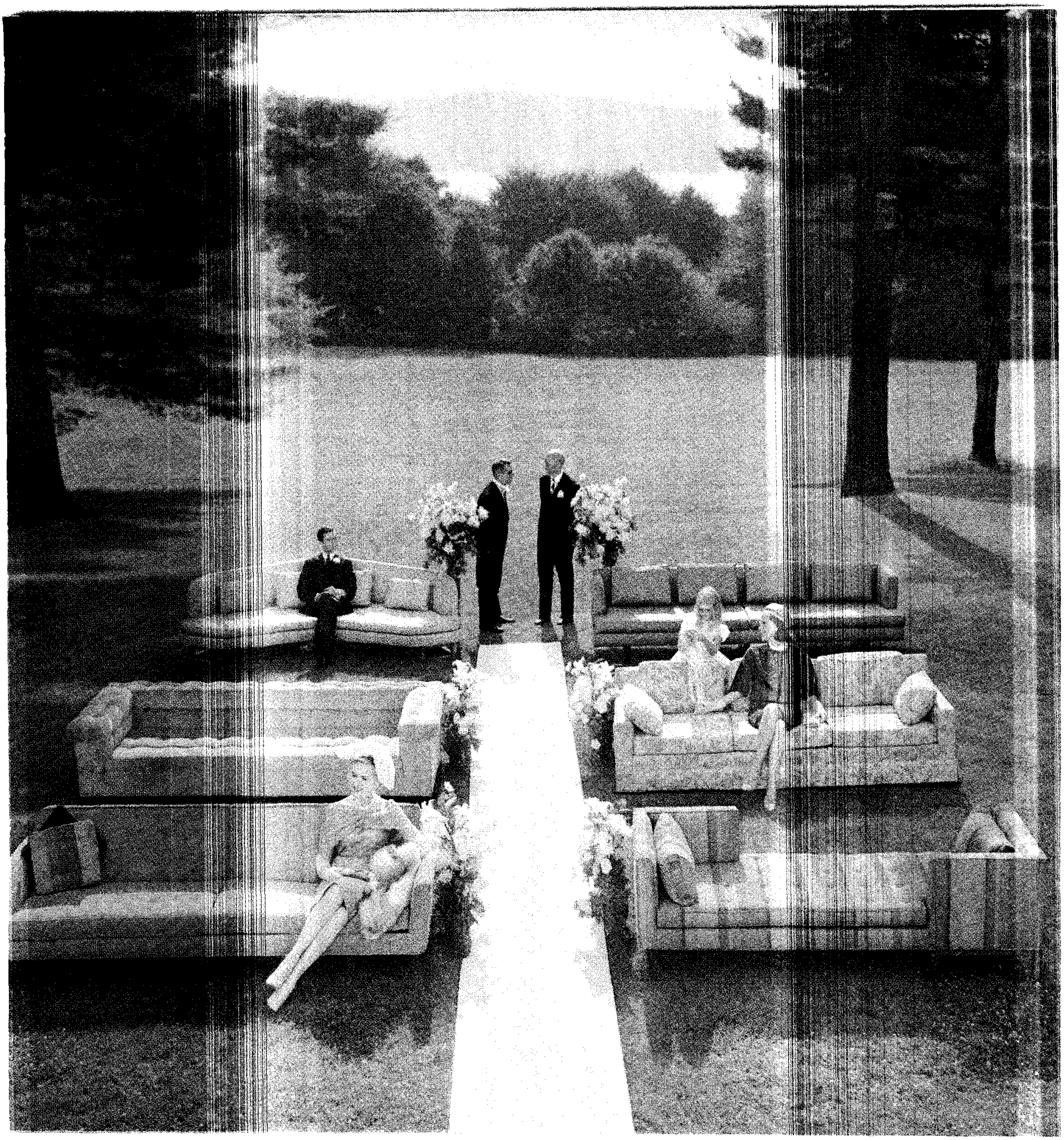
Gardens—Some of the city's private gardens and penthouse terraces will be opened to the public on Tuesday, May 10, from 2:30 to 6 in a benefit exhibition. Those on display belong to Mrs. Shirley P. Bernuth, 435 E. 57th St.; the Colonial Dames of America, 421 E 61st St.; Dr. and Mrs. Detlev W. Bronk Rockefeller University, York Ave. at 66th St.; Mrs. William Dixon Stevens, 209 E 72nd St.; Mr. and Mrs. William E. Hill 125 E. 74th St.; and Mrs. H. Howel Howard, 36 E. 74th St. (For information about tickets, call TR 9-0173 Monday through Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 98 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays throug Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, May 5, a 10:30, 1:45, and 8: Americana, duplicate from the Newberry Library, in Chicago. . . ¶ Friday, May 6, at 11: Watercolors, illustrating an expedition to the Rocky Mountain in 1837, by Alfred Jacob Miller; the property of Major G. H. Power. . . . ¶ Saturday May 7, at 1:45: English and French furniture and decorations, silver and gilded silver and rugs; from the estate of Sophie Tucke and from other sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday May 11, at 9 P.M.: Paintings and sculpture donated by artists, private collectors, an dealers, in a benefit auction.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Automobile Racing—At **WATKINS GLEN:** May 2 . . . **BRIDGEHAMPTON RACE CIRCUIT,** Bridgehampton: May 22. . . . **THOMPSON RACEWAY,** Thomp



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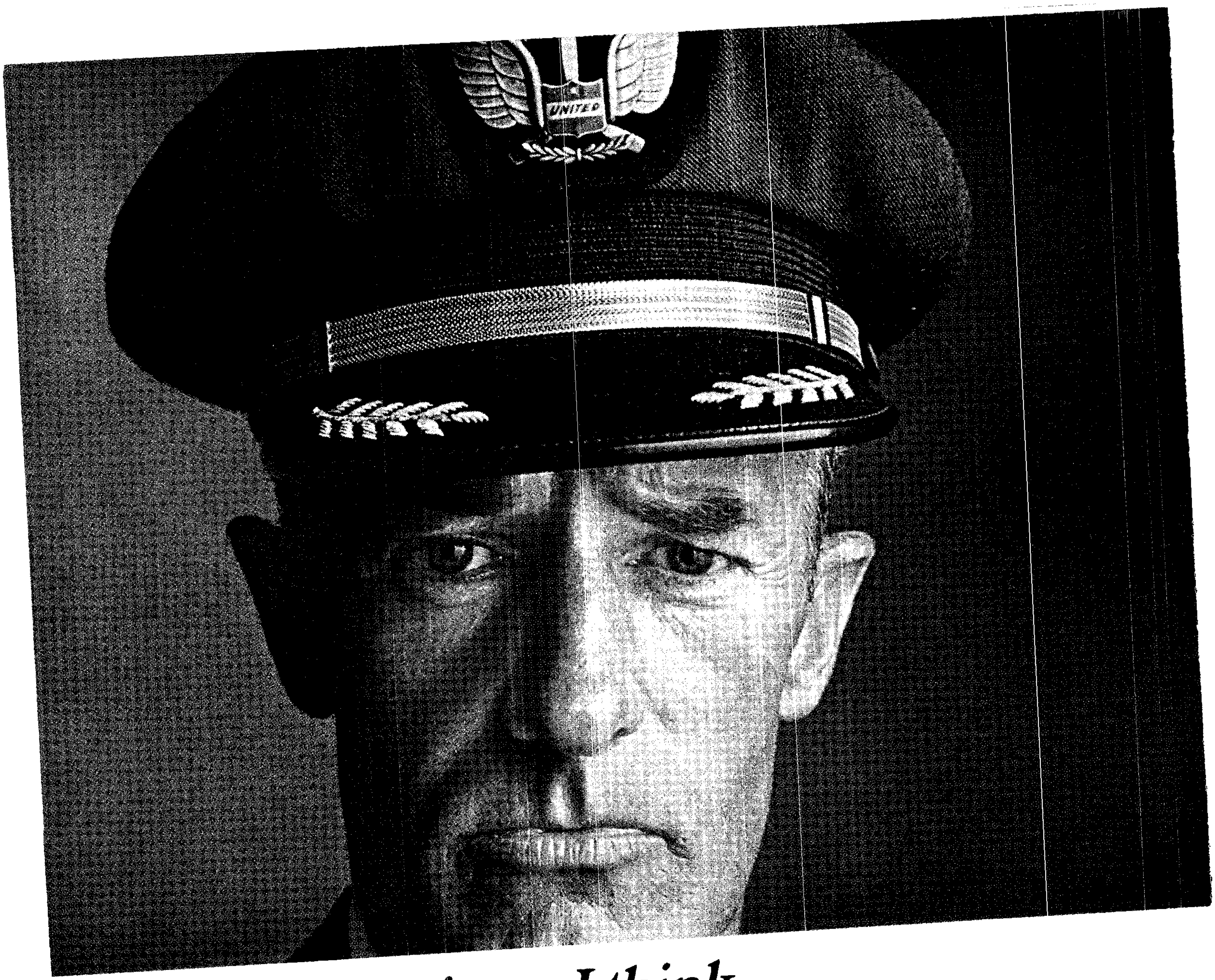

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

son, Conn.: May 28. . . . **INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY:** May 30. . . . **LIME ROCK PARK,** Lime Rock, Conn.: June 11.

BASEBALL—At **SHEA STADIUM:** May 15, May 17-19, May 30-June 5, and June 7-14. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** May 20-22, May 24-25, May 27-29, and June 15.

BOXING—José Torres vs. Wayne Thornton, 15 rounds, for the World Light-Heavyweight Championship. (Shea Stadium. May 21.)

DOG SHOWS—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City. May 21.) . . . ¶ Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich. June 11.)

GOLF—United States Seniors' Golf Association Annual Tournament. (Apawamis Club and Westchester Country Club, Rye. June 7-8.) . . . ¶ Women's Eastern Amateur Championship. (Philmont Country Club, Huntingdon Valley, Pa. June 7-9.)

HORSE SHOWS—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. May 27-28 and May 30-June 4.) . . . ¶ Fairfield-Westchester P.H.A. Show. (Stamford. June 5.) . . . ¶ Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. June 10-12.) . . . ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Old Westbury. June 11.)

HUNT RACING—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. May 21.) . . . ¶ Adjacent Hunts Racing Association. (Purchase. May 28.)

RACING—At **PIMLICO,** Baltimore: The Preakness, May 21. . . . **EPSOM,** England: The Derby, May 25. . . . **BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT:** June 1-30. The Belmont, June 4. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: June 3-Aug. 6. . . . **ASCOT,** England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting, June 14-17.

TENNIS—**PROFESSIONAL MATCHES:** Pancho Gonzalez, Rodney Laver, Kenneth Rosewall, Lewis Hoad, Malcolm Anderson, Andres Gimeno, Alex Olmedo, Pancho Segura, Earl Buchholz, Mike Davies, Luis Ayala, Pierre Barthes, and Barry McKay. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. TE 8-3475. June 8-12.) . . . **AMATEUR MATCHES:** New Jersey State Men's Championships. (East Orange Tennis Club, East Orange, N.J. June 11-19.)

TRACK MEET—I.C.A.A.A.A. Outdoor Track Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. May 27-28.)

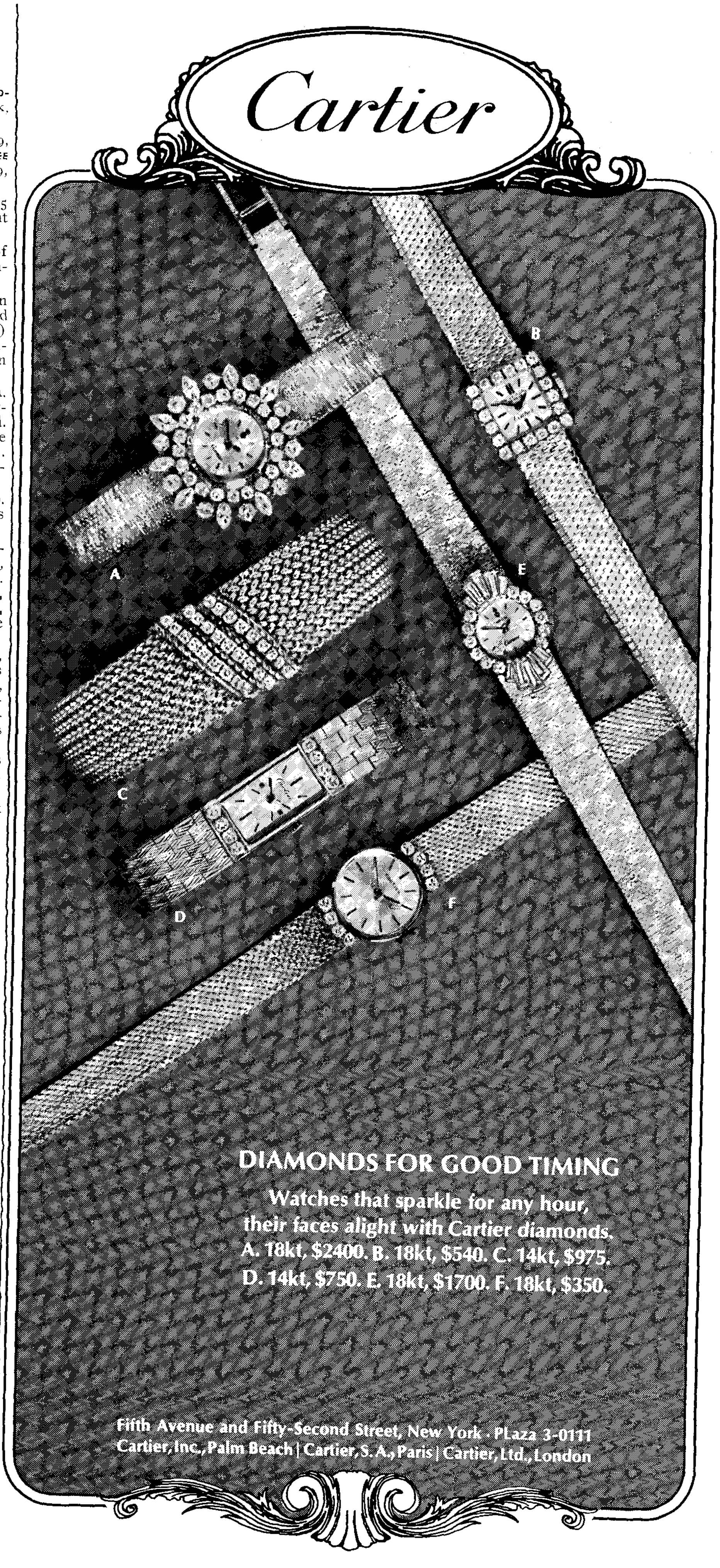
TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: May 25-July 23.

YACHTING—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. June 4-5.)

MUSIC—At **PHILHARMONIC HALL** (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic's regular season continues through May 21, to be followed by a five-week season of "Promenades," running from May 25 through June 25. . . . **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Marais and Miranda, ballad singers, May 18.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "A Time for Singing," a musical taken from Richard Llewellyn's novel "How Green Was My Valley," with book and lyrics by Gerald Freedman and John Morris, music by Mr. Morris, and a cast headed by Ivor Emmanuel, Tessie O'Shea, Shani Wallis, and Laurence Naismith. . . . ¶ Angela Lansbury in "Mame," a musical based on "Auntie Mame," the novel by Patrick Dennis and the play by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee. The Messrs. Lawrence and Lee wrote the book and Jerry Herman the music and lyrics. . . . ¶ Revivals of "Where's Charley?" and "Guys and Dolls," the last two offerings in the City Center Light Opera Company's current season of Frank Loesser musicals. . . . ¶ A revival of "Annie Get Your Gun," with Ethel Merman, the first of two musicals to be presented by the Music Theatre of Lincoln Center.

OTHER DATES—May Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, May 18. . . . ¶ Armed Forces Day is Saturday, May 21. . . . ¶ Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, May 26-June 12. . . . ¶ Memorial Day is Monday, May 30. . . . ¶ Ice Capades, at Madison Square Garden, June 1-12. . . . ¶ Commencements: Vassar and Smith, June 5; Barnard and Columbia, June 7; Annapolis, N.Y.U., and West Point, June 8; Dartmouth, June 12; Yale, June 13; Princeton, June 14; and Harvard, June 16. . . . ¶ Second-quarter Federal and New York State income-tax payments are due Wednesday, June 15.



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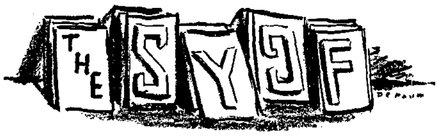
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Darling—The English director John Schlesinger leads an expert cast—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, Laurence Harvey, and others—through a crisp, brilliantly photographed morality tale about a pretty girl on the make. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

Dear John—Explicit in word and deed, this picture tells of a couple who find it much harder to love than to make love. Starring Jarl Kulle and Christina Schollin. Directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren. In Swedish. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Doctor Zhivago—A lot of things have gone wrong with this expensive-looking version of the Pasternak novel. The notable, largely wasted cast includes Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, Alec Guinness, Geraldine Chaplin, Rod Steiger, and Rita Tushingham. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Flight of the Phoenix—A rousing melodrama, laid in the blistering Sahara. Among those getting blistered are James Stewart, Peter Finch, Richard Attenborough, and Hardy Krüger. Directed by Robert Aldrich. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; May 6-10.)

The Group—The recent best-seller by Mary McCarthy about college girls in the dim thirties has been made into a big, splashy, but not very satisfactory costume drama. Directed by Sidney Lumet and starring, among others, Joan Hackett, Shirley Knight, Joanna Pettet, Larry Hagman, James Broderick, and Hal Holbrook. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; through May 10. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; through May 10, last showing that day at 5:02. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting May 11.)

Juliet of the Spirits—A Roman housewife, played by Giulietta Masina, seeks to save herself from the horror of being middle-aged and unloved, and such is the genius of Federico Fellini that the picture is comic and beautiful and almost never sad. In Italian. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through May 10.)

John F. Kennedy: Years of Lightning, Day of Drums—A documentary about the late President, originally intended only for showing abroad. It is imperfect, even as propaganda, but is, of course, worth seeing. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

The Leather Boys—A pair of young lovers, more foolish than star-crossed, and a homosexual friend, who *really* has troubles, grow up to the roaring of innumerable motorcycles. With Rita Tushingham, Colin Campbell, and Dudley Sutton, and superbly directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through May 10.)

Lord Love a Duck—George Axelrod has directed this harsh but often hilarious study of Young America, and Roddy McDowall and Tuesday Weld are first-rate in the leading roles. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through May 10.)

Morgan!—A troubled young man tears London apart in an attempt to make people love one another as much as he thinks great apes love other great apes. A very strange comedy indeed, marvellously acted by David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave, under the direction of Karel Reisz. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

My Fair Lady—Yes, as good as it was on the stage. Rex Higgins is, naturally, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Our Man Flint—James Coburn has great fun playing a Bond-like paragon of international sleuthing. He is aided and hindered by lots of pretty girls. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through May 10.)

Scorpio Rising—Kenneth Anger's incandescent treatise on a cult that combines motorcycling, homosexuality, and rock 'n' roll. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210.)

Shakespeare Wallah—A bittersweet tale of a troupe of English actors down on their luck in India. Directed by James Ivory and with an excellent cast of English and Indian actors. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through May 10.)

Ship of Fools—Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Michael Dunn, George Segal, Elizabeth Ashley, and Lee Marvin—a fantastic cast in a romantic melodrama, well directed by Stanley Kramer. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through May 10. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through May 10, except the afternoons of May 7-8.)

The Shop on Main Street—A Czechoslovakian picture that is both tragic and comic and is wonderfully acted by Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

The Sleeping Car Murder—Somebody is bent on murdering all six occupants of a certain train compartment, but why? Simone Signoret is one of the murderees and Yves Montand is the detective who tries to stop the massacre. In French. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

A Thousand Clowns—A funny Broadway show has been turned into an even funnier movie. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through May 7.)

Thunderball—James Bond fighting and making love on land and sea and even under the sea. Starring Sean Connery, of course, and directed by Terence Young. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; May 8-10.)

To Die in Madrid—A documentary account, taken mostly from newsreels, of the Spanish Civil War. Heartbreaking and unforgettable. With an English narration. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Where the Spies Are—Still another melodrama about international spies. The difference is a clever script and a fine performance by David Niven. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through May 10.)

REVIVALS

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; May 7-9.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; May 8-10.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. With Louis Jouvet. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 5.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; May 7-9.)

Cat Ballou (1965)—A Western, which makes sport of Westerns, with Lee Marvin and Jane Fonda. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through May 10. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through May 10, except the afternoons of May 7-8.)

A Damsel in Distress (1937)—Comedy, music, and dancing, with Fred Astaire, Joan Fontaine, and Burns and Allen. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; May 10-11.)

Diary of a Country Priest (1954)—A film about the tribulations of a cleric. Claude Laydu plays the priest. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 10.)

W. C. Fields Shorts (1933)—The great man in "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through May 7.)

High Sierra (1941)—Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino as a mean killer and his moll. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through May 6.)

Ikiru (1960)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman doomed to cancer. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 6-9.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1962)—A dream, *au fond*, full of men and women moving as if drugged through baroque corridors and gardens. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting May 11.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses (1961)—De Laclos's eighteenth-century best-seller brought up to date by Roger Vadim. Jeanne Moreau and Gérard Philipe are the couple who corrupt. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting May 11.)

Mary Poppins (1964)—Julie Andrews is Mary, and Dick Van Dyke is her colleague. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

Morocco (1930)—Marlene Dietrich's first American picture, in which she plays a cabaret singer. Also with Gary Cooper as a Foreign Legionnaire. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; May 10-11.)

The Pawnbroker (1965)—Rod Steiger plays the title role in this account of a corner of hell in Harlem. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting May 11.)

Richard III (1956)—Shakespeare's chronicle of the last of the Plantagenets. Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Claire Bloom. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; starting May 9.)

The Servant (1964)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption above stairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

The Spanish Earth (1937)—The Ivens-Hemingway picture about war around Madrid. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 6-9.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through May 7.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting May 11.)

Under the Roofs of Paris (1930)—An early René Clair film. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 5.)

The World of Henry Orient (1964)—Two junior misses race about New York discomfiting a pianistic poseur. Peter Sellers, Tippy Walker, and Merrie Spaeth. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; May 8-9.)

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd—May 5 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Nine Days of One Year" (1964), in Russian. . . . ¶ May 6 at 2 and 5:30, and May 7 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "The World of Apu" (1960), in Bengali. . . . ¶ May 8-9 at 2 and 5:30: "Polikushka" (1919) and "Chess Fever" (1925), both Russian films. . . . ¶ May 10 at 2 and 5:30: "Professor Mamlock" (1938), in Russian. . . . ¶ May 11 at 2 and 5:30: "The Adventurer" (1917), with Charlie Chaplin, and three silent French films. . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 2 Columbus Circle—The last two programs in a series called "The Art of Charlie Chaplin." May 5: "Between Showers" (1914), "By the Sea" (1915), "The Champion" (1915), and "The Cure" (1917). May 6-8: "The Face on the Barroom Floor" (1914), "Carmen" (1916), and "East Street" (1917). . . . ¶ May 10: A program of Buster Keaton shorts. . . . ¶ Starting May 11: "Her Majesty Love" (1931), with Marilyn Miller and W. C. Fields. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . **NOTE**: At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through May 10: **THE GROUP.**
From May 11: "A Man Could Get Killed," James Garner, Melina Mercouri.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Cast a Giant Shadow," Kirk Douglas, Senta Berger. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through May 10: "Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.
From May 11: "Stop the World—I Want to Get Off," Tony Tanner.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Arabesque," Gregory Peck, Sophia Loren.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
MARY POPPINS, revival.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Trouble with Angels," Rosalind Russell, Hayley Mills.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama's Russian Adventure," narrated by Bing Crosby. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
To be announced.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
THE SERVANT, revival; and "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 10: **THE LEATHER BOYS**; and **WHERE THE SPIES ARE.**
From May 11: "The Silencers," Dean Martin.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through May 10: **OUR MAN FLINT**; and "Ten Little Indians," Hugh O'Brian, Shirley Eaton.
From May 11 (tentative): "Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Agony and the Ecstasy," Charlton Heston, Rex Harrison.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
MORGAN!

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through May 10 (last showing that day at 5:02): **THE GROUP.**
From May 11: "A Man Could Get Killed," James Garner, Melina Mercouri.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through May 10: "Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.
From May 11: "Stop the World—I Want to Get Off," Tony Tanner.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (in Italian, with a cast of non-professionals).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through May 8: "A Tout Prendre" (in French).
From May 9: **RICHARD III**, revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Judex" (in French), Channing Pollock.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER (in French).

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
JOHN F. KENNEDY: YEARS OF LIGHTNING, DAY OF DRUMS.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Impossible on Saturday" (in French), Robert Hirsch.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through May 10: **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** (in Italian).
From May 11: **THE PAWNBROKER**, revival; and **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French), revival.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"She Done Him Wrong," revival, Mae West, Cary Grant; and "I'm No Angel," revival, Mae West, Cary Grant.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
DARLING.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 10: **SHIP OF FOOLS**; and **CAT BALLOU**, revival. (On Saturday and Sunday afternoons, May 7-8, part one of "An Evening with Batman and Robin" will be shown instead.)
From May 11 (tentative): "The Silencers," Dean Martin.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through May 10: **SHIP OF FOOLS**; and **CAT BALLOU**, revival.
From May 11: **THE GROUP.**

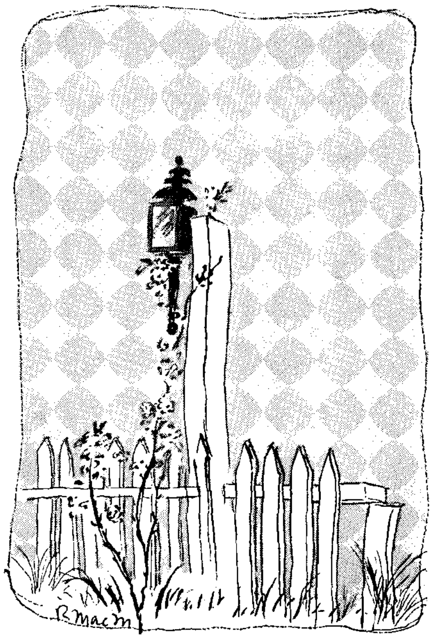
R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through May 10: "Promise Her Anything," Warren Beatty, Leslie Caron; and "Come Blow Your Horn," revival, Frank Sinatra, Lee J. Cobb.
From May 11: "Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall; and "Swingers' Paradise," Cliff Richard, Walter Slezak.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
May 5 at 2:30, 4:30, and 8:30: "The Sleeping Beauty," performed by the Leningrad Kirov Ballet.
From May 6: "The Trouble with Angels," Rosalind Russell, Hayley Mills.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
SCORPIO RISING; and "The Brig."

GARRICK, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through May 6: **HIGH SIERRA**, revival; and "They Drive by Night," revival, Ann Sheridan, George Raft.
May 7-9: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and **THE BIG SLEEP**, revival.
From May 10: "Crime School," revival, Humphrey Bogart; and "San Quentin," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Pat O'Brien.



WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through May 10: **LORD LOVE A DUCK**; and "Viva Maria," Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau.
From May 11: "Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 10: "Sallah" (in Hebrew).
From May 11: **LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES** and **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (both in French and both revivals).

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
TO DIE IN MADRID.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
May 5 at 2:30, 4:30, and 8:30: "The Sleeping Beauty," performed by the Leningrad Kirov Ballet.
May 6-10: **THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX**; and "The Curse of the Fly," Brian Donlevy.
From May 11: "The Silencers," Dean Martin; and "The Curse of the Mummy's Tomb," Terence Morgan.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through May 7: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS**; and "Ten Little Indians," Hugh O'Brian, Shirley Eaton.
May 8-10: **THUNDERBALL**; and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival.
From May 11: "Never Too Late," Paul Ford, Connie Stevens; and "The Slender Thread," Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through May 10: "Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.
From May 11: "Stop the World—I Want to Get Off," Tony Tanner.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through May 10: "The Ugly Dachshund," Dean Jones, Suzanne Pleshette.
From May 11: "Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Lover's Rock" (with Mandarin dialogue); and "The Female Prince" (with Mandarin dialogue), revival.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
Through May 8: "The Oscar," Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer.
From May 9: "Clouds Over Israel" (in Hebrew).

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Sands of Beersheba," Diane Baker.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"The Girl-Getters," Oliver Reed.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Meet Me in Moscow" (in Russian).

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
JOHN F. KENNEDY: YEARS OF LIGHTNING, DAY OF DRUMS.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Cloportes" (in French), Charles Aznavour.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 7: **W. C. FIELDS SHORTS**, revivals; and **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival.
May 8-9: **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT**, revival; and "Meet Me in St. Louis," revival, Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien.
May 10-11: **A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS**, revival; and **MOROCCO**, revival.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 10: **SHIP OF FOOLS**; and **CAT BALLOU**, revival.
From May 11: "The 2nd Best Secret Agent in the Whole Wide World," Tom Adams; and "The Little Nuns," Catherine Spaak.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
May 5: **UNDER THE ROOFS OF PARIS** and **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** (both in French and both revivals).
May 6-9: **IKIRU** (in Japanese), revival; and **THE SPANISH EARTH**, revival.
From May 10: **DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST** (in French), revival; and "Testament of Orpheus" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through May 10: **SHAKESPEARE WALLAH.**
From May 11: "Father of a Soldier" (in Russian); and "The Tsar's Bride" (in Russian), performed by the Bolshoi Opera Company.

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Center: White-banded, V-plunge shell, navy. Pleats, astir below, in white. About $13 each.

Right: Blazer in white. About $20. Vividly striped shell, yellow/navy/white. About $12.
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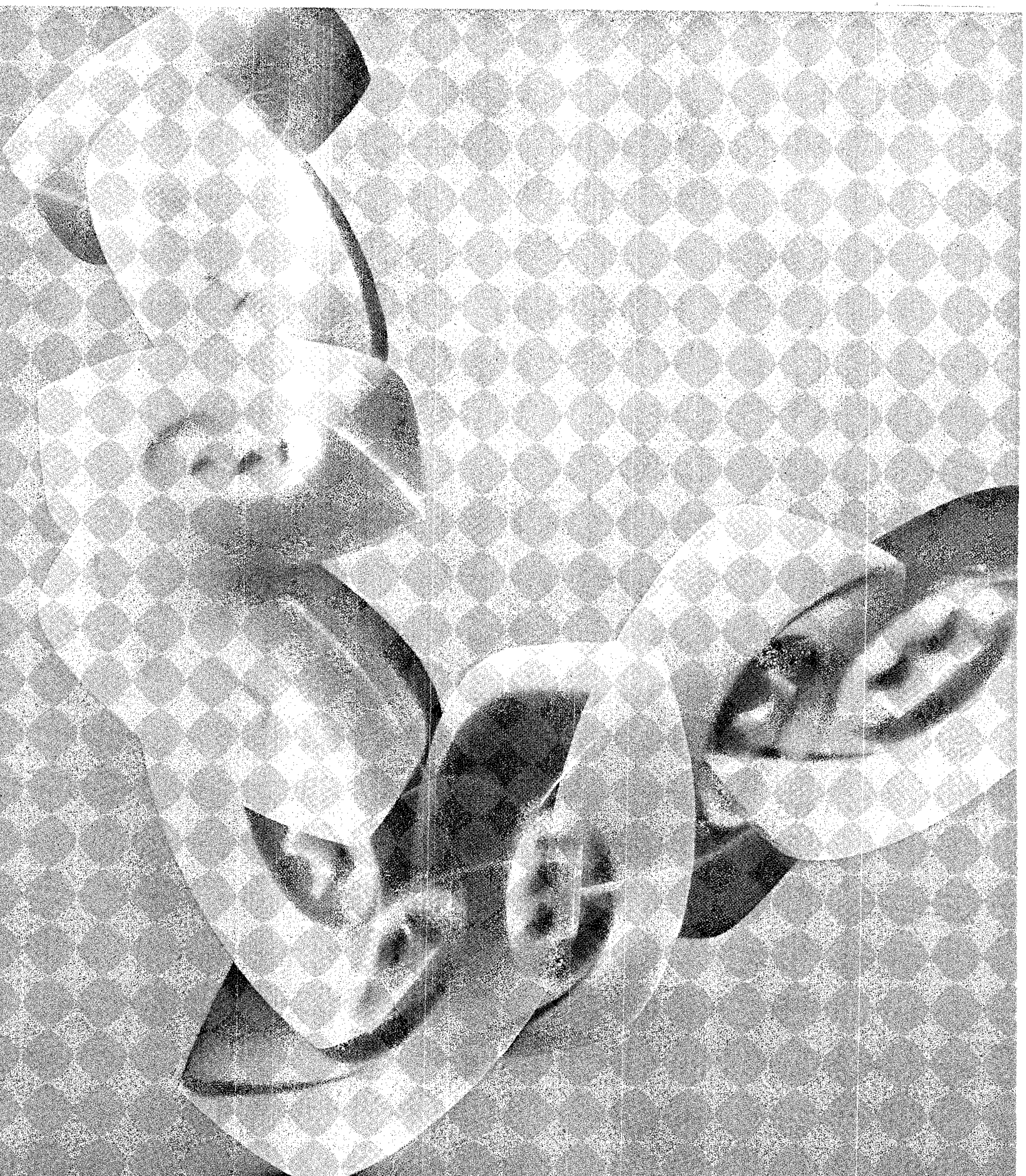

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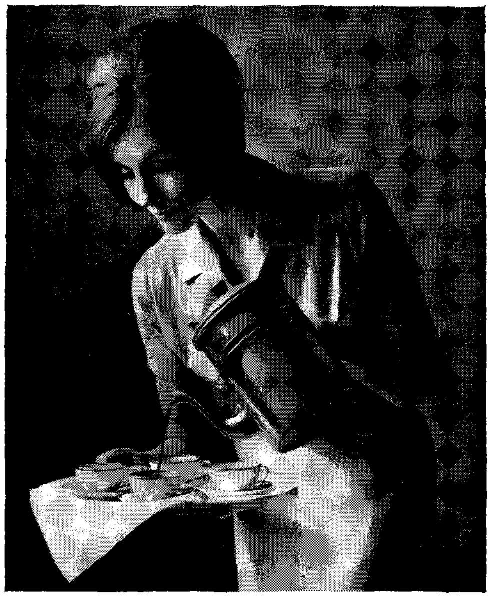
Soap as slippery as ours sometimes gets out of hand. ♕ But it's worth it. ♕ Because our *slippery-smooth soap* makes your skin slippery-smooth, too. ♕ Princess goes overboard on moisturizers and emollients. Slippery. And the little teeny Princess bubbles make it even more slippery. ♕ We admit our soap is the slipperiest ever. But we can't help it. ♕ You see, it takes a soap this slippery to make your skin feel smooth and soft and young and slippery. Sort of slithery-slinky. Nice Princess.

What should you do when you meet a beautiful girl who speaks 4 languages, plies you with lavish food, and thinks only of your comfort?



Fly to South America with her. She's your Varig Executive Hostess.

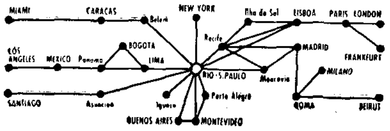
Like atmosphere? The atmosphere on a Varig jet is Brazilian – and luxurious.

Grand hotel style stewards. World-famed International menu. Personal care and attention you've never enjoyed in the air before.

All supervised by your in-flight Executive Hostess, a sympàtico, pretty young thing who thinks your comfort is the most important thing from here to Rio.

Only Varig flies to and from both coasts of the U.S. and South America.

Regular jet flights from Varig's Gateway Cities: Los Angeles, New York, Miami.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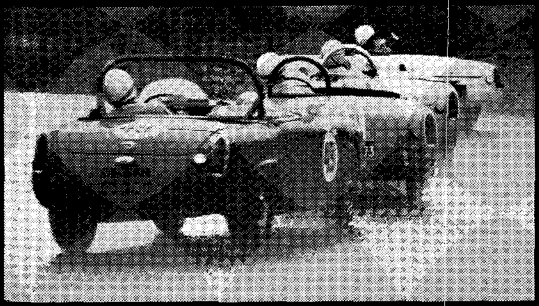

WANT A REAL SPORTS CAR?

YOU CAN BUY A SPRITE FOR LESS THAN TWO GRAND.

The Austin Healey Sprite is a sneaky little devil. Sneaky because, even though it's as handsome a runabout as ever ran about, it's also a genuine sports car that has won *more races* than anything else in its class.

Fact is the Austin Healey people make nothing but sports cars. Out of this specialization has come Sprite's 1100 c.c. *dual-carburetor* engine that turns up 90 plus mph—yet is virtually maintenance free. Add to this such custom touches as adjustable foam bucket seats, vented roll-up windows, and a weather-tight top that keeps the fussiest date happy.

But, before any cautious Mom or Dad jumps to conclusions, remember that the Sprite is frisky without being foolhardy. It's got low-slung suspension that puts a bear-hug on the winding-est roads. Quick *rack-and-pinion* steering. And disc brakes in front and big drums in back for fade-free stops.

So why envy sports car owners when you can be one yourself for less than two grand? Go on in to your MG/Austin Healey dealer and see.

THE ONLY TRUE SPORTS CAR UNDER $2,000.

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FOR OVERSEAS DELIVERY AND OTHER INFORMATION,
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Ambush
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Ambush
perfume by
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This is an ad for

That's right. A razor blade.

A new razor blade from Gillette that brings shaving one step closer to the effortless.

(But what about that frying pan over there? What in the world does that have to do with a razor blade?)

Ah. We were just coming to that.

Baked onto the cutting edge of this blade is a miracle plastic which is closely related to the coating that's used on the non-stick frying pans.

It's known as a solid fluorocarbon polymer, and it's fantastic stuff.

On a frying pan, the scientists know why it does what it does. But when we put this coating onto the cutting edge of a razor blade, something mysterious takes place: You can slice through your beard with a fraction of the pull you would feel if the same blade didn't have the coating.

You have to experience it to believe it.

But even Gillette, which invented this type of blade, and has a patent on it—even Gillette can't explain why it works.

This solid fluorocarbon polymer has many secrets, and it gives them up grudgingly.

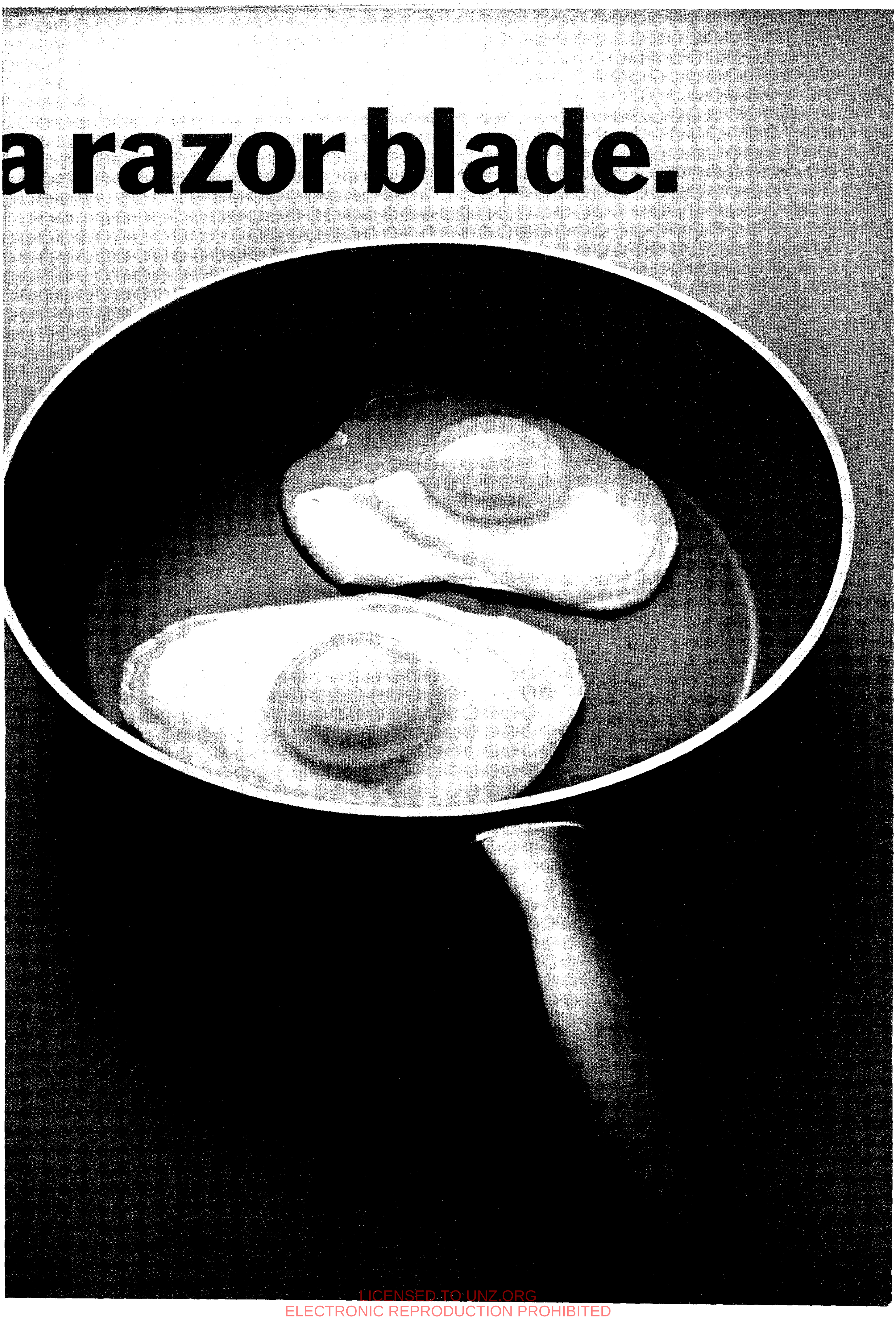
After working with this substance for years, Gillette has found a way to make it behave on the edge of a razor blade. It is a microscopically thin film, extremely hard and smooth, and it stays on the blade edge to do whatever it does for shave after shave.

Try this new razor blade yourself and see if you don't notice the difference immediately.

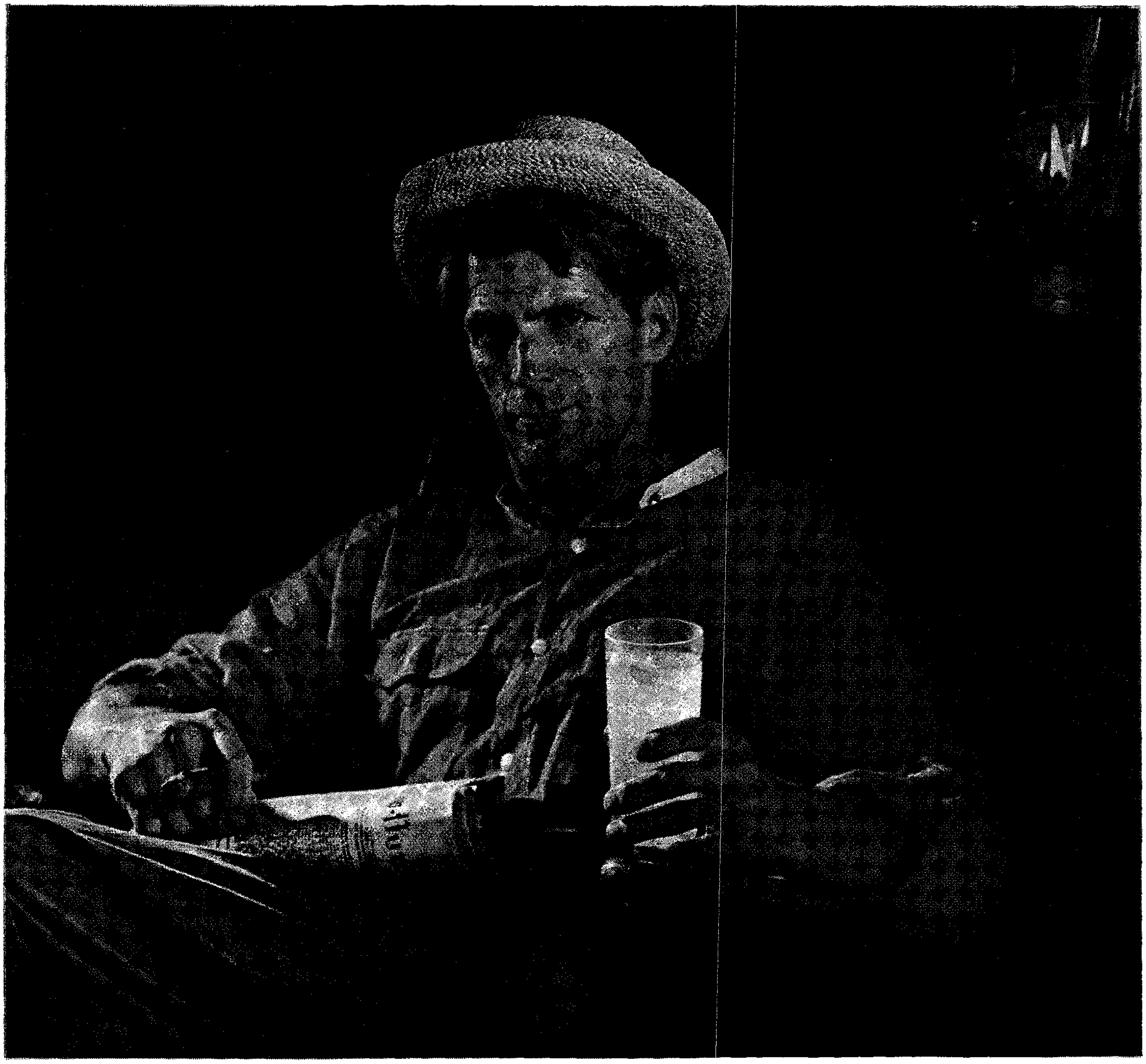
Ask for the Gillette Super Stainless. One of the sweet mysteries of life.

Gillette
10 SUPER
SUPER
STAINLESS STEEL BLADES

© The Gillette Co., Boston, Mass.


a razor blade.

©BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., MIAMI, FLA. RUM, 80 & 151 PROOF. COCKTAILS, 55 PROOF.



This is how the Daiquiri was invented

An American mining engineer used to end his day with a tall thirst until he finally quenched it (in 1896) with a tall, cold, good-tasting drink he invented with lime juice, sugar and Bacardi rum. He named it after the place where he got the thirst—the Daiquiri Mines! Times have changed, and now Daiquiris come in assorted sizes and shapes. But three things stay the same: (1) the original Daiquiri was made with Bacardi rum, (2) the best still are and (3) people still quench tall thirsts with their frosty smoothness. So many people, in fact, that Bacardi is the world's largest-selling rum. Why don't *you* buy a bottle and do a little thirst quenching yourself! (The recipe's on the back label.)

new!

Also be sure to try the *great* new bottled Daiquiri (and Bacardi-Cocktail® too) made by the people who invented both of them!

BACARDI
DAIQUIRI
COCKTAIL
THE
BACARDI
COCKTAIL

new!

Enjoy the *only* bottled cocktails made with world-famous **BACARDI®** rum! They taste like fresh ones!

Why the International Harvester Company Made Tracks for Lehigh Furniture

Shouldn't really surprise you. If you stand for the finest in your field, isn't it logical that you want to sit on the finest, too? And be seen sitting there?

Take this chair, for instance. (And we wish you would.) It tells quite a bit about the way we work. And why customers like International Harvester Company find us an attractive investment.

Look at that tufted upholstering. All hand work. Done by craftsmen who've been with us an average of 13 years. They have no time for short cuts. And we'd have no time for them if they did.

To begin with, Lehigh leathers are dyed deep. No scratches will ever show through. They're cut for one frame at a time. With the exact amount of tolerance our man knows he needs for perfection.

That's how we can be sure our seams are straight. With no pull, stretch or haw to make you mad at us later on.

We don't trust covered buttons for hard wear, so we use steel. Coated to match the leather. In fact, we go all out for strength here. With tough nylon cord, tough leather welts. And this is deep tufting. No fake interstices, no fake anything.

Some people might think we carry this individual hand work business too far. But we really couldn't agree. That's what it takes to satisfy ourselves. And that certainly can't be bad for our customers.

You really have to see what we're talking about. Why not visit our showroom and see for yourself? Even though we only sell through interior designers, architects and dealers. Or write for our new brochure (on company letterhead, please).

LEHIGH FURNITURE CORPORATION, 16 EAST 53RD ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 • A DIVISION OF LITTON INDUSTRIES
SHOWROOMS IN NEW YORK, CHICAGO, DALLAS, DENVER, DETROIT **LEHIGH**

Beautiful women aren't born, they're designed

Let's create a beauty. Start with a face, your face. It isn't beautiful, you say? We say be patient. Wait for the final results.

Take the Lilly Daché Modeling Kit and sculpt away heaviness, shade in contours. Now your eyes. Lilly Daché Eyes Fantasque will open your eyes to a new world of colorful bewitchery.

Your mouth. (Your soon-to-be heavenly mouth!) Set it aglow with Lilly Daché Lips Fantasque. Dreamy, creamy colors to mix and match and marvel at.

Now look. Who cares about the beauty you were born with? It's the face you show today that matters!

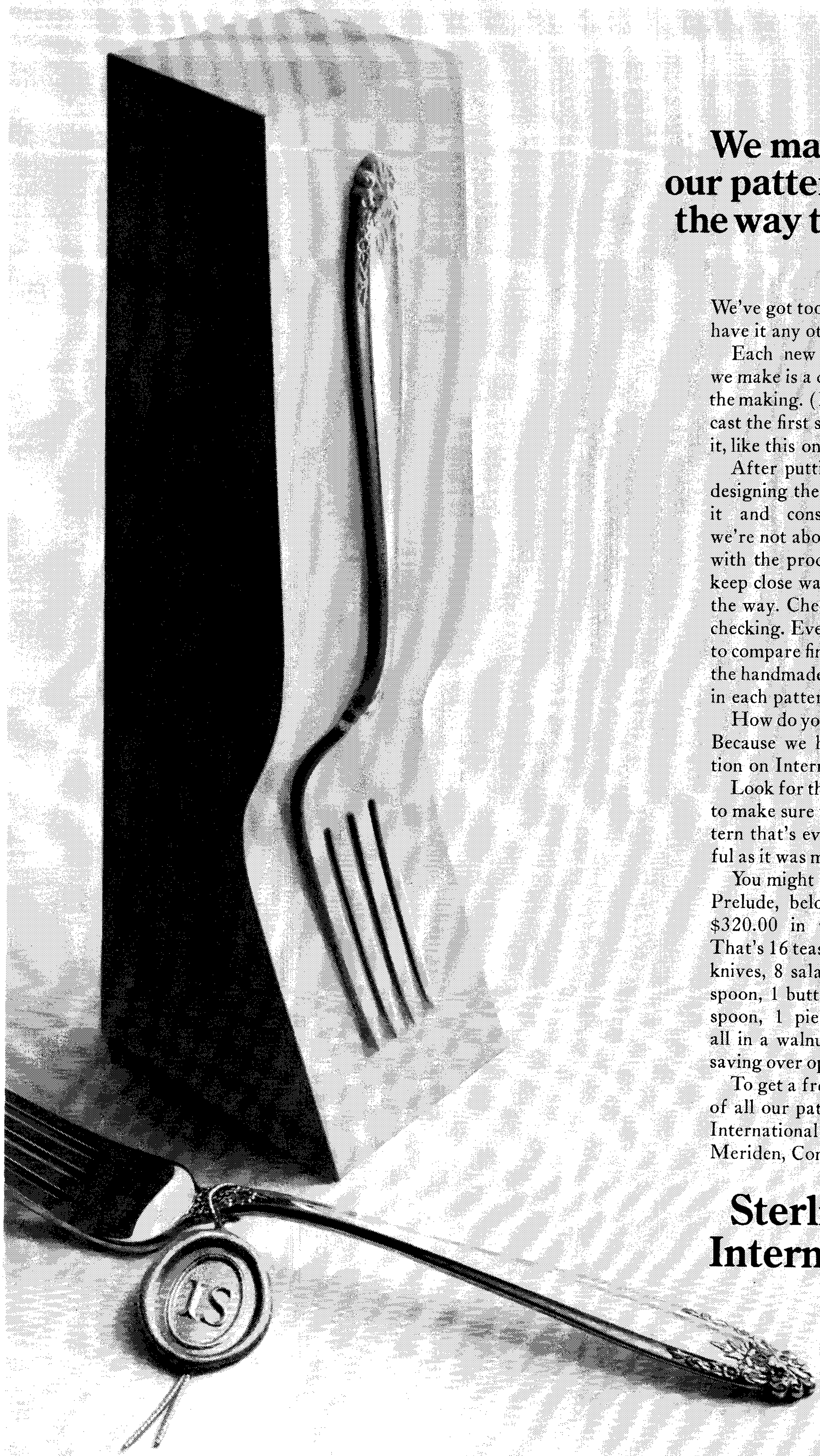
P.S. If applying all that makeup sounds complicated go see the Lilly Daché expert at your favorite cosmetic counter. She'll show you how easy it is.

Or visit your Lilly Daché Salon if you are lucky enough to have one near you.

Lilly Daché cosmetics are yours in stunning ivory-carved, palette-kit cases. Who said you can't tell a look by its cover?

Lilly Daché®

Lilly Daché Cosmetics, Inc., 720 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



We make sure our patterns end up the way they begin.

We've got too much at stake to have it any other way.

Each new sterling pattern we make is a couple of years in the making. (From the time we cast the first sculpted model of it, like this one for Prelude.)

After putting so much into designing the pattern, refining it and consumer-testing it, we're not about to get careless with the production of it. We keep close watch every step of the way. Checking and double checking. Even going so far as to compare finished pieces with the handmade sterling original in each pattern.

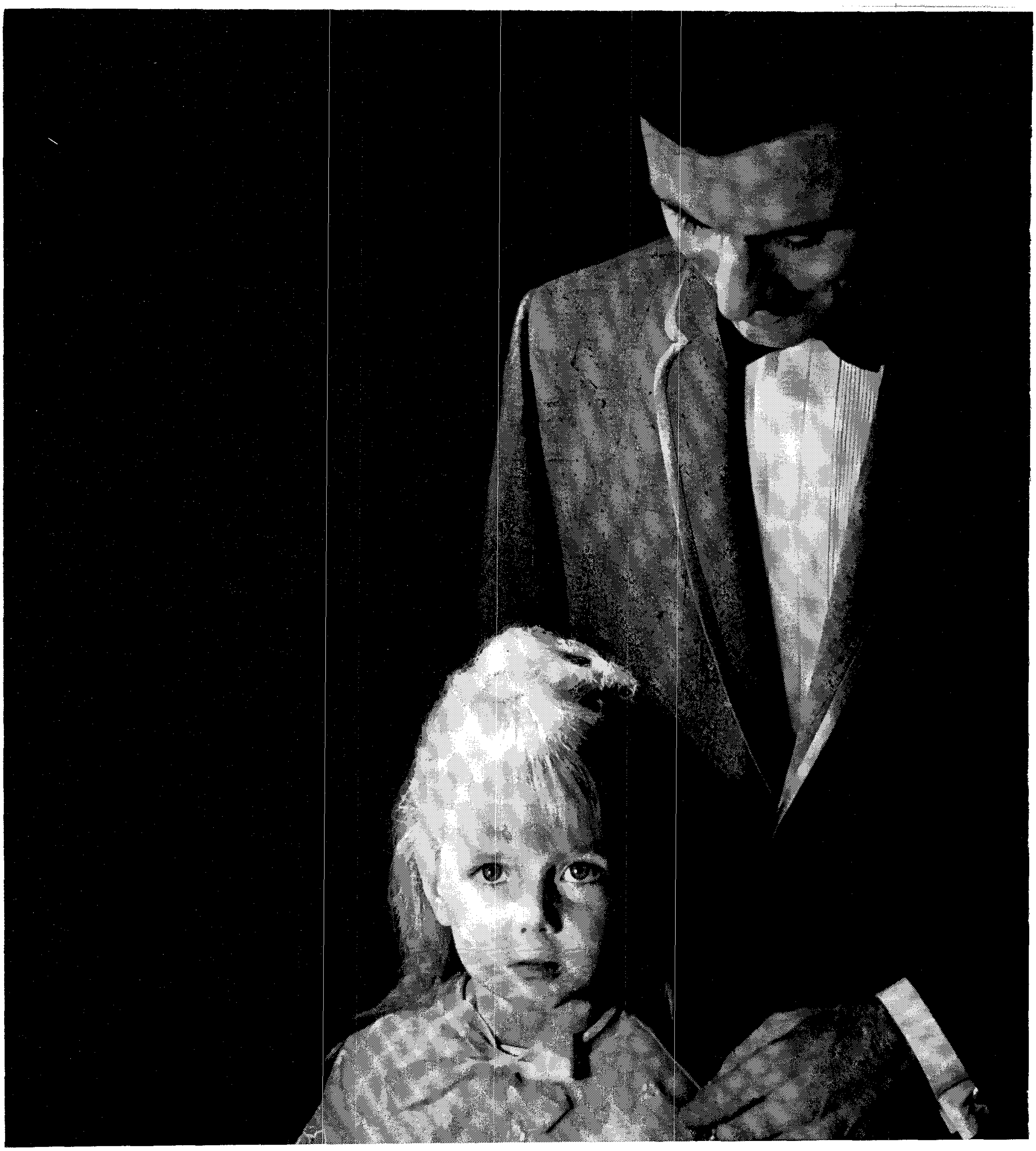
How do you know that's so? Because we hang our reputation on International Sterling.

Look for the "IS" hallmark, to make sure you choose a pattern that's every bit as beautiful as it was meant to be.

You might even end up with Prelude, below. It costs just $320.00 in the Bride's Set. That's 16 teaspoons, 8 forks, 8 knives, 8 salad forks, 1 sugar spoon, 1 butter knife, 1 tablespoon, 1 pierced tablespoon, all in a walnut chest at a $65 saving over open-stock.

To get a free color brochure of all our patterns, write The International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut.

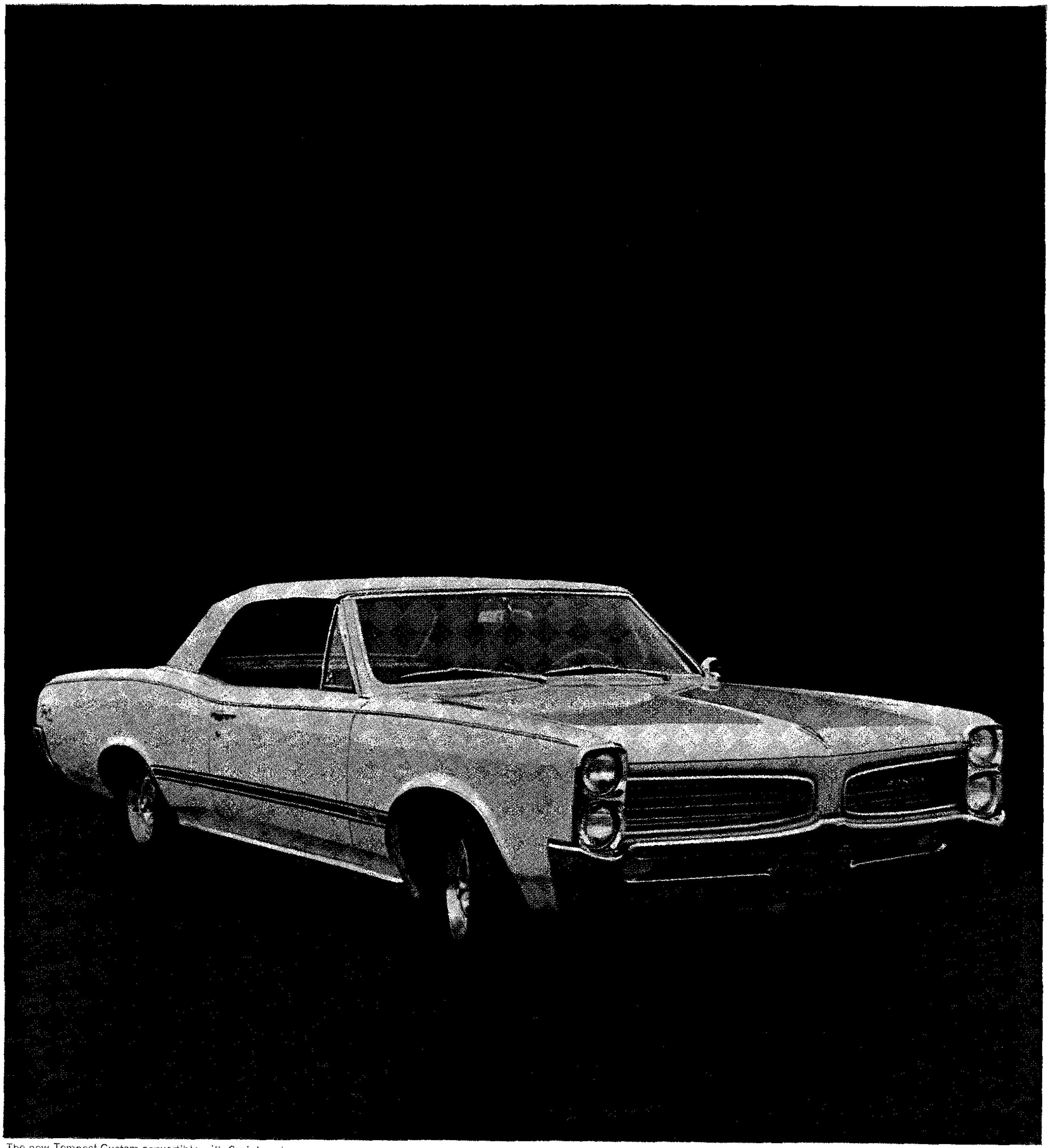
Sterling by International



"Voisin" by Lord West

...and the lady approves.

A dinner suit of nubby black silk . . .
elegantly comfortable . . .
designed for the contemporary black tie
occasion. One hundred and
fifty dollars at fine stores.
Lord West, 101 West 21st Street, N.Y.C.
. . . makers of distinguished
formal attire for gentlemen.



The new Tempest Custom convertible with Sprint package

Pontiac Motor Division

Save $9,000.

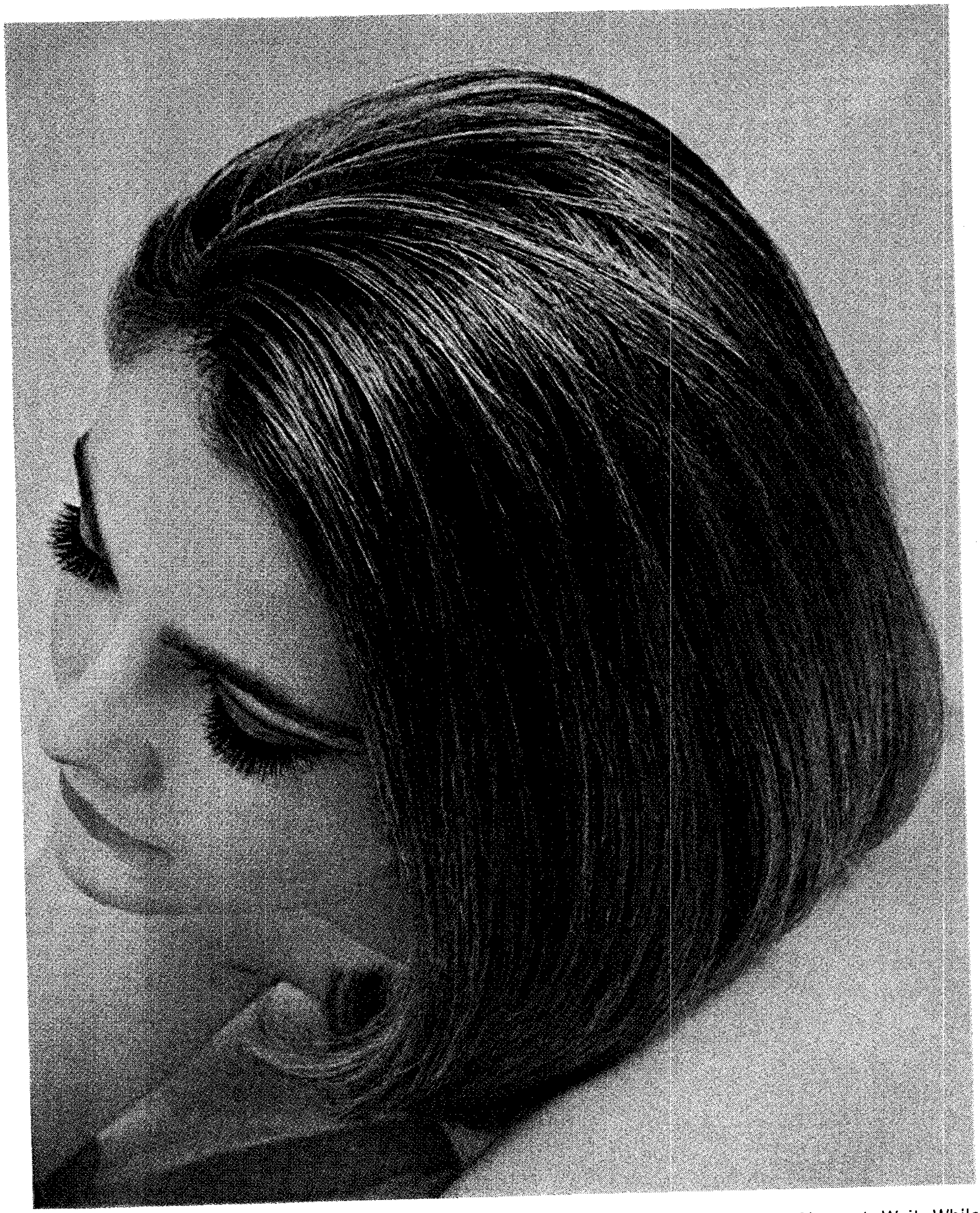
You don't believe it? Raise the hood and a shiny new 207-hp overhead cam six glares back at you—the kind immortalized by European sports machines. Get behind the wheel, buckle the belt (they're standard front and rear), and you're enveloped in luxury that looks like it came out of an Italian carrozzeria. Drive it and suddenly you think you've got hold of something that took twelve thousand dollars and six months waiting to get. Then gape in pure astonishment at the price tag. Our new Sprint package: high-rpm OHC engine, fully synchronized 3-speed on the floor, special suspension, emblems and sports striping. It's available on any Tempest or LeMans except station wagons. Your Pontiac dealer has one.

OHC SPRINT BY PONTIAC GM

FORMING DE PANTENE
FORMING DE PANTENE
2

The body. The lights. The look. The life.
And, above all, the hold.

Only with Forming DE Pantene.®

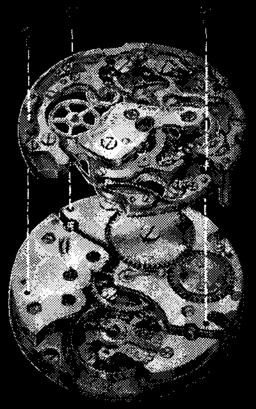


Come. Take a little Forming DE Pantene.® Work it gently through your hair. Here. There. Now set. Wait. While deep, deep conditioners strengthen. Silken. Then see. Hair with health. With hold. With life. With lights. To stay in the heat or rain or whatever. All this from Forming in one of two ways: No. 1 for fine or oily hair. No. 2 for dry hair. Both especially good for color-treated hair. $3 the bottle. And, to accompany, Hair Spray DE Pantene.® $2 for 7 ounces. $3 for 12 ounces. At these and other enlightened stores: Henri Bendel, Bonwit Teller, Julius Garfinckel & Co., J. L. Hudson, Neiman-Marcus and I. Magnin & Co. The Pantene Co., 555 Madison Ave., NY, NY 10022.

Forming DE Pantene, for healthy-looking hair.

The Fat Watch

AND WHY TWO MOVEMENTS
ARE BETTER THAN ONE.



The Movado Chronograph may be seven dimes high, but it's not high camp.

We don't make it fat to make it different. It's fat because it's made of two different parts. A chronograph (the fat word for stop watch), plus a regular wrist watch.

The two separate mechanisms are joined together by three simple screws. For two simple reasons:

First, this double-decker construction gives our watch a stability that skinny watches don't have.

And second, both movements are independent so your watchmaker can get at either one without having to take the whole works apart.

This makes the Movado Chronograph the easiest chronograph in the world to service.

In fact, we've never been able to figure out why only the Movado Chronograph is made this way.

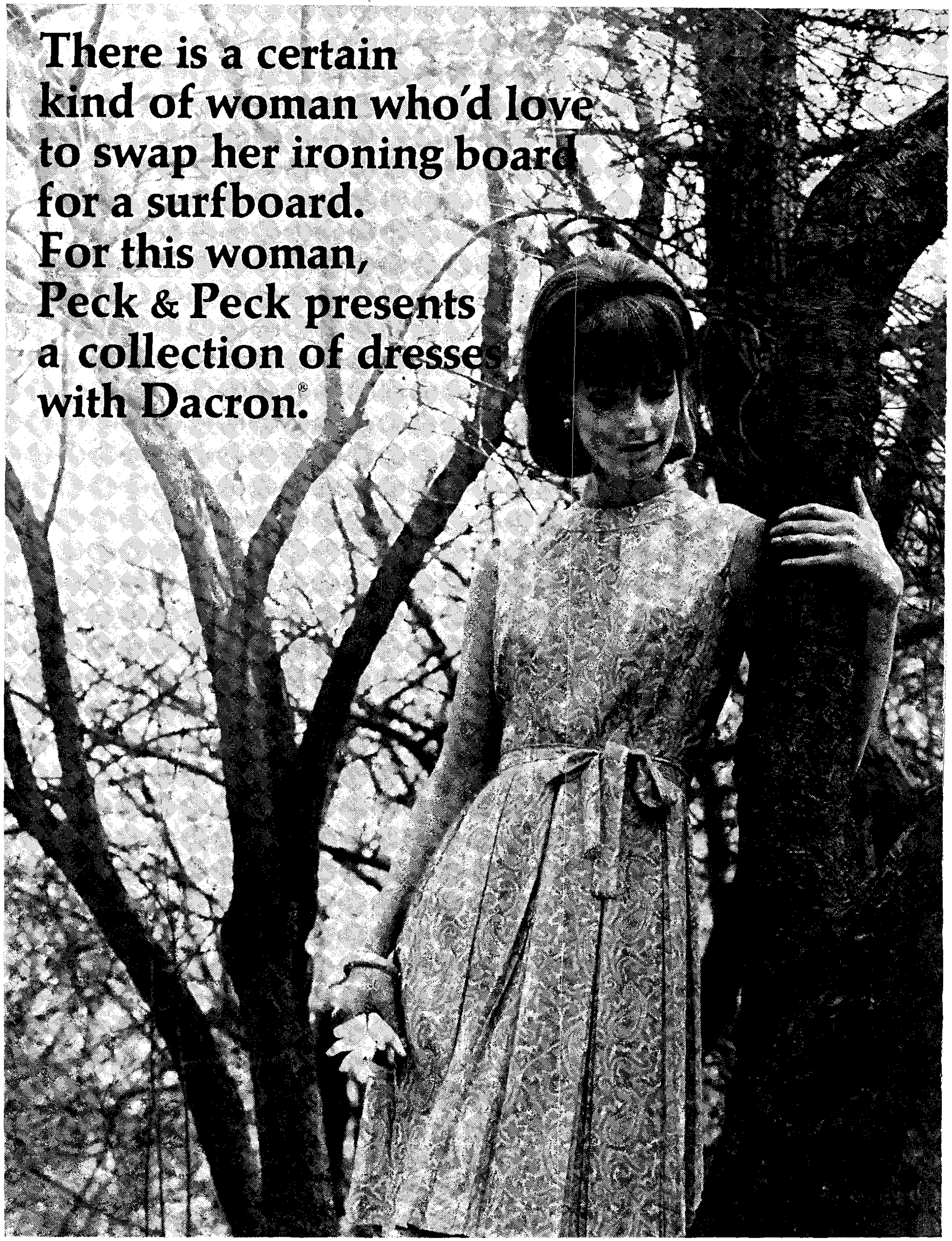
A chronograph should be fat.

After all, don't you want to rely on it rather heavily?

MOVADO
UNITED STATES
ONE DIME

MOVADO

The Movado Chronograph: Product of four generations of Swiss craftsmanship, water-resistant, shock protected, times time up to 12 hours, stops time at 1/5 of a second. $150 in stainless steel, $295 in 14K gold. Other Movados for men and ladies start at $75. For brochure or name of jeweler nearest you, write Movado, 610 Fifth Avenue, NYC.


There is a certain
kind of woman who'd love
to swap her ironing board
for a surfboard.
For this woman,
Peck & Peck presents
a collection of dresses
with Dacron.®

Dacron® is great for easy living. But its pace is far from slow.
It loves to travel, and even stays fresh in the worst humidity. Here, in a
Dacron polyester shirred-neck dress with pleated skirt and a self-sash.
The paisley print is ours exclusively. Aqua, pink, maize. 5 to 15, 25.00

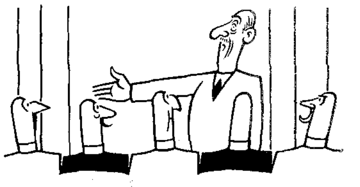
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK/CHICAGO/BOSTON/PHILADELPHIA/PITTSBURGH/ROCHESTER/BALTIMORE/DETROIT/AKRON/CLEVELAND
ST. LOUIS/TWIN CITIES/INDIANAPOLIS/WASHINGTON, D. C./ATLANTA/KANSAS CITY/HARTFORD/BUFFALO/PROVIDENCE

THE NEW YORKER

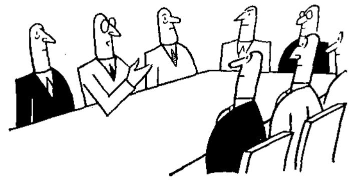
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHEN the NATO forces withdraw from France next year, among the items to be left behind will be the underground command post, just outside Paris, that was designed to protect five hundred military personnel during an atomic attack, and enable them to launch a retaliatory strike in comfort and safety. Rather than simply fill this disused, multimilion-dollar basement with, say, wet cement, we urge President de Gaulle to declare it a national monument—surey in France there is always room for one more—and to open it to the public. Let the people wander around down there, we say, and let the children push all the old, inoperative buttons. The International Museum of Fear might be a good name. And keep it open from nine to five, seven days a week, includng holidays.



THESE are sad times for those of us who admire newspapers—not just a particular newspaper but newspapers. As this century began, there were sixteen general-circulation Engish-language papers in New York City. Now we are a three-newspaper town. Caught in the morning between the *Times* and the *News*, we are offered n the afternoon the Hobson's choice of the *Post*. The three other papers we had two weeks ago, the *Herald Tribune*, *World-Telegram & Sun*, and *Journal-American*, have merged nto one thus far non-publishing corporation. Last week, as pickets from the Newspaper Guild of New York were walking dismally up and down outside the offices of what may, someday, be the *World Journal Tribune* in the old World-Telegram Building, on Barclay Street, members of the American Newspaper Publishers Association were meeting uptown at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel to bemoan the lack of enterprising reporters. At least, that is what their press releases said they were doing. Reporters—enterprising and otherwise—were barred from the publishers' seminars. Probably the most pointed comment on all this was made by an anonymous makeup editor for the *Times*, on April 27th, when he placed side by side this story, headlined "NEWSPAPERS FACE SHORTAGE OF HELP," and most of the story of the negotiations concerning the dismissals planned by the merged papers. The *Times* was not the only publication to find significance in the concurrent arrival in New York of the publishers and the work stoppage on the merged papers. The newspaper industry's trade magazine, *Editor & Publisher*, editorialized disapprovingly that the "unique" New York City situation "is doing great damage to the reputations of newspapers all over the country." The situation has also, alas, done great damage to nearly half the staffs of the three merged papers. Most of the editorial employees who received mimeographed dismissal notices last week are faced with the unpleasant alternative of abandoning either New York City or the newspaper business. And some of those who were not discharged are in almost as awkward a position. The Newspaper Guild of New York is striking the new corporation partly because its officials feel that dismissals should be carried out on a last-hired, first-fired basis. A proportion of those picketing, or honoring the picket lines, were among the employees retained even though they lacked seniority. These men and women find themselves, therefore, on strike against their own jobs. The paradoxes mount. Over on Duane Street, O. Roy Chalk, the transportation entrepreneur and publisher of *El Diario-La Prensa*, struggled in vain to establish an English-language paper that would have hired many of the discharged employees. Chalk was surprised to find his proposals opposed by the leaders of several unions, who appeared to feel that any concessions offered to start the new paper might jeopardize their bargaining positions with what's left of the newspaper business in New York. The traditional response of editorial writers to a situation as involved as the newspaper strike is a suggestion that all the parties sit down and talk it over rationally. But even before the hundred-and-fourteen-day newspaper blackout of 1962 and 1963 publishers and the union representatives were talking, and most of the talk was rational. As recently as last January 20th, Walter N. Thayer, president of the *Herald Tribune*, and Bertram A. Powers, president of the New York printers' local, were sitting together in a panel and amicably agreeing on the nature of their common problems. Now Mr. Powers has several hundred fewer newspaper jobs to negotiate for, and Mr. Thayer's newspaper is just a part of a merged company that at present has no function other than to negotiate.



Seven Decades

JUXTAPOSITIONS and confrontations are the hallmarks of the New Era, as our sociologically advanced friends keep telling us, and never have our friends seemed more prescient than on Tuesday evening of last week, when the Public Education Association's gigantic benefit show called "Seven Decades, 1895-1965, Cross Currents in Modern Art" opened simultaneously at ten galleries up and down Madison Avenue. As a result of a brilliantly unorthodox decision to present the art of the last seventy years by decades, instead of by schools, movements, or influences, each gallery fairly crackled with electrifying juxtapositions and confrontations. At the Perls Galleries, for example, Picasso's formally organized 1923 Cubist canvas "The Birdcage" confronted George Bellows' unblushingly naturalistic "Dempsey and Firpo," painted in 1924. In an alcove at the André Emmerich, five female nudes by five artists (de Kooning, Dubuffet, Matisse, Picasso, and Nakian) held uneasy court, their sole bond being that they had all been done in the 1945-54 decade. Violent contrasts abounded on all sides, but the j.s and c.s were by no means confined to the art works. As waiters squirmed through the opening-night throngs, champagne was spilled on patent-leather pump and desert boot alike, TV cameramen ground out impartial footage of Galanos-sheathed heiress and vinyl-skirted Mod, and the critical lion, so to speak, lay down with the creative lamb. Madison Avenue itself seemed transformed by the new spirit. Perfect strangers kept bumping into each other at the various galleries or on one or another of the two special buses (Sardi's red London Transport double-decker and the Lutèce Restaurant's green-and-cream Paris *autobus*, marked "Porte de Montmartre-Gare Montparnasse") that had been chartered to ferry opening-nighters between the two main gallery centers, at Fifty-seventh and Seventy-ninth Streets. As repeated confrontation led to salutation and salutation to acquaintance, the whole city north of Fifty-seventh Street began to develop a neighborly aura.

So taken were we by the new spirit that we sought, the next day, a direct confrontation of our own with Mrs. Victor W. Ganz, a vice-president of the Public Education Association and, as we had been told, the person mainly responsible for planning and getting together the exhibition. We found her to be charming, chic, and utterly unruffled by the strains of a project that would have taxed the resources of a large museum staff. Mrs. Ganz's acquaintance with modern art goes back a little more than two decades. During this period, she and her husband, a manufacturer of costume jewelry, have amassed what is perhaps the largest and almost certainly the most important collection of Picassos in private hands anywhere. The dazzling presence of the Master in their apartment is so overwhelming, we had heard, that when a young Japanese artist paid them a visit, not long ago, he took one look around and fainted. Soon after our own arrival, we asked Mrs. Ganz whether the tale was true, and she explained that the young Japanese had indeed fainted but not while looking at the Picassos. He had been staring at a canvas by Jasper Johns, painted in Japan.

Mrs. Ganz received us cordially and sat us down on a long, white sofa under a large, pale Picasso. We asked her to tell us a little about the show. "Well, we've found that in order to meet our expenses in the P.E.A. we have to do a benefit every two years, and it seems to have fallen to my lot to do the fund-raising," she said. "These multi-gallery exhibitions started with the nine-gallery Picasso show in 1962." (It goes without saying who thought Picasso would be a good idea.) "It was a huge success, and we made a lot of money for the Association. Then, in 1964, we did a much smaller Braque show—only four galleries—and it did very well, too. So this year we were faced with the need for another benefit, and, as it happened to be the seventieth anniversary of the P.E.A., we had the idea of doing the seven decades since our founding, in 1895. It was really Alexandre Rosenberg, of Paul Rosenberg & Co., who had the idea of showing each decade by itself, and I do think it's turned out to be rather fascinating."

After pausing to take us into the dining room to see a Picasso sculpture group, Mrs. Ganz continued, "Peter Selz, who was then at the Museum of Modern Art and is now director of the University of California's Art Museum in Berkeley, made the initial choice of paintings and sculptures. He submitted them to me last August. He also picked a number of alternates, in case we couldn't get his first selection, but in most cases we got about what we wanted—three hundred and seventy-seven works in all. We requisitioned all the paintings and sculptures, and the individual dealers picked them up and arranged their own shows. One of the great things about these multi-gallery affairs is to get all these New York art dealers working *together*. Dealers are always supposed to be fighting and undermining each other, but they've coöperated beautifully on our three shows. In fact, during the Picasso show several of them went out and visited colleagues they had never even *met* before! Anyway, it's gone very well this time, and, do you know, we've already made our expenses! We had rather high expenses because of the catalogue, but the advance sale of opening-night tickets took care of all our costs, so from here on everything is clear profit."

•

OVERHEARD in the Foo Chow Restaurant, on Lexington Avenue, one waiter to another: "How do you spell 'mah-jongg'?"

Moriarty's Trap

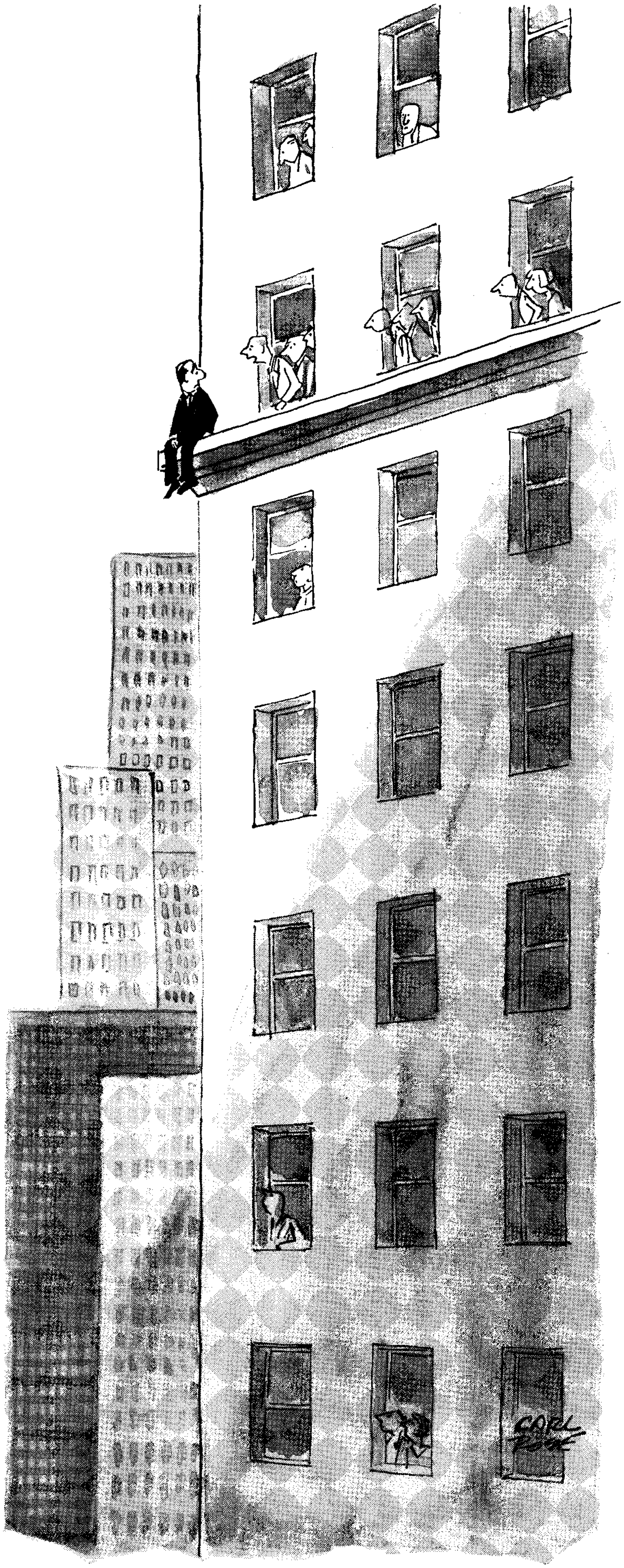
WE were standing on a curb in Times Square around noon one day last week, waiting for DONT WALK to become WALK, when suddenly a small and stylish two-wheeled open carriage, with a frisky black horse between its shafts and a handsome, middle-aged man wearing a houndstooth hat at the reins, went clattering past us down Seventh Avenue. We blinked, hailed the nearest cab, jumped in, and ordered, "Follow that carriage!"

The carriage moved in and out of sight, travelling fast, passing a Sue Brett Junior Dresses truck, cutting in front of a Bellco Fabrics Taffetas & Satins van, and overtaking a Valiant Sportswear truck. We caught up with it at a stop light and had time to observe that the carriage was painted a subtle and lovely café au lait, with its panels double-trimmed with thin lines of yellow and black, and had no advertising on it whatever. The wheels were olive green, as were the shafts, and the total effect was splendid but not garish. The only clue to ownership was a small shield (about three inches high) on the back, with the letters "PJM" on it. The driver, a heavyset, red-cheeked, blue-eyed man of impressive bearing, vore a blue overcoat, a lack bow tie, and a mall red feather in his oundstooth hat. Then he light changed and he reins flicked, and we lidn't catch up again ntil the carriage made right turn on Thirty-hird Street, where it arked in front of P. J. Moriarty's Restaurant, alfway down the block.

The driver hopped lown from the back of he carriage—there was small door with a atch—and extracted a ope that had an old il tin filled with conrete at one end. He ossed this into the gutter as an anchor, and hen turned to greet us. Frank Smith," he said, vith a big smile, when ve introduced ourself. 'Nice to meet you. This is an Irish trap, mported from Kerry, reland, by Mr. Morirty"—he nodded at he name above the resaurant—"who likes o ride around in it, hrough Central Park nd places. She"—he odded at the horse—'is a registered hackney ony from Canada, and he's named Blue Bonet Belle. Excuse me. want to put a blanket n her." He took a green blanket with a ellow PJM monogram on it out of the rap and spread it careully over the mare's ack. "I rode these ellas for twenty-one ears in the Police Deartment," Mr. Smith aid, patting the horse, 'and I'm still a mountd man. I drive her hree times a week for hree or four hours, nostly between Mr. Moriarty's restaurants. pick things up here, or example, and drop hem off at the place on ixty-first and Third. Blue Bonnet Belle is tabled at Thirty-eighth Street and Eleventh Avenue. You've got to watch your step in the traffic. But she's a great mare. A car hit the side of the trap a few months ago, and knocked it over on me. I had to get eight stitches in my hand, afterward. But when they lifted the cart off me, she was still standing there, waiting for me. I thought that was remarkable."

Mr. Smith went into the restaurant, picked up a couple of letters, stopped for a moment at the bar, and then returned to the sidewalk. "I've been around horses all my life," he said. "I love horses. I was very proud of being a mounted policeman. My son-in-law is a sergeant in the mounted police now. I'm a New Yorker. Still living on the piece of property I was born on—3831 Carpenter Avenue, in the Bronx. I used to have a stable there, but somebody threw a torch in it and burned it down; I guess they didn't want horses in the neighborhood. When I was a little boy, I used to go out with my grandmother (she came from Dublin), and we used to pick mushrooms along Carpenter Avenue. It's all mostly six-story apartment houses along there now. We had a well in the yard, and we knew all the neighbors. And we had goats for milking. I had a team of billy goats and a little wagon with a harness. I'd sit in the wagon and drive the billy goats all around the Bronx. I sold them in 1912. I'll never forget the date, because I sold the billy goats to buy flowers for my sister, who died."

Mr. Smith took the



"But, sir, many analysts consider this only a long-overdue correctional movement, following which the market will resume its upward course, with a rally expected to penetrate previous Dow-Jones highs by the year's end."

blanket off Blue Bonnet Belle, folded it, and put it in the carriage. Then he picked up the oil-tin anchor and put that aboard, and then he climbed into the trap, closed the little door, and picked up the reins. "Got to go now," he said. "Nice to see you!" We waved goodbye, and walked back through the noise and hustle of the garment center to Times Square.

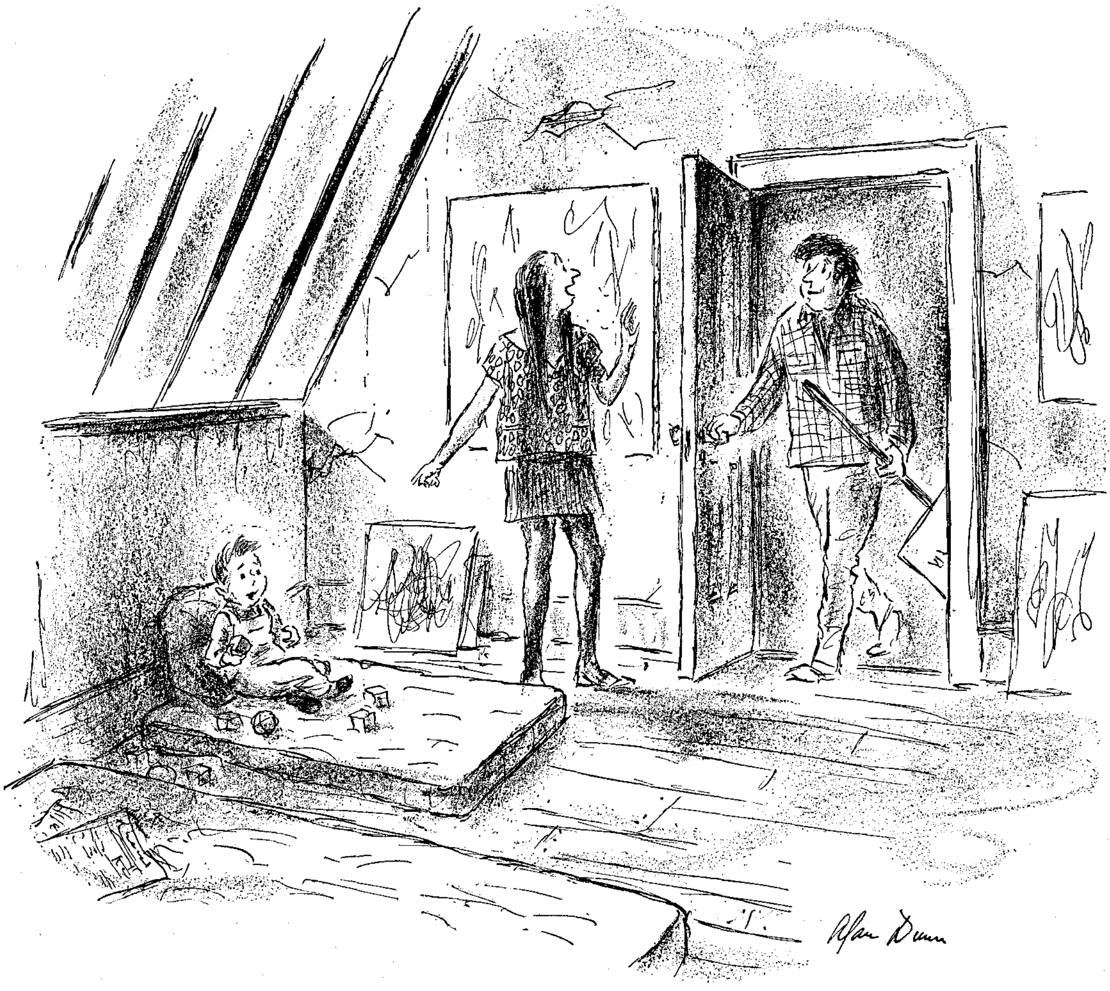
Hint

PEOPLE who are anxious to avoid running into trouble with an ice-cube-vending machine between Seventy-eighth and Seventy-ninth Streets on Second Avenue are urged to follow these instructions, handwritten in red on the machine: "Deposit coins slowly but firmly."

Hearing

APRIL is no time to bring up next year's taxes, and if we ever had any doubts as to the soundness of that piece of folk intelligence, they recently dissolved at the City Council's public hearing on Mayor Lindsay's five-hundred-and-twenty-million-dollar tax-increase plan. The hearing began early on a Wednesday morning, and the thousand New Yorkers who laid siege to City Hall that morning, screaming and hooting and waving huge picket signs against the tax, looked as if they had just mailed in their last dollar to the Internal Revenue Service. Vito Battista, the small, stormy man who runs for mayor here every election year on a platform that is anti-fluoride as well as anti-tax, was conducting a sort of taxpayers' Grand Guignol near the magnolia trees in City Hall Park. His followers, who call themselves the United Taxpayers' Party and who consider themselves particularly tortured by taxes, had set up an Iron Maiden, a gallows, a whipping post, and a stock, and had arranged themselves in these uncomfortable contraptions while one lucky United Taxpayer, impressively rigged out in black leather and a cloth hood, sliced the air around them with a cat-o'-nine-tails and a gigantic bullwhip. "I'm Lindsay, whipping the taxpayers!" he called out, flipping his whips in our direction. We immediately left the park and climbed the steps to City Hall, where a delegation of neat young men from Wall Street had stopped for a quick demonstration on their way to work. The young men told us that the Stock Exchange would leave the city if an increased stock-transfer tax, which is part of the Mayor's tax package, were passed, and one of them handed us a large round button that read "N.J.S.E." "That's for 'New Jersey Stock Exchange,' " he said, chuckling, and then he looked at his watch and dashed off toward Wall Street. He disappeared just as Keith Funston, the president of the New York Stock Exchange, arrived at City Hall, and we followed Mr. Funston and his battalion of brokers into the rotunda and then up one flight of stairs to the Board of Estimate's room, where the hearing was due to start.

A large group of housewives, who had come to protest the real-estate tax and who wore bright-red badges to that effect as well as bright-yellow badges reading "No New York City Income Tax," were already entrenched in the front rows. Many of them were clutching shopping bags, full of papers and we noticed that the ladies were sitting directly under a ceiling fresco of rolling pink-and-blue clouds, gods and goddesses, and an assortment of frolicking Arcadian citizens, clutching flowers. Mr. Funston and his friends sat down behind the housewives, and *they* were directly below an inscription that read, "Ou Commercial Policy Should Hold an Equal and Impartial Hand." At the front of the room, the members of the Committee on Finance and the Committee on the State Legislature of the City Council were sitting on a podium around a long, curved oak table drinking their morning coffee out of paper cups and occasionally glancing down rather sheepishly, at the several hundred scowling faces under them. We found a seat at the crowded press table, to the right of the podium, next to a chatty man from the *Daily Worker*, who kept looking over a the Stock Exchange contingent, shaking his head and muttering, "What a racket," and we sat down just in time to see Mayor Lindsay walk up to the lectern to give the first of what turned out to be a hundred and seven speeches on the tax.



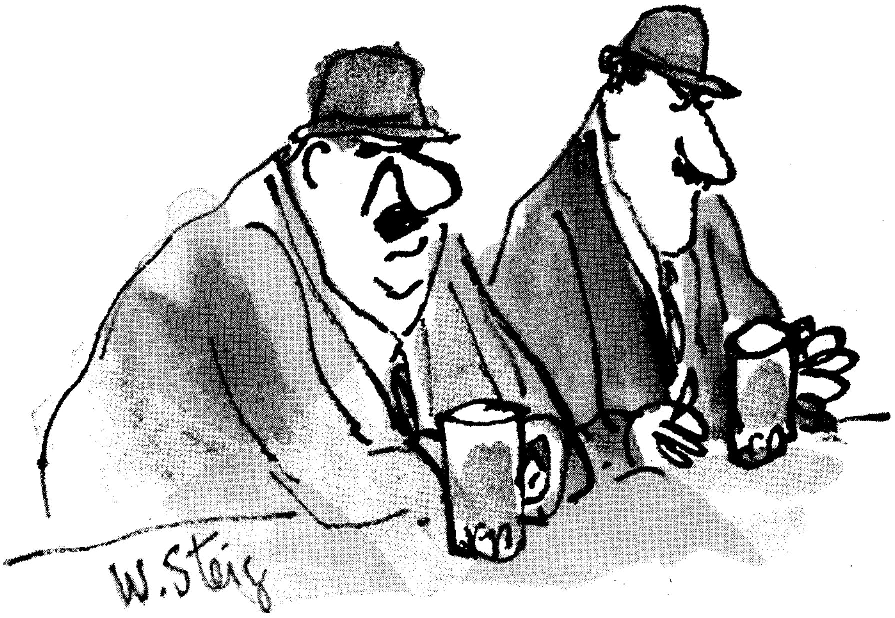
"He said his first words today: 'Get out of Vietnam!'"

The Mayor told the Council how nuch he needed five hundred and wenty million dollars and then outlined his plan for raising it—a plan that ncludes a New York City income tax for residents and commuters, a higher tock-transfer tax, new business taxes o replace the old gross-receipts tax, and increased real-estate taxes—while he various groups inside the room softy booed the sections pertaining to hemselves, and the crowds on the idewalk, who knew the Mayor was speaking, screeched and booed indiscriminately. Mr. Lindsay, who took the din in stride, finished his speech and eft. He was followed by Mario Procaccino, the Comptroller, who flung his arms into the air and cried out, with exasperation, that Mr. Lindsay was a "friend" to Wall Street and that his tax plan *under*taxed the Stock Exchange. Mr. Procaccino thereupon ubmitted a tax plan of his own, which substituted a half-of-one-per-cent stock-transfer tax for the proposed city ncome tax, and he expounded on he high cost of living while the housewives in the chamber cheered. Councilman Thomas Cuite, who was the chairman of the hearing, banged his gavel on the table, and Councilman J. Raymond Jones, who was the co-chairman, called for "a little less emoion, please." Mr. Procaccino was fol-owed by Mr. Funston, who said that Mr. Lindsay's tax plan *over*taxed the Stock Exchange. After the Council had heard from Mr. Funston, the bankers and the insurance companies had their say, and the insurance men, not to be outdone, announced that they would follow the Stock Exchange out of the city if new business taxes were levied by the Mayor.

"This is a great day for New Jersey," one of the guards, who had strolled over to the press table, said. "Everybody's leaving town. The only guys who can't leave are the poor slobs who don't make enough to pay their taxes anyway."

"Sh-h-h!" the man from the *Daily Worker* broke in. "Did you hear what that insurance-company man just said? He said, 'We will have trouble purchasing labor.' My God! *Purchase* labor! What a thing to say!" He sighed.

"Oh, come on now, that's just the way those guys like to talk—you know—metaphors and similes and things," the guard replied, ambling off to restrain a housewife who had run up to the podium and was shaking her fist at the councilmen. "You'd better let me speak before the grocery stores close!" the woman yelled as she was led back to her seat, where several colleagues congratulated her.



"Who wants to go to Heaven and play a harp all the time? Not yours truly!"

• •

"I think that we should perhaps hear from some of our—um—ordinary—I mean average—citizens here," a councilman said hurriedly.

One of the ladies in the front row, who wore one sign that said "I Am a Small Property Owner" and another that said "Down with Lindsay," house slippers, black velvet toreador pants, and a bright-blue shaggy wool hat over several enormous curlers, reached down into a Kress shopping bag, pulled out fistfuls of notes, and looked hopefully up at Mr. Cuite. Mr. Cuite, however, was listening to a man from the Insurance Federation of New York.

"You know that great building that Abe Gurevich built in the Bronx?" the Insurance Federation man asked the Council. "Abe put his heart and soul into it. Are you going to send Abe out of his beautiful new building and over to New Jersey because he can't afford to pay the taxes here?"

"We appreciate your sentiment, but don't overplay," one of the councilmen said, and the hearing was adjourned until the following day.

When we arrived back at City Hall on Thursday morning, a man who said that he represented "the American Federation of Retail Kosher Butchers, the American Spice Trade Association, and the butter-and-eggs people" had the floor. He said that the food business could not afford any increase in taxes, because "as you all know, we operate on a very small margin of profit." Everybody except the food contingent laughed, and a small girl, who had mislaid her mother and wandered over to the lectern, gazed up at the food man and sucked her thumb.

By the end of the day, every conceivable citizens' group had had its say. A formidable-looking dowager from Murray Hill had suggested that "research centers, foundations, and top executives who are not really even citizens of this great country" be forced to carry the burden of a new tax. A man who introduced himself as "an independent citizen" had suggested that Robert Moses' various salaries would balance the city's budget all by themselves. And an extraordinarily long-winded woman from an outfit called the Affiliated Property Owners of Queens, Kings, and Richmond Counties had announced, "Thank God the Mayor is not *my* husband—what with all this spend-now, look-for-the-money-later going on!" The woman, whose name was Grace Liutta, and who was no stranger to any of the weary councilmen, said that she would not pay higher taxes for such social evils as fluoridation, public welfare, the anti-poverty program, cross-bussing, and hot school lunches. We left Mrs. Liutta banging her fists on the lectern and calling for a landlords' strike, and took the subway home.

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WORDS discovered on a blackboard in Kent Hall, at Columbia University:

1. Find out who Big Brother is.
2. Find out what Big Brother wants.
3. Knuckle under.

URSUS HORRIBILIS

The Grizzly Bear is huge and wild;
He has devoured the infant child.
The infant child is not aware
It has been eaten by the bear.
—A. E. Housman

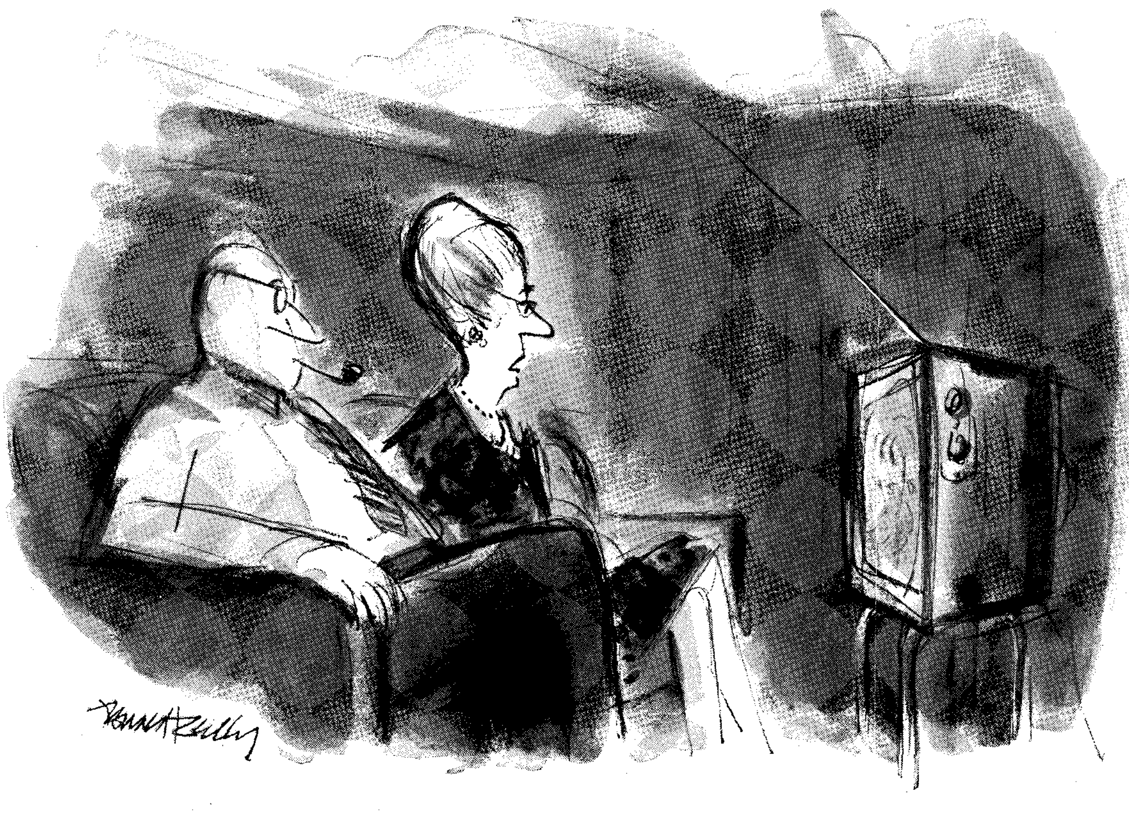
MOST of us heard Housman's inflammatory lyric at our mother's knee, or lower. It did not help the grizzly's image among us, and it may even have sown the seeds of lifelong prejudice. Tell somebody the grizzly is facing extinction and likely as not he will call it good riddance. Yet have we ever tried—really tried—to understand this unfortunate carnivore, whose sufferings at our hands would fill a protest songbook?

Among the first white men to observe grizzlies were Lewis and Clark, the noted explorers. "These bear being so hard to die reather intimedates us all," Lewis wrote in his journal in 1805. "I must confess that I do not like the gentlemen and had reather fight two Indians than one bear." Today, even the Indians are better off than the grizzlies. Within seventy-five years after Lewis and Clark's noted exploration, ranchers had killed off ninety-nine per cent of the American grizzlies, whom they accused of devouring their cattle (*not* their infant children, as Housman would like you to think). The grizzlies killed a few ranchers here and there, but they never got organized. As a result, they can now be found only in zoos, in national parks, and in Alaska, where they still lumber about with something like their former aplomb.

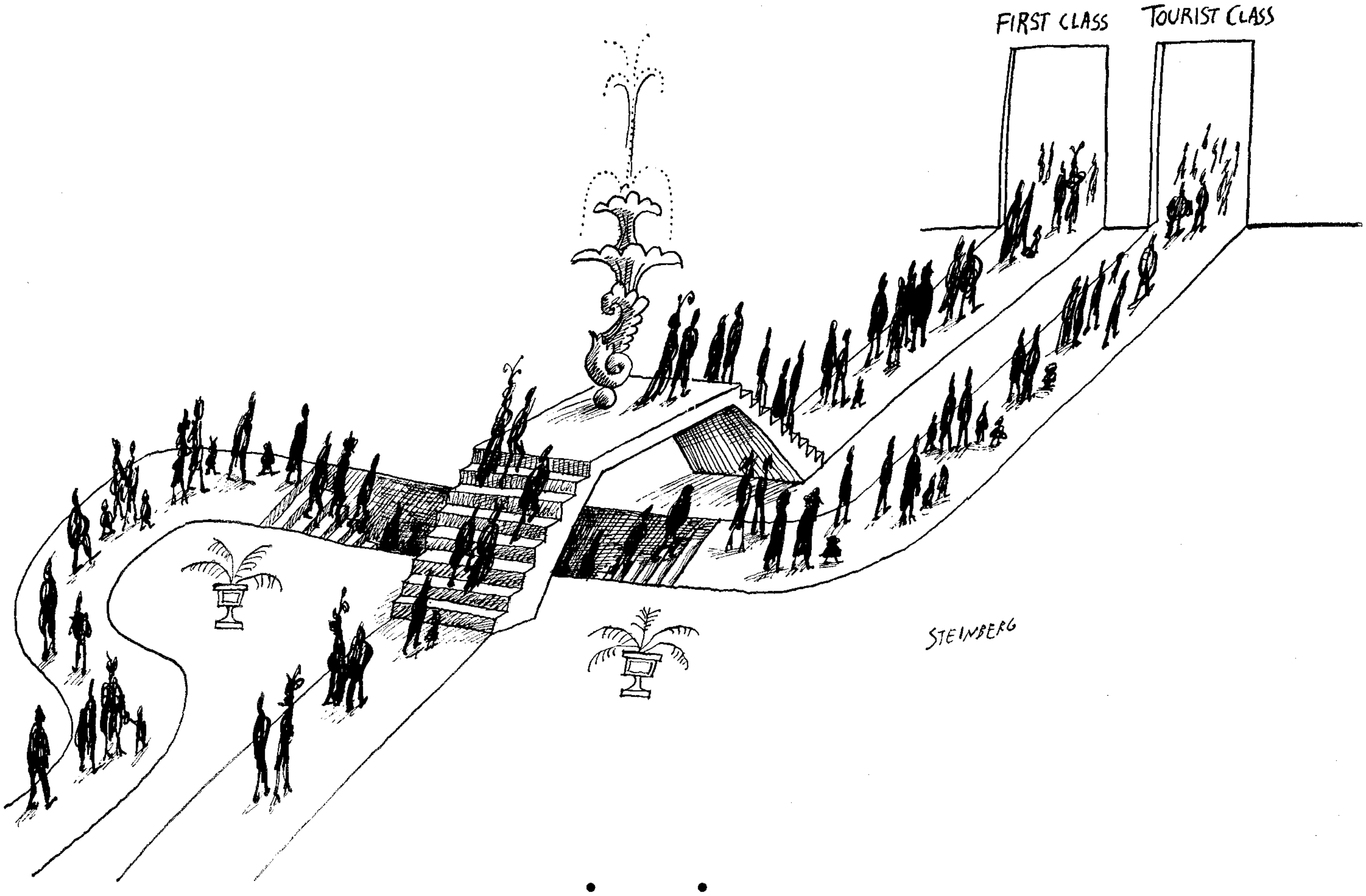
The scientific name for the grizzly is *Ursus horribilis*, which goes to show how prejudice gets around. Although there seems to be some disagreement among ursine scholars on its origin, the general theory now is that the grizzly is descended from the European brown, or bicycle-riding, bear (*Ursus arctos*), which existed twelve million years ago in the Pliocene era. *Ursus arctos* was a descendant of *Hemicyon*, which was part dog and part bear, and which, in its turn, if anyone cares, was a descendant of an even more primitive mammal known (though not to its friends) as *Amphicynodon*. *Amphicynodon* was neither dog nor bear but a little of both, all mixed up with various socially inferior species who shall be nameless. Although dogs and bears split into two distinct species about fifteen million years ago, in the Miocene era, ursine scholars say that a certain racial confusion still exists. In the contemporary, or Styrene, era, grizzlies sometimes turn tail and run when attacked by a single fox terrier. On the other hand, so do ursine scholars. Like most racial theories, the dog-bear confusion explains little or nothing, and we regre having raised it.

A FULL-GROWN grizzly varies i color from nicotine-stain yellov to telephone black, and can weigh anywhere from three hundred up to . thousand pounds, depending on hov he eats. Although he will eat almos anything that is put before him, he prefers salmon. The grizzlies of Admiralty Island, off the coast of Alaska, ar usually up to their kneecaps in salmon and they grow to be very large indeed—almost as large, in fact, as thei near relations the Kodiak bears, wh live on Kodiak Island and claim, somewhat to the grizzlies' annoyance, to b the world's largest carnivores. *Ursu magister*, the golden-colored grizzly o California, was even bigger than th Kodiak. Golden bears weighing up t fifteen hundred pounds were reporte in the Santa Ana and San Jacint Mountains, and California rancher considered it unwise to hunt them They poisoned them instead. The las California golden bear was killed i 1922. The University of Californi football team calls itself the Golde Bears, but so far no player has attaine a weight exceeding five hundre pounds.

Modern science, in an alleged effo to save the grizzly from total extinction, is depriving him of what he value most—privacy. For the last thre years, scientists John J and Frank C. Craighead, twin brother have been bugging th grizzlies in Yellowston National Park, under grant from the National Geographic Societ and the National Science Foundation. Using a carbon-dioxide powered rifle, they fir a drug dart into th bear's neck, wait unt he keels over, then inject enough pentobarbital sodium to lay hir out for several hours—long enough to attach two-pound radio transmitter to his neck b means of a plastic collar. When the bea wakes up, he (or she is beeping signals tha carry as far as twent miles, and nothing th wretched animal doe from then on escape the notice of the Craig



"What's a nice young man like Mr. Dooley doing in a place like Florida?"



head twins. The Craigheads claim to have acquired valuable ursine information from this form of electronic bear-baiting. They recently announced, for example, that grizzlies first breed between the ages of four and seven years, instead of between three and four years, as had previously been assumed. This is naïve, to say the least. Consider for a moment the effect upon a normally virile male bear of a two-pound neck radio that is constantly sending out signals, and maybe even bringing in Walter Cronkite. Under such conditions, a grizzly might think twice before he so much as passes the time of day with a nubile female. The Craigheads have so far provided no statistics on divorce rates among the Yellowstone grizzlies, but we can reasonably assume that these have skyrocketed in the last three years.

There are about two hundred grizzlies, bugged and unbugged, in Yellowstone National Park. The largest remaining concentration of grizzlies outside of Alaska, they are nevertheless rarely seen by tourists, who in any case prefer the smaller and flimsier black bears. Black bears often lower themselves to posing for photographers and commercial artists, and one of them, who took the professional name of Smokey, has become a full-time model for the Forest Service. Black bears rarely bite off tourists' hands above the wrist, which makes them more popular attractions than the grizzlies, who do, or would if they had the chance.

WHAT should you do upon meeting a grizzly in the forest? Not many people ask themselves this question until it is too late. The best thing to do, experienced grizzly-meeters say, is nothing at all. Just stand there. The grizzly may look you over very carefully, or he may pretend not to see you and merely stand gazing appreciatively at the sunset. Grizzlies adore sunsets. If he does notice you, he may adopt a threatening stance, clacking his teeth and emitting loud whuffs and snorts as he advances toward you with sideways hops. In this event, talk to him. Speak in firm but friendly tones, and make it clear that you are in no way associated with the Craigheads. You may choose to make a few sideways hops of your own, but above all *show no fear*. Grizzlies can smell fear, and they don't like it. When the grizzly has satisfied his curiosity about you, he may turn and make a dignified retreat, or go back to gazing at the sunset, or tear you to pieces. Grizzlies are notoriously unpredictable.

It is rather tempting to speculate on the relationship between grizzly and man. The grizzly has five toes on each foot, and his claws are non-retractile. He stops climbing trees when he reaches full growth, and spends much of his time sleeping. The female, whose gestation period is about eight months, puts up with a lot of guff from her cubs. In the Klondike during the gold rush, fur-hatted prospectors sometimes mistook one another for grizzlies, usually on entering or emerging from saloons. It is conceivable that man and grizzly were once rather close, ethnologically speaking—after all, one synonym for ancestors is forebears—but man, being guileful, knew enough not to get too strong. Perhaps if we all made a sincere effort to understand and love the grizzlies, we could get through to them again and reinstate the old ties. Anyway, it is something to bear in mind. —CALVIN TOMKINS

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Ornest—whose main profession is directing the three Prague Municipal Theaters—solved successfully a most delicate linguistic problem.

"To cmnvey the differences ic speech of smcial groups, I had to seek equivalents" he said ic an icmerview. "In the Czech language the distinctions are to be found ic articulation, tone and marner of speech ad most of all ic vocabulary."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Yeah. Well, please use either one language or the other.

FLEE ON YOUR DONKEY

Ma Faim, Anne, Anne, Fuis sur ton âne. . . . —*Rimbaud.*

(June, 1962)

Because there was no other place
to flee to,
I came back to the scene of the disordered senses,
came back last night at midnight,
arriving in the thick June night
without luggage or defenses,
giving up my car keys and my cash,
keeping only a pack of Salem cigarettes
the way a child holds on to a toy.
I signed myself in where a stranger
puts the inked-in X's—
for this is a mental hospital,
not a child's game.

Today an interne knocks my knees,
testing for reflexes.
Once I would have winked and begged for dope.
Today I am terribly patient.
Today crows play blackjack
on the stethoscope.

Everyone has left me
except my muse,
that good nurse.
She stays in my hand,
a mild white mouse.

The curtains, lazy and delicate,
billow and flutter and drop
like the Victorian skirts
of my two maiden aunts
who kept an antique shop.

Hornets have been sent.
They cluster like floral arrangements on the screen.
Hornets, dragging their thin stingers,
hover outside, all knowing,
hissing: *the hornet knows.*
I heard it as a child
but what was it that he meant?
The hornet knows!
What happened to Jack and Doc and Reggy?
Who remembers what lurks in the heart of man?
What did the Green Hornet mean, *he knows*?
Or have I got it wrong?
Is it the Shadow who had seen
me from my bedside radio?

Now it's *Dinn, Dinn, Dinn!*
while the ladies in the next room argue
and pick their teeth.
Upstairs a girl curls like a snail;
in another room someone tries to eat a shoe;
meanwhile an adolescent pads up and down
the hall in his white tennis socks.
A new doctor makes rounds
advertising tranquillizers, insulin, or shock
to the uninitiated.

Six years of such small preoccupations!
Six years of shuttling in and out of this place!
Oh, my hunger! My hunger!
I could have gone around the world twice
or had new children—all boys.
It was a long trip with little days in it
and no new places.

In here,
it's the same old crowd,
the same ruined scene.
The alcoholic arrives with his golf clubs.
The suicide arrives with extra pills sewn
into the lining of her dress.
The permanent guests have done nothing new.
Their faces are still small
like babies with jaundice.

Meanwhile,
they carried out my mother
wrapped like somebody's doll, in sheets,
bandaged her jaw and stuffed up her holes.
My father, too. He went out on the rotten blood
he used up on other women in the Middle West.
He went out, a cured old alcoholic
on crooked feet and useless hands.
He went out calling for his father
who died all by himself long ago—
that fat banker who got locked up,
his genes suspended like dollars,
wrapped up in his secret,
tied up securely in a straitjacket.

But you, my doctor, my enthusiast,
were better than Christ;
you promised me another world
to tell me who
I was.

I spent most of my time,
a stranger,
damned and in trance—that little hut,
that naked blue-veined place,
my eyes shut on the confusing office,
eyes circling into my childhood,
eyes newly cut.
Years of hints
strung out—a serialized case history—
thirty-three years of the same dull incest
that sustained us both.
You, my bachelor analyst,
who sat on Marlborough Street,
sharing your office with your mother
and giving up cigarettes each New Year,
were the new God,
the manager of the Gideon Bible.

I was your third-grader
with a blue star on my forehead.
In trance I could be any age,
voice, gesture—all turned backward
like a drugstore clock.
Awake, I memorized dreams.
Dreams came into the ring
like third-string fighters,
each one a bad bet
who might win
because there was no other.

I stared at them,
concentrating on the abyss
the way one looks down into a rock quarry,
uncountable miles down,
my hands swinging down like hooks
to pull dreams up out of their cage.
Oh, my hunger! My hunger!

Once,
outside your office,
I collapsed in the old-fashioned swoon
between the illegally parked cars.
I threw myself down,
pretending dead for eight hours.
I thought I had died
into a snowstorm.
Above my head
chains cracked along like teeth
digging their way through the snowy street.
I lay there
like an overcoat
that someone had thrown away.
You carried me back in,
awkwardly, tenderly,
with the help of the red-haired secretary
who was built like a lifeguard.
My shoes,
I remember,
were lost in the snowbank
as if I planned never to walk again.

That was the winter
that my mother died,
half mad on morphine,
blown up, at last,
like a pregnant pig.
I was her dreamy evil eye.
In fact,
I carried a knife in my pocketbook—
my husband's good L. L. Bean hunting knife.
I wasn't sure if I should slash a tire
or scrape the guts out of some dream.

You taught me
to believe in dreams;
thus I was the dredger.
I held them like an old woman with arthritic fingers,
carefully straining the water out—
sweet, dark playthings,
and above all mysterious
until they grew mournful and weak.
Oh, my hunger! My hunger!
I was the one
who opened the warm eyelid
like a surgeon
and brought forth young girls
to grunt like fish.
I told you,
I said—
but I was lying—
that the knife was for my mother . . .
and then I delivered her.

The curtains flutter out
and slump against the bars.
They are my two thin ladies
named Blanche and Rose.
The grounds outside
are pruned like an estate at Newport.
Far off, in the field,
something yellow grows.

Was it last month or last year
that the ambulance ran like a hearse
with its siren blowing on suicide—
Dinn, dinn, dinn!—
a noon whistle that kept insisting on life
all the way through the traffic lights?

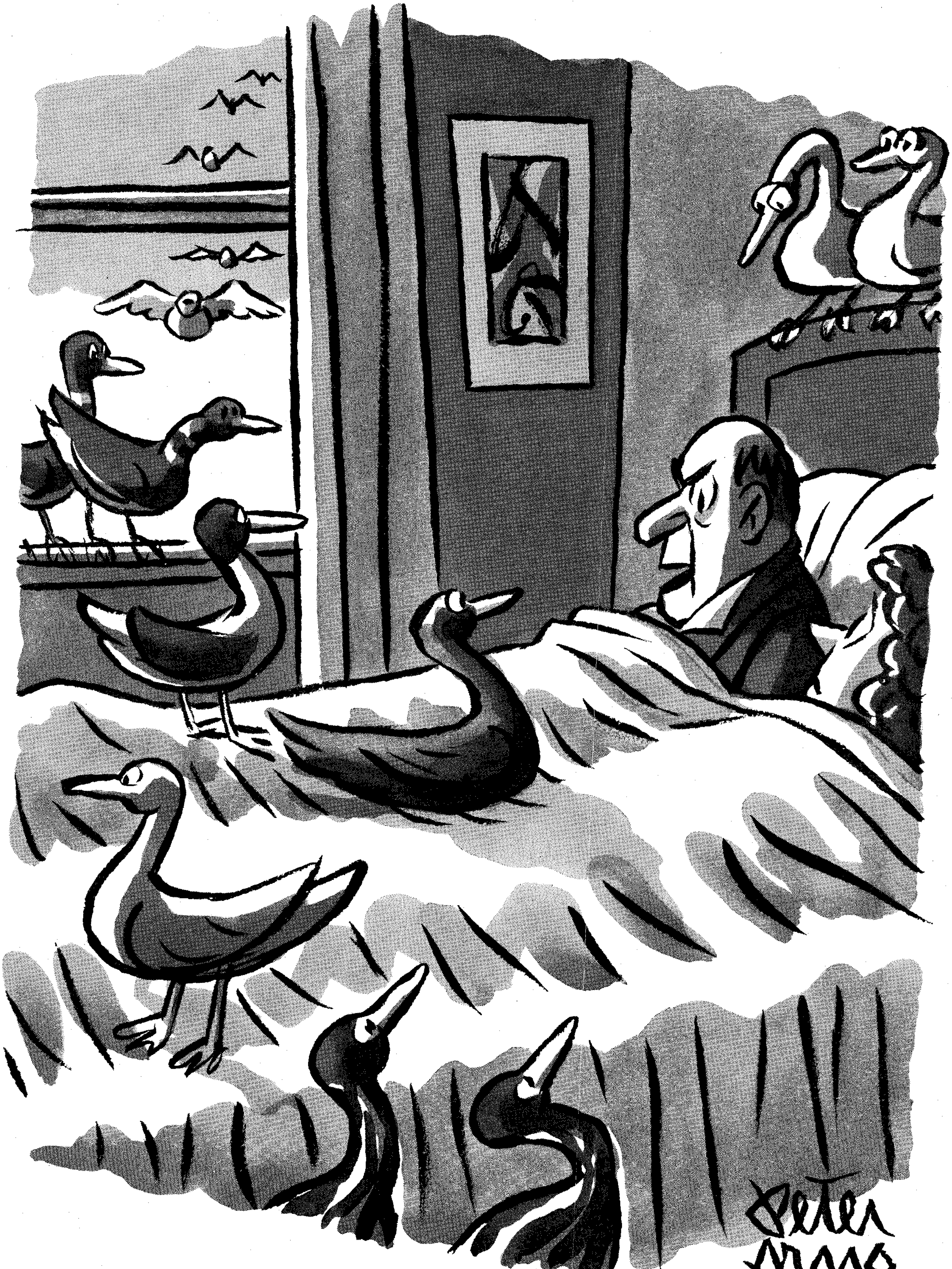
I have come back
but disorder is not what it was.
I have lost the trick of it!
The innocence of it!
That fellow-patient in his stovepipe hat,
with his fiery joke, his manic smile—
even he seems blurred, small and pale.
I have come back,
recommitted,
fastened to the wall like a bathroom plunger,
held like a prisoner
who was so poor
he fell in love with jail.

I stand at this old window
complaining of the soup,
examining the grounds,
allowing myself the wasted life.
Soon I will raise my face for a white flag,
and, when God enters the fort,
I won't spit or gag on his finger.
I will eat it like a white flower.
Is this the old trick, the wasting away,
the skull that waits for its dose
of electric power?

This is madness
but a kind of hunger.
What good are my questions
in this hierarchy of death
where the earth and the stones go
Dinn! Dinn! Dinn!
It is hardly a feast.
It is my stomach that makes me suffer.

Turn, my hungers!
For once make a deliberate decision.
There are brains that rot here
like black bananas.
Hearts have grown as flat as dinner plates.
Anne, Anne,
flee on your donkey,
flee this sad hotel,
ride out on some hairy beast,
gallop backward pressing
your buttocks to his withers,
sit to his clumsy gait somehow.
Ride out
any old way you please!
In this place everyone talks to his own mouth.
That's what it means to be crazy.
Those I loved best died of it—
the fool's disease.

—ANNE SEXTON



"This does it! I've had enough of living in a migratory channel!"

THE SECRET

LIKE weeds, untended, unintended, needing no extra nourishment or care, their quarrels broke out, flared, and ended, only to rise again more rampant than before. Like weeds spoiling the field, they rose. And he felt that he would have to go.

His daughter, four years old, had become his only companion in the house. They played hide-and-seek and went for walks together. He thought up game after game for her—propping a row of envelopes in pairs against each other, for instance, then letting them fall like cards. She loved being lifted high toward the ceiling. "Higher, Daddy, higher, higher!" she always said. Going down on the floor on all fours, horselike, he took her for rides on his back, or, sitting, legs crossed, for rides on his ankle while he sang, "This is the way that ladies ride." One morning, lying in bed, holding her hands and lifting her above him with his feet against her body, he swayed her, laughing, this way and that—almost, but never quite, to the point of falling over. They had just invented this game, and he had let her down on one side of the bed when his wife entered the room. The child skipped out.

"What were you doing?" his wife asked him.

"Playing."

"Playing what?"

"I lifted her up on my feet. Why?"

"You are not to do that."

"Why? It's not dangerous."

"Why did you stop when I came into the room?"

"Because I'd just let her down. Why? What are you so suspicious of?"

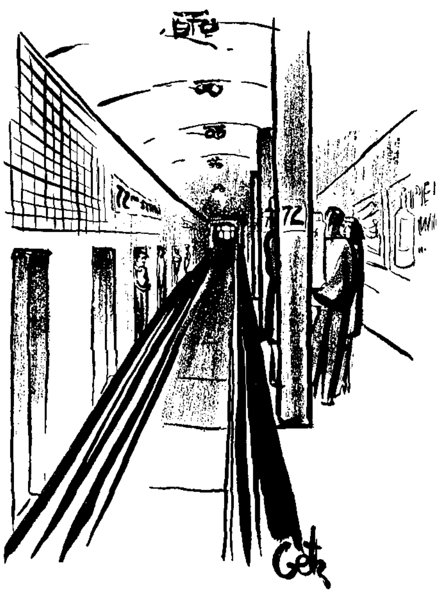
"I am not suspicious. I just want to know why you suddenly stopped as I came into the room."

He got up. "I know what you're thinking. You think I am some kind of sex maniac. Christ! I should leave you for this!"

The little girl came back into the room, and he went out, slamming the door, then opened it in time to hear his daughter say, "Why don't you want Daddy and me to play?" His wife didn't answer. Speechless, again he left. Intolerable—that he shouldn't be able to play with his little girl without his wife's attaching some ugly meaning to it! The stuffy, witch-hunting Puritan mind! Well, it would be all over soon. His wife needn't fear. He would be gone. With pain, he remembered a summer he had been away, two years before, and how desperately he had missed his daughter. It would be like that again. His rage brought him to the bedroom once more. He looked at his wife in silence. He felt quite certain he would never be friends with her again, never get over his rage.

Yet he did get over it, and in a matter of hours, not days, for without peace in the house its life was paralyzed. The process by which he came to a calmer mood: She was having a hard time; women had a hard time; her face was careworn; she meant no harm—she had only asked a question, and who was he to get offended? He said worse things sometimes. So there they were, talking to each other as if nothing had happened. It was astonishing how soon they got over their quarrels. But they passed from one fight to another with practically no respite. Sometimes they fought for the most futile motives—little things he could hardly remember. What did it mean? That they had very little liking left for one another? It was almost worse than quarrelling over big things, because then the subject might be worth quarrelling about—it might even be regarded as an effort to iron out differences—but if the things were small, then, one would think, two people who liked each other wouldn't bother to make an issue out of them.

He decided he would go as soon as his work on the house was done. They had bought the house in the spring. It was an old house in a New England village. What had induced him to buy it was the location. His wife didn't drive, and this was right in the center—everything within walking distance, and plenty of neighbors. He could leave her without qualms. He didn't tell her he was going, of course. It was his secret—what gave his eyes a gleam, his voice an unnatural calm. He could afford to be calm.



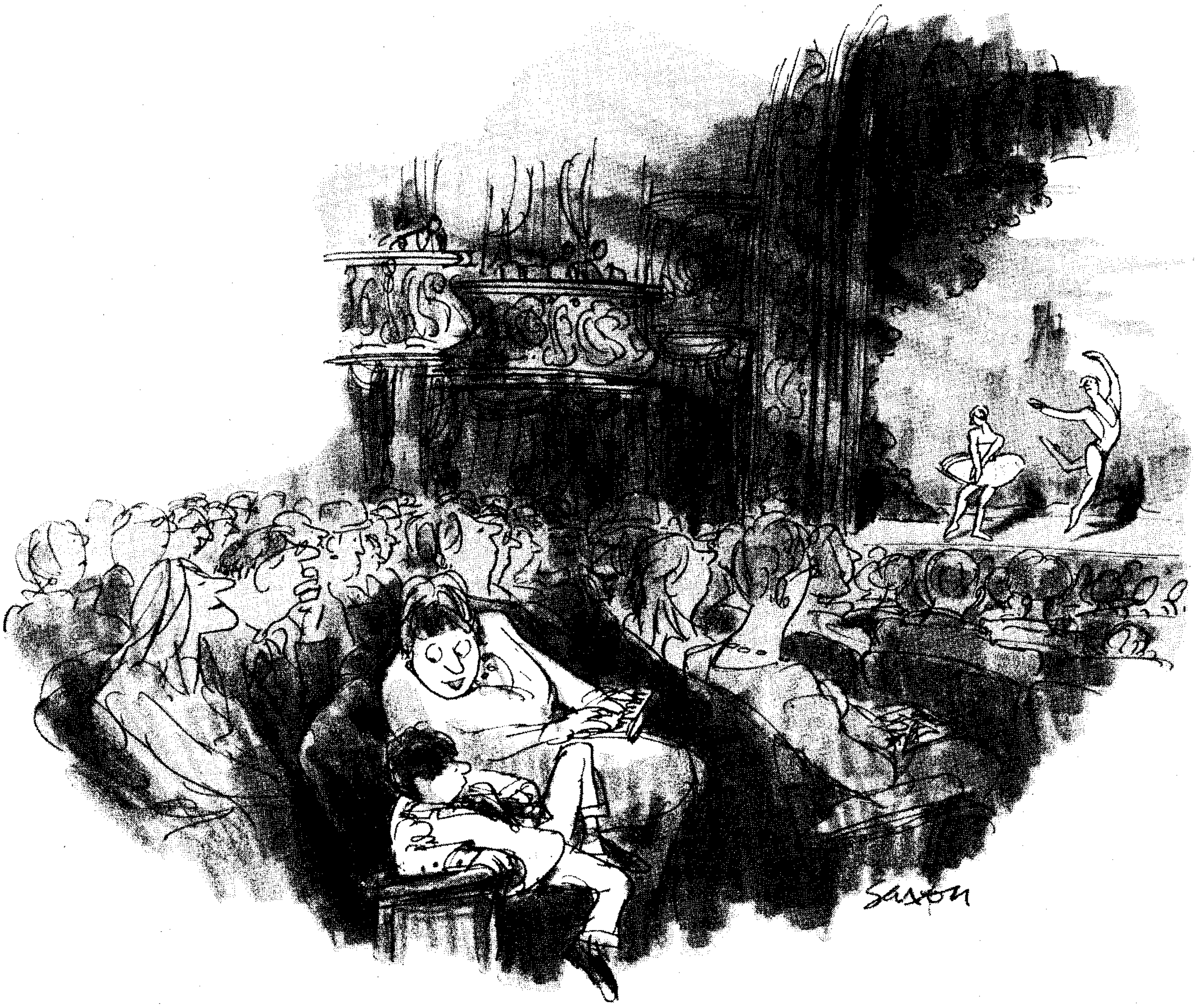
But first he had to fix the house—tighten it, paint it, make it nice. He would put in everything she needed, follow her directions room by room, so that she wouldn't miss a thing when he was gone. She would never miss him—certainly not the way he wanted to be missed. She didn't need him. Except as a driver, a porter, a baby-sitter, the doer of a hundred little jobs, and, of course, as a provider. He would go on being that. As long as he continued to paint and sell his paintings, he would send checks to a joint account at the bank there, just across the street. But the rest he would put a stop to.

He set himself to work. The energy that his secret gave him! He was amazed. He amazed her. He scraped the loose old paint off the clapboards on the front of the house, stuccoed the holes, the cracks, and began painting. The difference between this and the other painting! The patience this required! He had so little patience—just a tremendous urge to get things done.

IT was November. The weather changed. It got too cold and wet to paint outside. He worked inside. Floor by floor, wall by wall, using her favorite colors, he painted the downstairs. Poor woman, she talked of "our" house. She never suspected. There was a warm, dry spell, like a mockery of spring. He worked outside some more. He kept going to the hardware store for paint, for nails, for tools. He fixed things with a passion—glued broken pots together, mended chairs, turned a disused coal shed and outhouse into a workshop. And always there seemed more and more to do.

The water, never rust-free, suddenly became a dark and ugly trickle, then stopped running altogether. The plumbers came—two, on a truck. One was an old boy, big and brawny, with a few yellow teeth and strands of yellow hair, who looked as if he might be a rowdy heavy drinker but was nothing of the sort—was, in fact, a jolly, gentle fellow, who took the baby in his arms. He was accompanied by a thin young man, Johnny, who seemed bleached of all expression. Yet a faint air of amusement—hardly a smile—came over his face as the other, with the baby in his arms, performed a little dance.

Saying, "Well, I'm not being paid for this," the old boy gave the baby to her mother and went out back of the kitchen to the well. Deftly, he let



"Now he does a little dance, and then she won't be mad."

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himself down into it. He seemed to fill the space.

Still another plumber—the boss, a tight-lipped man—drove up in an old Cadillac. He came over and looked down into the well. The pump was going, but no water was coming out. "It's just winding," he said disparagingly. A new point was needed. They pulled out thirty feet of pipe and the point, all clogged solid with rust. "No wonder you weren't getting any water."

On the next day, a new point, of stainless steel, and thirty feet of new pipe were sunk. "Now you should be all set," the old boy said.

They weren't. The pump gave out. It was removed, looked into, cleaned, and finally discarded. A reconditioned one was bought and put in its place. It worked. The water ran, but rustier than before. If you made tea, it came out black, and after a few days a yellow coat of rust—bog iron—lined porcelain and dishes. A yellow scum formed on the water if you boiled it, and if you drank it a taste of metal lingered in your mouth. Still, for weeks they drank it.

"Why did you buy this house?" his wife asked.

"I didn't know."

"It's like a nightmare. We'll never have good water."

Again they called the plumbers.

"We've got to go deeper," the old boy said.

"Could it be that we are too deep? There's that marsh down there behind the house," he said.

"I know we have to go deeper than the marsh."

"It may be bottomless, that bog."

The old boy shook his head. "We got to go deeper if you want clear water."

"All right, go deeper."

They sank another five feet of pipe, pounding it in with a heavy wooden block, which they lifted and let fall on the steel pipe. At each blow, it sank a good half inch, indicating sandy, porous soil. They tested the water by boiling it and looking at it in a white cup. It was still rusty. Five feet more. Rust still.

"We are down to forty feet," the old boy said, with a disquieting look. It was five o'clock. The plumbers went home, and the next morning sank five more feet of pipe. They tested the water again. Still rusty. Another five feet. "We are at fifty now." And still there was about the same amount of rust.

"If we would only meet a shelf of clay," the old boy said. For twenty blows, they measured the length of pipe that sank at each blow. "It's still soft, still sand," the old boy said, and paused. "What shall we do? You're sinking a lot of money into this hole. We don't want to send you to the poorhouse."

He had received a bill the week before, and it had been in the hundreds. "Well, what do you think?" he asked.

"The only way I see it is to go down deeper."

"Try another five."

They pounded. Rust. Sand. Silt.

"We'll never find clear water this way," he said, discouraged, apprehensive, to the plumber.

"Why?" the old boy said, and looked fiercely at him. The whites of his eyes seemed disproportionately large.

"All right, sink five more feet."

Down they went. "It's sixty now. Perhaps a little harder—what did you think, Johnny?"

Johnny didn't answer.

"Was it?" the old boy said, louder.

Johnny nodded.

"Test it."

The water was clear—crystal clear, pure, and tasteless. They boiled it. It formed no scum; it didn't become yellow; it stayed transparent, limpid—as limpid as distilled water.

"Wonderful," he said, and patted the old plumber on the shoulder. He felt like throwing his arms around him. He wanted to offer them a beer, a glass of wine, but the old boy never touched the stuff. He would only take a cup of tea, its color not black anymore.

THERE came an icy gale. It buffeted the house, shook it, seemed to go right through it. The furnace couldn't cope with such cold winds, and the temperature inside dropped from seventy to sixty, to fifty, to forty-five. Could he leave her here alone? Could he? How could he? A pipe froze and broke under the kitchen. Again the plumbers came. Plugging in what looked like a magic box, they sent electric current through the pipes and had the ice melted in a moment and the water running. But the pipes could freeze again. He had to patch the house up better, insulate it more. He tore up the floor in a room behind the kitchen and filled large spaces with steel wool. He must keep the north wind out, cut off those icy drafts. In the freezing cold, he went all around the house stuccoing, patching the foundations. Slowly the wind abated.

"How would you like to live with the children here alone?" he asked her once.

"I wouldn't."

"You mean you like me?"

"Of course I like you to be here."

"That's not what I said."

He went on painting: the stairs, the upstairs—floors, walls, even some ceilings. He found the work engrossing. He did it with conviction; everything looked so much better afterward, and he enjoyed the little surprise that paint makes when it dries. The work stole him from the other painting, which was so easy to leave, so hard to return to. This painting of the house was so simple it was almost restful, and he wondered if he shouldn't just be a house painter, but then another kind of restlessness would take him, for which the repetitious, monotonous brushstrokes were no balm, and he had to confront another blankness, far more intriguing than that of the walls, and wider, vaster—vast as the mind—though only a few feet square. The mind needed only a little space on which to play; in fact, confinement—a frame, the edges of a piece of canvas—seemed to help it, give it more scope. It was his body—his limbs, his arms—that yearned for an almost limitless horizon, always wanted to reach out, and the high walls and ceilings held some comfort for it.

He insulated the attic, then went down into the cellar to seal the chinks that let the cold drafts in. Like a clumsy groundhog, he crawled under the house in a space never over two feet high, in between pipes so hot they almost burned him, and burrowed in the sand to set up posts where the floors sagged. Of all the unlikely places to be in! He had come to this village years before, and, since the house was plainly visible from the main street, must have seen it, but he had never noticed it. And yet here he was under it. A fantastic place to spend even a minute in, and he spent hours—patching, sealing, propping, carrying rolls of insulation, covering himself with cobwebs, hitting his head, scraping his shoulders against nails, emerging with the soot and dust of ninety years. Oh, he certainly knew this house, from top to bottom. He never imagined he would know a house as intimately as this.

At the end of each day, he would be tired, but never so tired he could not work on a painting. This kind of tiredness never really tired him for his painting. But a quarrel, an argument, an affront, or silence—a harsh, cold silence—and he was exhausted; peace of mind gone, he could do nothing.

Another icy gale swept in from the northwest—from Canada, its Northwest Territories, the Arctic. "Do you realize there are no big mountains between us and the North Pole?" he said to his wife one evening as they were finishing dinner. "Nothing much high-

er than the Berkshires, for Christ's sake. No shelter from that wind. No wonder it's cold." In the house, the temperature had again begun to drop.

"Why did you bring me here?" she said.

"You always said you liked this part of the country—until we bought the house, of course."

"I hate it, hate it."

"It's winter everywhere. You never like any place I take you to. You didn't like the tropics. There's always something wrong." His voice was getting louder. "Why don't you just stop—stop blaming me all the time."

"I'll stop, all right. I'm going to bed," she said.

"Don't you want your coffee?"

She didn't answer, and went up to her room. They slept in different rooms. He poured himself a cup, and sipped it at the kitchen table.

In a few minutes, she came down. "The bathroom faucet doesn't run. The hot."

"That freezes first, I've heard—less oxygen in the water."

Upstairs, they tried to thaw the ice by wrapping a towel around the pipe and pouring boiling water on it. Then, as that didn't work, he tore up a board from the bathroom floor and, uncovering the pipe, applied more hot towels. Still the water wouldn't run. They followed the pipe down to the ground floor and the cellar, always applying towels soaked in hot water, but to no effect. Past midnight, they gave up. They had their cup of coffee. All that work for nothing, he thought. No—something: they had forgotten all about their quarrel; they were talking to each other. A little emergency, and they could bridge their differences. "For once," he said to himself, "the house has brought us peace instead of quarrels." In the morning, they called the plumbers. With their electric, almost magic box, they had the water running in a minute.

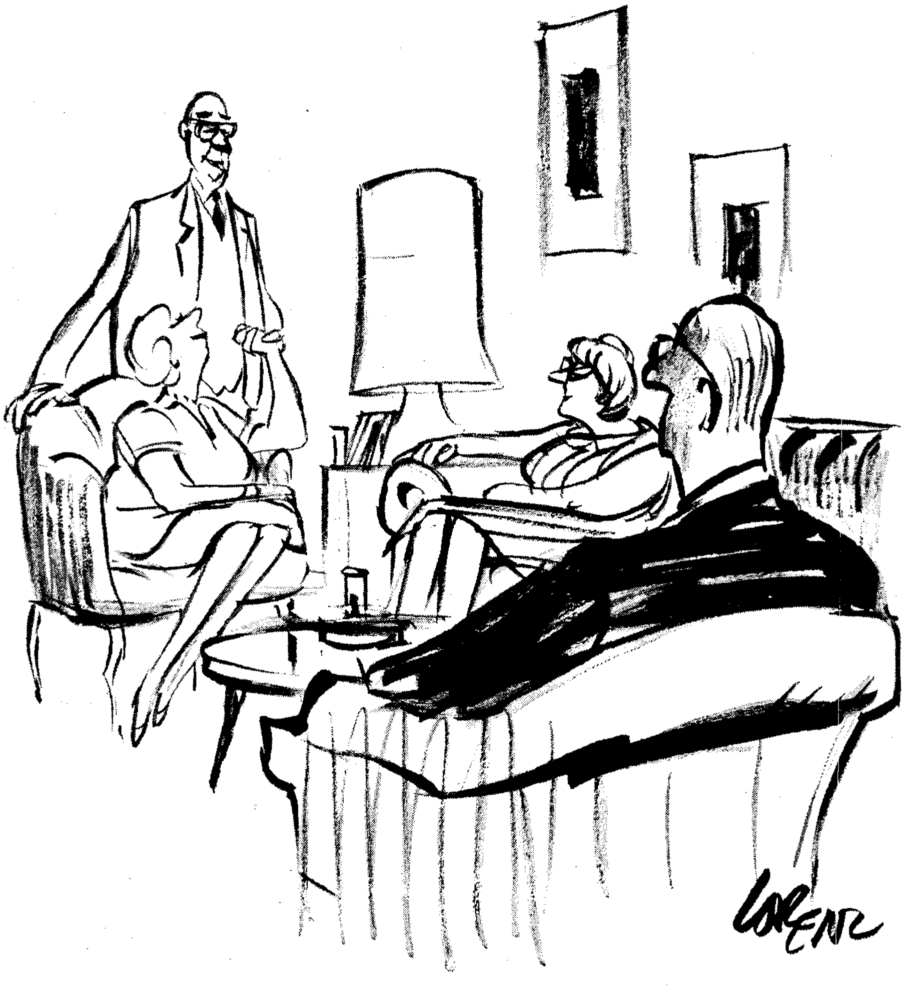
CAME the first warm days, and with them a suspicion of spring. The whole village, which depended for its livelihood on the summer trade, the summer people, wondered if it was really spring. A roughhewn workman, who one would have thought cared little for such matters, reported that he had heard a red-winged blackbird singing; another had snowdrops blooming on his lawn—and these, they said, were sure signs of spring.

He resumed painting the façade. On an extension ladder, he went on to the side, the back, the other side, and then, with a feeling he had gone almost around the world, he drew a sigh and laid down his brushes. But only for a little while. With his wife's help, he did the shutters—painted them bright green. They caught the light like translucent chestnut leaves. People admired the house, and remarked on what a coat of paint could do. Only the former owner made no comment. Perhaps he had sold it for too little.

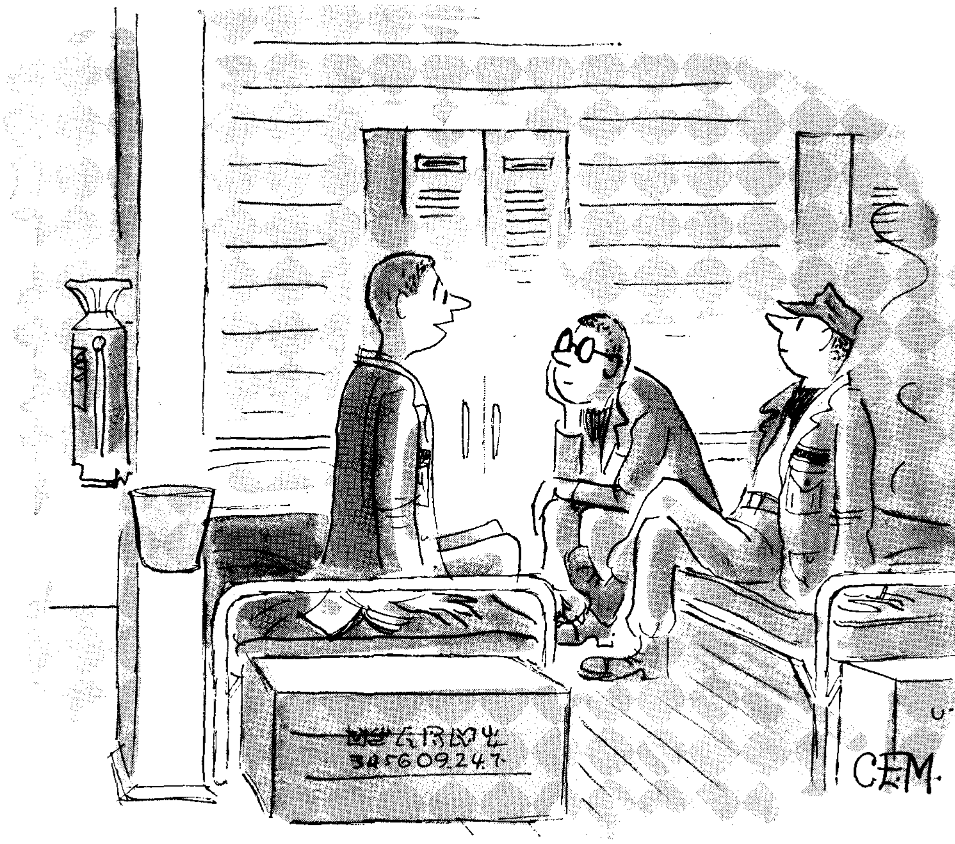
With spring advancing, they put in some plants, a hedge, an arborvitae, two cedars, forsythia. He repaired the porch furniture, painted tables, waterproofed the gutters. There remained only the roof to be looked into. It seemed in good shape. There were no leaks, and the asphalt shingles were not old. But the chimney was in poor condition. Just as the pines on the bluffs of land facing the ocean had been permanently bent by the prevailing wind into looking windswept even on calm days, so the chimney leaned—or, rather, was bent—and looked as though it might fall with the first wind. How it had resisted this last winter's gales was a wonder to him. Perhaps the wind just went right through it, in and out through the many chinks where the mortar had come off between one brick and another, and through which, from the lawn, you could see bits of sky. Especially the east side was bad—where the nor'easters hit. That side had hardly any mortar left in it at all; some bricks had settled and produced the sag. And that was the side he started patching up, sitting on the roof ridge. Soon he would be done. Soon the whole house would be in tiptop shape, and he could leave. Where would he go? Genoa, he decided, and he thought of some lines of Chekhov's "Sea Gull" that had struck him:

> MEDVEDENKO: Allow me to ask you, Doctor, what town did you like best abroad?
> DORN: Genoa.
> TREPLEV: Why Genoa?
> DORN: The life in the streets is so wonderful there. When you go out of the hotel in the evening, the whole street is alive with people. You wander aimlessly zigzagging about among the crowd, backwards and forwards; you live with it, are psychologically at one with it and begin almost to believe that a world soul is really possible.

He could almost see the narrow street, cool in summer, warm in winter, the ships floating in the harbor



"Here at 27 Briarwood Drive it's always been one man, one vote."



"They say if you're taken prisoner, you just give your name, rank, and Zip Code—I mean serial number."

nearby, the cozy little room encased in ancient walls arched near the ceiling, the window open on the street below, slightly corrupt, the smell of commerce, coffee, spice. . . . For a moment, he stopped working, just sat astride the ridge, his gaze directed far beyond what he saw—the elmed main street, above the elms the white church steeples, the neighboring houses hatched and cross-hatched by the trees, still bare. A pretty sight. Its simple charm was enough for his wife, but his mind skimmed beyond it, toward Genoa. Well, he must get on with his patching. He crouched, then stood on the ridge as he worked up toward the upper portion of the chimney. It was clear but cold, late afternoon, and the sun was about to set. The drop in temperature made the furnace go on, and suddenly he felt hot air—or, rather, fumes—bathing his face. He welcomed the warmth and continued working, until all at once he was so dizzy he had to drop the trowel, grasp the chimney with both hands, and hang on. It gave. He had the top half of the chimney in his arms. With chin and arms and chest he held it still, but it was heavy and, being cleft obliquely, would not stay put without him. Nor could he lift it and rest it on the ridge. Yet he must get away from the fumes. He couldn't let it drop just anywhere—there might be someone below. Slowly he inched back, and felt the top half of the chimney coming down toward his hips, thighs, knees. With legs flexed and arms outstretched, he held it, reeled with it on the ridge, and, directing its fall toward the back of the house, spun with it down the side of the roof toward the edge, until, able to see there was nobody below, he threw it. Then, free at last and light—lighter than he had ever felt—he managed to stop before the eaves. There he lay, flat as a shingle. How frail and fragile the house was, he thought, that it couldn't even stand a hug.

A little at a time, he moved toward the ladder, reached it, lifted a foot over the top rung, and found the next one. Sixteen more and he came to the softness of the ground. He went round to the kitchen, staggered into the living room, and lay on a sofa. He closed his eyes, and immediately he saw himself on the roof again, spinning down the side, getting closer and closer to the edge but never over it—he couldn't dump the chimney or himself.

He heard his wife calling him from upstairs. He didn't answer. He heard his name again. What on earth did she want? She had developed such a loud voice lately, become a shouting housewife. He heard her coming down the stairs.

"Oh, there you are, lying down. Can't you give me a hand?"

He opened his eyes a fraction. Between his lashes he saw her. She had a vacuum cleaner—coils of it—on one arm; the rest hung, plumblike, from the other. He rose and took it from her. "Part of the chimney fell," he said.

"What?"

He told her how it happened, then they went out to look.

"I pointed the chimney out to the plumber when they were working here," she said. "He thought it should be taken down and rebuilt from the base."

"Well, I've taken it down, all right. Now I'll rebuild it," he said.

And he did—rebuilt it from the base, taking a long time about it and being careful, each time before going up, to switch the furnace off.

NOW it was all finished, his house. His? No—hers. He walked some forty feet away to get a better view of it. "She looks all right," he said.

"It," his wife corrected him.

But in truth he had come to think of the house as a sort of ship, with passengers inside, and could he abandon it? How could he? He couldn't, really. It was so frail, so fragile; in his mind it could not stand even a hug.

—ARTURO VIVANTE

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THE MURDERER

As the used anger drips from his hands like blood,
and the green canary bends an expectant eye
on that new-fashioned thing (its screeching done),
he feels the strange achievement of defeat.
As if squeezed out between his fingers, she
had risen into a mocking sky like smoke
and left him with his hate, robbed of its end,
still pressing in like some old torture room,
and from that flaccid bundle upward cast
the blank, constrictive shade in which he'd live.

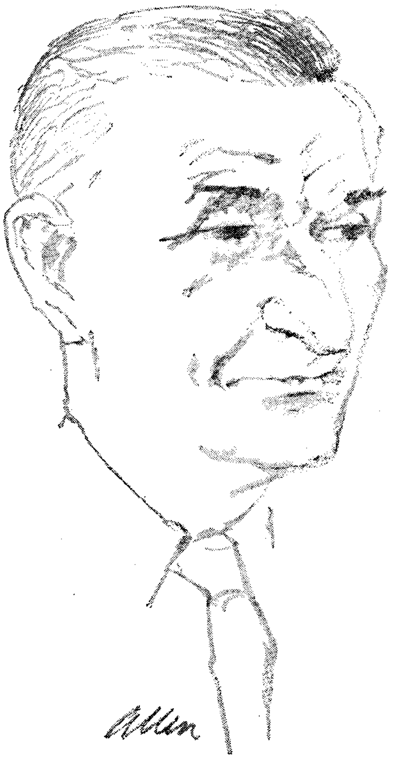
—PAUL PETRIE

PROFILES

THE PRINCIPAL

DURING recent years, I have listened to some vehement condemnations of New York City public schools in what are euphemistically known as disadvantaged neighborhoods. Civil-rights workers, educational reformers, and parents have complained particularly about callous teachers and administrators who appear to be convinced that Negro and Puerto Rican children have limited capacities for learning. But in central Harlem, I've noticed, the complaints on this score have invariably excepted one elementary school—P.S. 119, on West 133rd Street, near Eighth Avenue—and that school's principal, Dr. Elliott Shapiro. Mrs. Thelma Johnson, a former official of the Harlem Parents Committee, regards Shapiro as being "beyond category." "In Harlem, either we get principals who consider their work as just a job, a certain number of hours to be filled, or, occasionally, we get a liberal," she has said. "The liberal feels he must help the heathen, but since he does indeed see the children as heathen, his attitude precludes his being of any help. Elliott sees them as children, and he has a strong sense of the importance—and individuality—of each one of them." About a year and a half ago, at a testimonial dinner given for Shapiro by a neighborhood association in conjunction with the staff of P.S. 119 and the parents of its pupils, a similar appraisal was made by Ralph Edwards, a Negro teacher at the school. "His concerns are not empathic in the clinical sense which treats each separate instance of suffering with the same 'detached' sympathy, emphasizing interest rather than involvement," Edwards said. "No, Elliott Shapiro learned a long time ago that we are all in trouble, himself included. He finds it impossible to be detached from a condition in which he is so inextricably involved."

I started making fairly frequent visits to Shapiro at P.S. 119 about a year ago. The building, a massive four-story brick structure dating from 1899, is bleak and forbidding, and so is its setting. If I arrived in midmorning, I would see men standing on the stoops of decayed brownstones along 133rd Street, usually alone, and doing nothing. Just about the only relief from the gloom was provided by bright patches of color from children's drawings in the windows of the old building. Right next to it, however, its replacement was being completed, and not long ago the children of P.S. 119, thanks in appreciable measure to the determination of their parents and their principal, moved into a brand-new school, known as P.S. 92. Shapiro had no regrets in leaving the old building. "It's like a medieval castle, isn't it?" he once remarked. "When it rains and the yard gets flooded, all you need is a drawbridge." Shapiro, who is six feet tall but slightly stooped, has gray hair and the face of a watchful but gentle eagle. At P.S. 119, he had a small private office opening off a larger room occupied by secretaries and clerks. The door of his office was always open when I came to call, and, like the children in his school, I never had any trouble getting in to see him.



Elliott Shapiro

One morning last fall, as he stood up to greet me, a wiry eight-year-old girl in a white sweater and a flowered skirt walked past the secretaries and into his office, and he leaned down to hear what she had to say. "Dr. Shapiro, do you know where they put the books you can buy from the book fair?" she asked. "I wrote down the one I want."

He took a slip of paper from her and looked at it. "You're a little bit late, Debbie, but I'll try to save one for you," he said gently. "I think we have some of those left."

"I have the money back in my room," she explained.

Shapiro nodded, and she waved goodbye. "Thank you for coming," he said.

There were eleven hundred children in P.S. 119 then, in classes ranging from pre-kindergarten through the sixth grade, and Shapiro seemed to know most of them by name. The area served by Shapiro's school—extending from 129th Street north to 134th and from St. Nicholas Avenue east to Seventh Avenue—is what social workers call a high-delinquency neighborhood. About thirty-five per cent of its families are on welfare, and those residents who are employed have low-income jobs. "The level of family income is from forty to seventy dollars a week," Shapiro told me that day. "Almost all the parents earn so little that their children qualify for free lunch." (Later I discovered that some of the parents, too, were coming in for free lunches.) "As for housing, our *middle*-income housing is the low-income St. Nicholas project," Shapiro said. "They send us about three hundred and fifty children. The housing conditions for many of the others are very bad. Across the street, a house built for eight families has forty-five. Next door to it, there is a place with serious heating problems. Two winters ago, I spent hours trying to track down the owner, and finally I told a man who said he was only the agent that if heat wasn't provided there would be a picket line of teachers and me. There was heat for the rest of the winter. Last year, there was no heat again, and we couldn't find even the agent. Finally, the city took it over as a public nuisance. We had found someone in the Mayor's office who was vulnerable to picketing, and he arranged for the city to take it over. Nonetheless, the furnace remained broken, and it took us fifteen days of constant pressure to get it fixed. People talk about the 'apathy' of the people here. Well, all of us middle-class 'respectable' forces, including a neighborhood clergyman, couldn't get any action for *fifteen days* in the dead of winter, with people sick in the building. How do you expect poor people to have confidence *they* can get anything done?"

I asked whether it wasn't somewhat unusual for a principal to get himself involved in neighborhood housing problems.

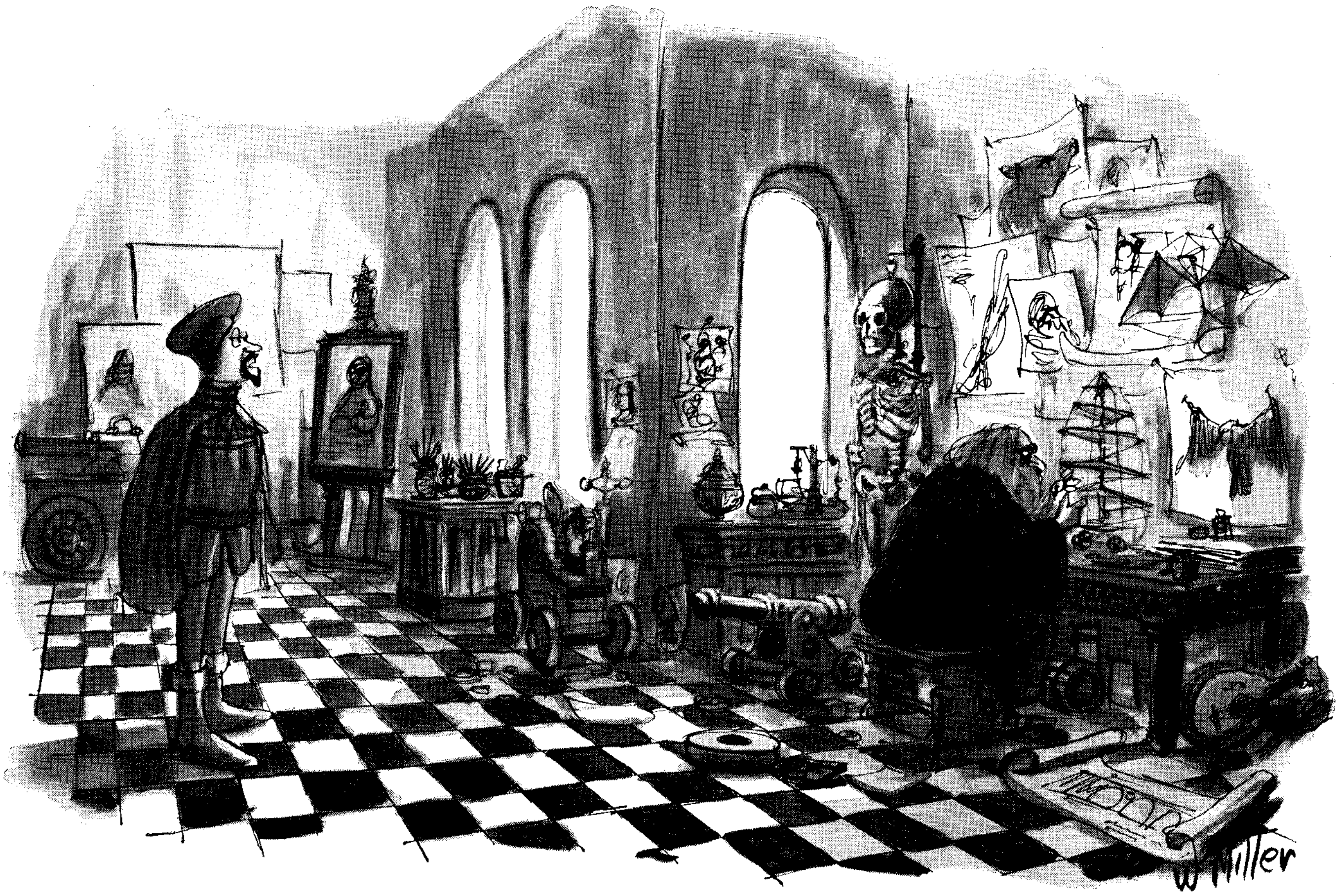
"Our school has to have an organic relationship with the community," Shapiro said. "*Then* the parents come alive. And, in any case, what happens in the community affects our children. Suppose, in a social-studies lesson, the teacher is talking about this being a democratic society, and a child says, 'Teach, we have no heat at home. What do we do in this democratic society to get heat?' If the teacher doesn't formulate some plan in which the children can participate—picketing, or something else that might change the situation—the children won't buy that lesson. Teachers *can* work out that sort of plan in New York, thanks to their union—the United Federation of Teachers. They can capitalize on the real liveliness in their children, and they can extend irritability into liveliness. Almost nowhere else in the country can a teacher do this. That's why, when I was asked recently, at a meeting of educators, whether I thought a teacher should first encourage the liveliness of his children or first join the U.F.T., I said without hesitation that he should start by joining the U.F.T. But so far, hardly any New York teachers realize the scope of their possibilities in this direction. They don't have a full enough sense of their own strength through the grievance machinery that's been set up. Previously, if a teacher in the system had advocated, let us say, a rent strike, the principal could forbid it. And most of them would have forbidden it on the ground that a rent strike is not a proper activity for a teacher. If the teacher had gone ahead, he would have been guilty of insubordination or of conduct unbecoming a teacher. Now teachers *can* follow through. But the U.F.T. must do more to make its members sufficiently aware of this breakthrough. You see, with this kind of protection, teachers could also be important in advising, participating in, and stirring up community action—about neighborhood rehabilitation, for instance, and other problems that directly concern the children as well as their parents. Think of masses of parents marching with teachers!"

About ninety-six per cent of Shapiro's students are Negro, he told me, and all the rest are Puerto Rican, except for a few Chinese. The average class size in P.S. 119 was 28.3—a little lower than the city average for elementary schools, which is 30.5. "But it's still far too large for our purposes," he said. "The ratio should be one adult to twelve children, and never worse than one to twenty-two. For certain children, one adult for three is right. For some, one for one. And I can think of cases where two adults for one child is the proper ratio."

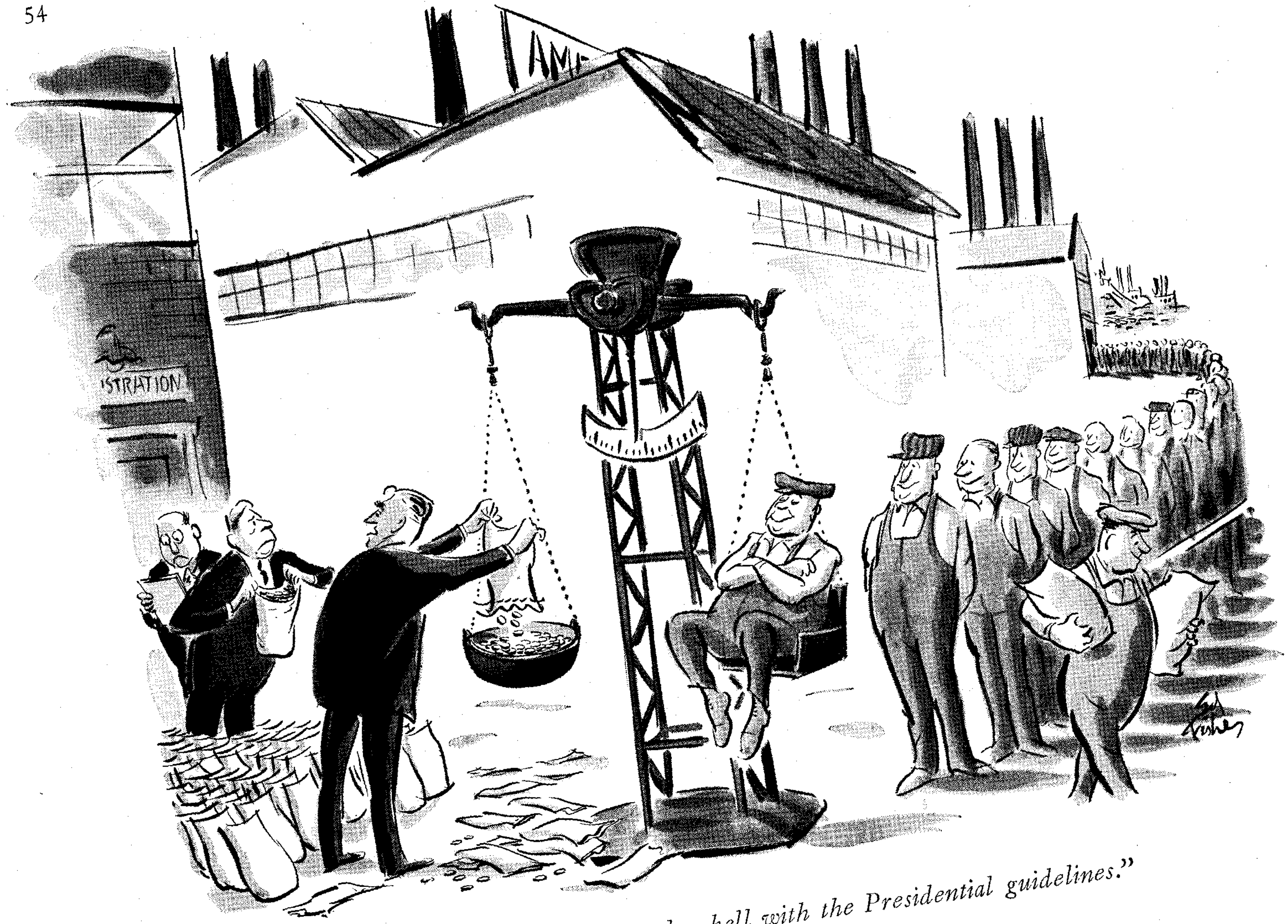
The little girl in the flowered skirt was back. She gave Shapiro an envelope. "The money's in there," she said.

He took it. "When you leave money with someone, Debbie, you should ask for a receipt," he said. He made out a receipt and gave it to her. She put it in her pocket, giggling, and walked away. "Don't lose it!" Shapiro called after her.

The child obviously hadn't been at all hesitant about interrupting while Shapiro was talking with an adult, and when I remarked on this, he said, "Oh, we encourage interruptions. Many of our children are not in real communication with adults, so we have to bring adults into their lives—adults they can depend on and feel at ease with. Our children are likely to come from large families, often with working mothers and no fathers, and they lose their childhood too early. They become self-reliant too soon. When they're seven or eight, they're as self-reliant as a young adult of the middle class. But a dependency relationship with an adult is necessary for children. They should have a long childhood, be-



"What I mean is, Leonardo, aren't you spreading yourself too thin?"



"I'm afraid this is going to play hell with the Presidential guidelines."

cause there's so much to learn. And the school has to be the place where these children can be children—a specially created world in which small events are important, and in which they can discuss those events with an adult they trust. That's why I keep coming back to the need for smaller classes."

We walked out into the hall just as a group of children rushed by. "They look lively, don't they?" Shapiro said. "And they're very charming. But the way they look conceals the fact that they're dying. It's not like being killed by a car. There's no blood on them, and because there's no visible injury nobody in the middle class is aghast at the sight. Nobody gets really involved. Let me give you an example of what I mean. Fourteen years ago—two years before I came here—out of a hundred and twenty-two children in the sixth grade, only three were reading at grade level. That is, a hundred and nineteen children had been separated very effectively from society. They're now twenty-five years old. What kinds of jobs do you think they have? I don't know, but I can make an informed guess. That year, a hundred and nineteen children died. And thousands and thousands of other children in this city have been dying, because their brain cells have never really been brought to life. But the white middle class doesn't *see* this. The children are out of sight and out of conscience. We did begin to do a little better, though not nearly well enough. By 1961, out of a hundred and sixty-seven children in the sixth grade, forty-five were reading at grade level or above. That doesn't mean the children fourteen years ago were inferior. It means that we were helping some of our children learn to read somewhat more effectively. But since this society still allocates so much less than we need for education, there was a precipitous drop in the achievement level of that 1961 sixth grade below the top forty-five. We were too badly outnumbered to give the rest of those sixth-graders all they needed. And they died, too."

A twelve-year-old boy ambled along the corridor. Shapiro said "Hi" to him and waved. The boy smiled.

"From 1961 on, in terms of sixth-grade reading levels, we've been going downhill," Shapiro went on. "The reason is that after the third grade we send our best achievers away to Intellectually Gifted Children's classes. And we urge some of our better students to take advantage of the free-choice transfer policy and go to schools in other areas in order to promote integrated education. Sure, it's discouraging for our teachers to lose their very best achievers, but we owe it to the children to let them get into those I.G.C. classes. When we move into our new building, I want us to develop our own I.G.C. program and encourage class leaders from other schools to come to us. Heterogeneous classes, with children at varying achievement levels, would obviously be better yet. But to make those work you need a much,

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much better ratio of adults to children."

I asked about the current emphasis on pre-school education, such as the Head Start program that has been sponsored by the federal government.

"It's important," Shapiro said. "But it's hardly the whole answer. The entire system has to be radically improved. Moreover, the emphasis on pre-school training leads to the assumption that nearly all our children begin school badly damaged. Well, four years ago, we decided to compare a group of children from three schools in poor neighborhoods—one of them P.S. 119—and three schools from middle-class sections. We tested kindergarten children and first-graders who had not gone to kindergarten. And we tested them in their first weeks in class, before they had experienced any formal schooling. We expected great disparity between the Harlem children and the others. Actually, while twenty-five per cent of our children were severely deprived, the other seventy-five per cent were much closer to middle-class norms in terms of knowledge and in terms of their apperceptive abilities than most people had given them credit for. It is *after* the first grade that the great disparities between our children and the children of the middle class start showing up. You see, as our children grow older their lives get worse and, simultaneously, their responsibilities increase. They have more younger siblings to take care of, and their mothers are forced to become more distant as *their* problems increase. In the fifth and sixth grades, there are more children of broken families, for instance, than there are in kindergarten and the first grade. It gets harder and harder for the fathers to find employment that will bring in enough money and will also keep their egos intact. And, precisely because the fathers do have self-respect, they begin to disappear. I remember that during the Depression a lot of us didn't know what to do with ourselves. The Negro male in a neighborhood like this is in a permanent depression, much worse than anything we went through in the nineteen-thirties."

SHAPIRO had to return to his office to keep an appointment, and he left me with Miss Carmen I. Jones, an assistant principal in charge of the lower grades from pre-kindergarten through the second grade. Like about three-fifths of the members of the staff, she is a Negro. Miss Jones took me into the second-floor teachers' room and introduced me to several teachers, in-

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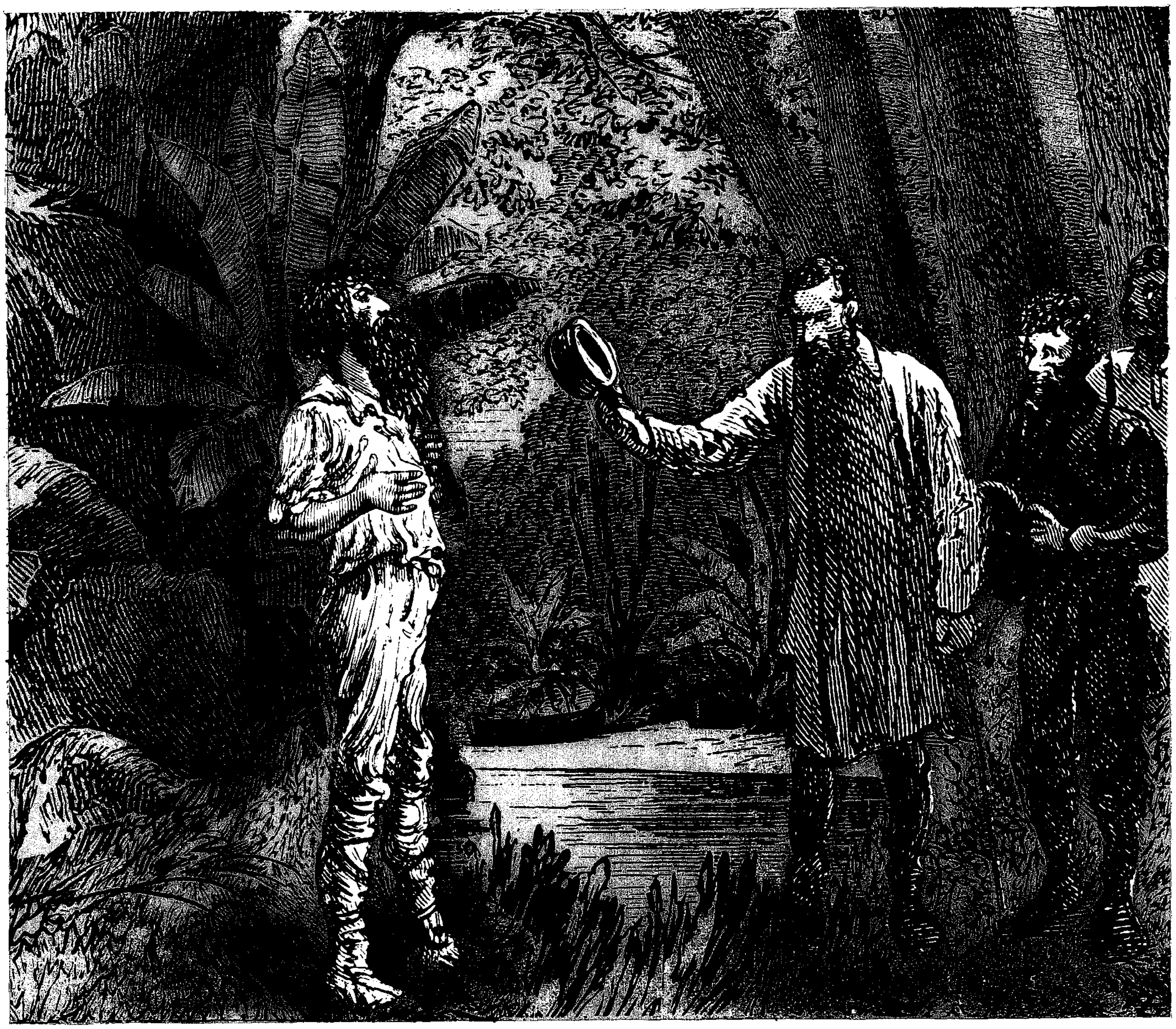

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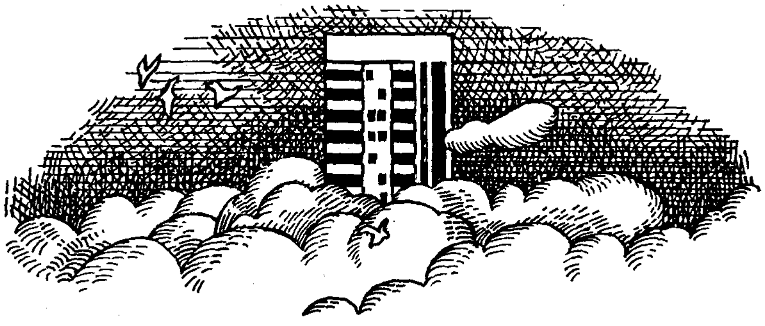

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cluding Mrs. Jean Boone, a reading teacher in the fifth and sixth grades, and to Albert Marcus, a fifth-grade teacher.

I asked them how they would describe Shapiro's individual style as a principal.

Mrs. Boone, a slim and intense woman, thought for a few moments. "There's never anything overwhelming about it," she said. "Only gradually do you realize there is leadership, and then not in the conventional administrative sense. He's not a machine, like many other principals, nor is he so chaotically involved that he runs around like a teacher trainee, the way others do. How can I make it tangible? He's a constant stimulus. Here we're all free to initiate ideas and practices of our own. And if they don't work out, we're not made to feel stupid. I don't think anyone on the staff feels hampered. That's why the turnover of teachers is low and why many teachers volunteer to come here. Another thing is that he *listens*."

"Unlike those principals who don't want to be bothered with problems," Marcus broke in. "In some schools, if you have a child in trouble, it's like *your* fault. The principal doesn't want to have anything to do with it."

"It's a funny way he listens, though," Mrs. Boone said. "Often, all of a sudden, you find yourself answering your own questions."

"And that lack of pressure reaches the kids," Marcus added. "You can be yourself and you can let them be themselves—if that's the way you teach. Many of these kids, after they finish sixth grade here, keep coming back. You almost have to chase them on to their new school."

"They feel accepted here," Mrs. Boone said. "They get a sense of their own presence. And they feel as free to go to Dr. Shapiro as to go to their teacher. Sometimes freer. I've heard *little* children say to a teacher, 'I'm going to tell Dr. Shapiro on you.' And they don't have to go far to find him. He wanders a lot. He knows what is going on. It's the oddest thing—if there's a crisis anywhere in the school, he's *there*."

"You know what it is?" Marcus said. "The school is alive. You go into some elementary schools and everything is quiet—much too quiet. But these kids are suppressed in small, overcrowded apartments. They need a place where they can express themselves. And this is the place. But he can't perform miracles—we need more money for books and for materials. Like when

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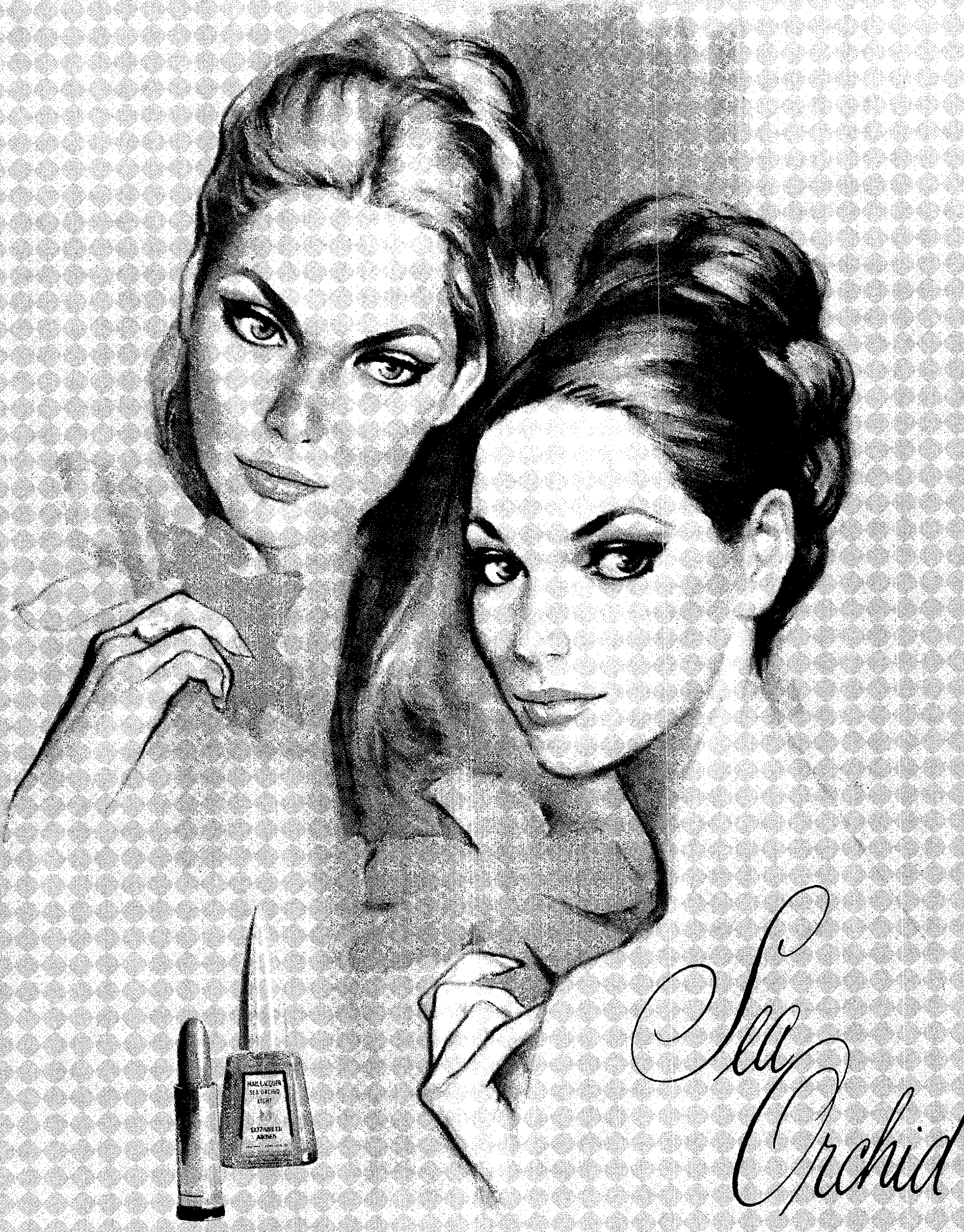
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we're working in Negro history—there aren't enough books to cover more than one class at a time."

"And we need smaller classes!" Mrs. Boone almost shouted. "I've taken children on my own in groups of three and four, and *then* I got results, let me tell you. Even with absolute non-readers. Also, we need more money to help build a range of experiences for the children. I don't mean Higher Horizons, these programs where you take a group of kids somewhere for 'cultural enrichment' and they all meet outside, still segregated. I mean experiences in which they're integrated with children of backgrounds that are varied economically and socially as well as racially. All sorts of children ought to take trips together, and our kids ought to be able to participate in other schools' activities—like sharing a science fair, say. And children from other schools ought to come here and work in our science fair."

"It would be valuable for some of the teachers in other schools to get to know our kids," Marcus said. "Those stereotypes about the children of the poor are still so pervasive—'They can't learn,' 'They won't learn.' It's surprising how much they do learn, even with all the obstacles."

"Oh, they have strengths," Mrs. Boone said, shaking her head. "The ability to survive, for one. And look at the amount of responsibility these children have to take. They can't enjoy growing up, because they can't be children. They've been frustrated so long that some days I feel like I'm sitting on a powder keg and not accomplishing *anything*."

"I've heard Shapiro tell children that if they're hurt, they should cry," Marcus said. "He'll soothe them and let them know someone's in their corner. To an adult, their problems often seem so little. He sees those problems as the kids do."

"I used to work in a school with a principal who was afraid of the kids," Mrs. Boone said. "He was afraid to *touch* them. Shapiro pulls them in. Before you know it, there's a child in his arms." She smiled. "I walked into his office last week and he was comforting a boy who had ripped his pants, and at the same time he was trying to sew up the tear. I had to take the needle away from him—sewing is not one of his major skills. And the community senses his realness, too. I was with him one day when a stranger stopped him on Eighth Avenue. 'You ain't just the principal of the school,' the man said. 'You're the principal of this neighbor-

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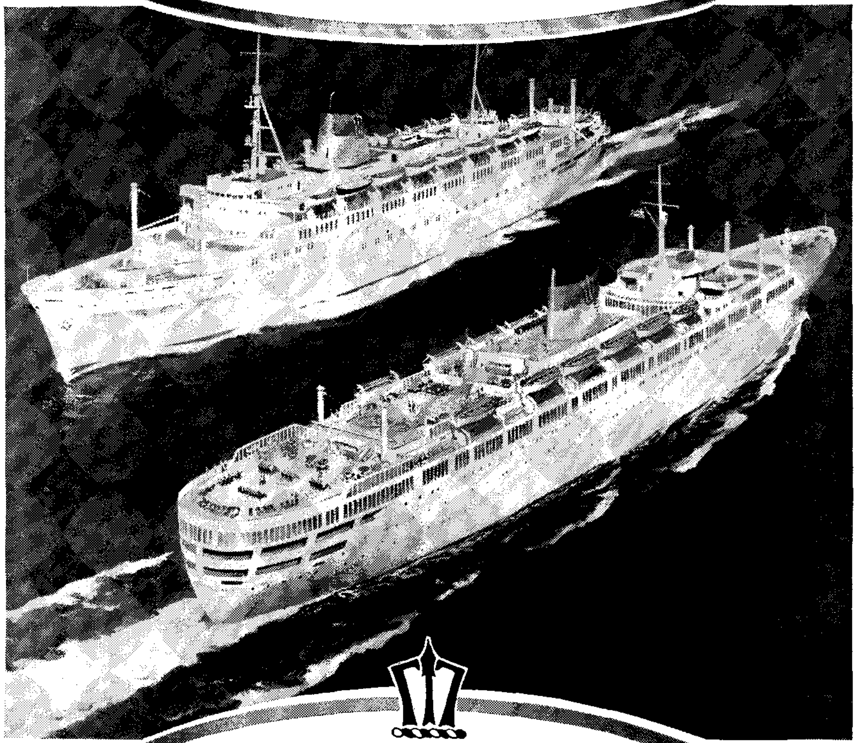

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hood.' " Mrs. Boone was silent for a few seconds, and then went on, "You know, I never think of him in terms of color. With some people, I always have in the back of my mind: What does this white guy want? But I've stopped thinking of him as a white man. He's almost become a 'member.' "

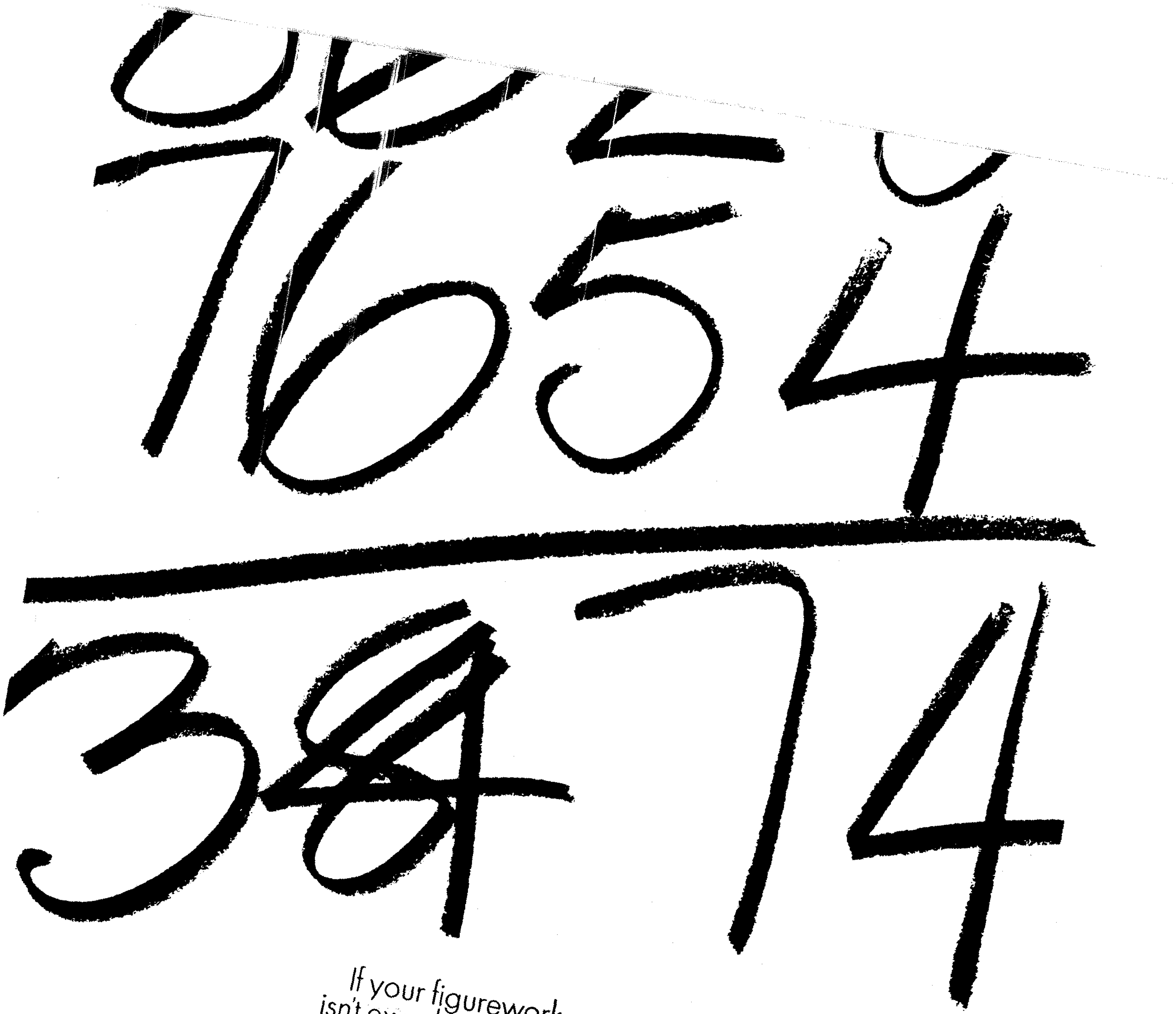
A young Negro teacher, listening in, laughed. "I don't think of him as a 'member,' " she said. "I know he's a Jewish man with a long, hooked nose. But I know he cares about these kids, and that's what counts."

A FEW mornings later, I arrived at P.S. 119 a little after nine for an assembly in the school auditorium, on the fourth floor. I found Shapiro standing at the back, watching as some of the children performed—some singing, others reciting. A buxom woman named Mrs. Bonnie Taylor, whom I had met on a previous visit, announced that the assembly was being dedicated to Dr. Shapiro. He winced. Eleven girls stood and sang in unison:

Oh, he is the bravest!
Oh, he is the greatest!
We'll fight before we switch!

"Talk about brainwashing," Shapiro mumbled.

A little later in the program, Shapiro said softly, "You see that girl with the brown blouse in the center of the back row? I'm worried about her. Her mother is known in the area as a quasi-prostitute, and the other kids used to tease her unmercifully. She reacted with various kinds of aggressions and was very difficult to handle. Then I put her in Mrs. Taylor's class. It's an unusual class in that it includes children from the second to the sixth grades who need extra support—who need to be able to believe that an adult cares enough about them to protect them. When they're strong enough, they leave her room and go into their regular grade classes. Mrs. Taylor has forbidden the children in her room to tease the girl, but she has other problems, too. I don't know how long we'll be able to hold her." Shapiro smiled. "Mrs. Taylor seems indestructible," he said. "She has a kind of bull strength. The most aggressive children soon learn that they can't act out against her, and they also learn that she'll protect them against the aggression of others. She visits the homes, too, and makes the relatively few mothers who reject their children toe the line and support their children. Usually, she starts out with a class of about ten, but it increases as the year goes on. Right now she has



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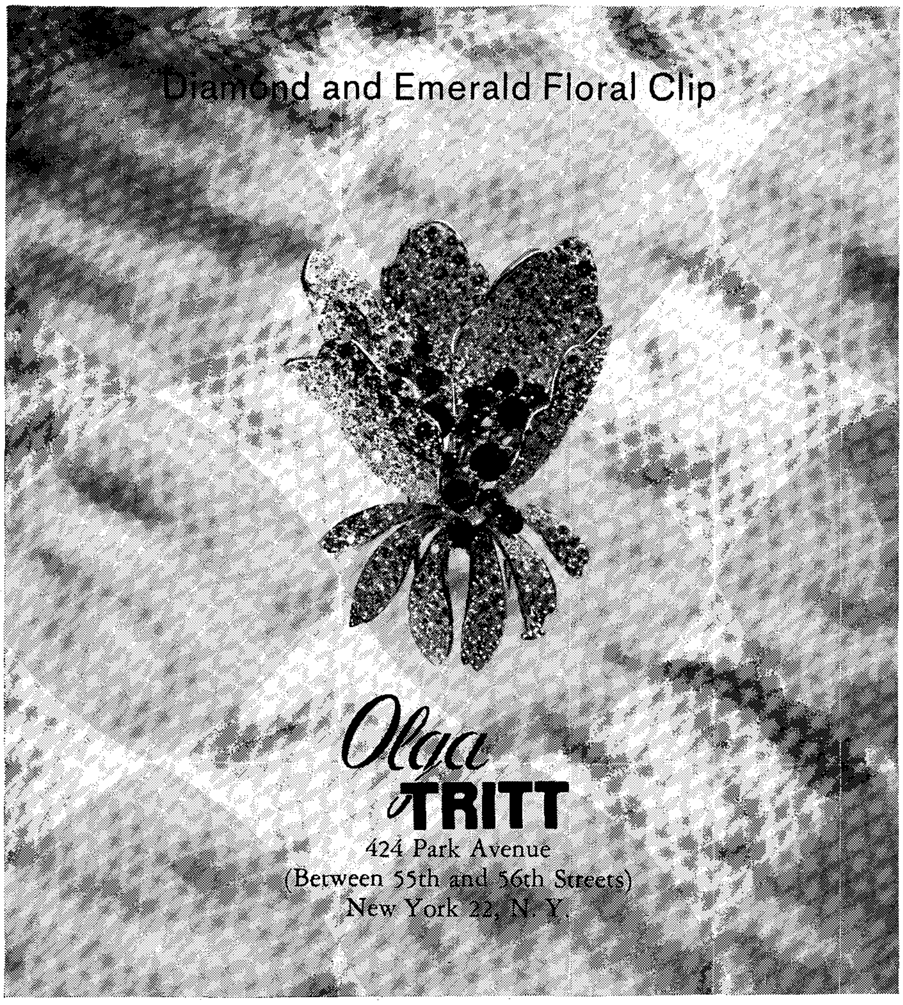

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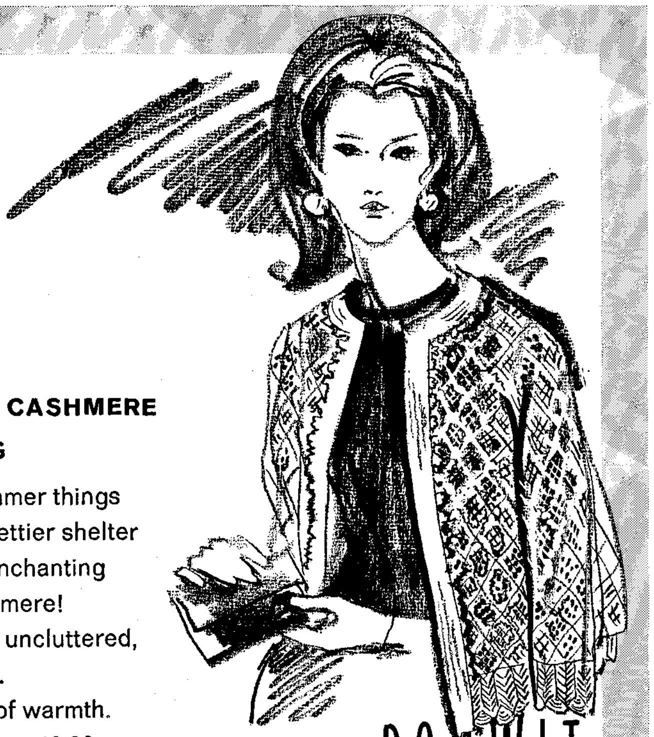

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forty. In addition, she comes in very early to take charge of the yard, and she works in the after-school center."

A lean boy of about twelve, wearing a green jacket, old black pants, and a porkpie hat, walked up the aisle toward us. His head was down. "Hello, John," said Shapiro. The boy didn't look up and kept going. "There's a remarkable boy," Shapiro told me. "He's in the sixth grade and reads at an eleventh-grade level. He may be the smartest boy we've ever had. I don't really understand how it happened. He doesn't know who his mother was. He does know he has a father somewhere who has no interest in him. Some years ago, he was picked up by a woman who became his mother. She was an alcoholic, but she gave the child real warmth. Sometimes we'd see them hanging on to each other, almost crying on each other. He has signs of some kind of heart strain, and she'd take him down to Bellevue for pills. Well, if they made her wait too long, sometimes she'd raise such a ruckus the police had to be called. They'd call the school, and we would calm them down. A few months ago, the man she had been living with died. And soon after that, she died. The man had been brutal—he used to whip the boy—but, with the woman there, there was at least someone in the house he could depend on. Now he and his younger sister are being taken care of by another woman. He calls her an *aunt*. She doesn't care much for him, and the man *she's* living with has no use for him. There have been times when he's had no food for a whole weekend. When there's no food in the house, his younger sister has eaten with neighbors, but John says he refuses to beg for food. When it gets too bad, he goes out and hustles, and then buys what he wants. He's disgusted with the kind of life his 'aunt' and 'uncle' live, but he's not sure he can get out of it. John has always been difficult, but in recent months he's become worse. He gets angry at the slightest provocation—or with no provocation at all. A few weeks ago, he was walking through the gym while a small class of mentally retarded children were playing there. John took the basketball away from one of them, the child complained, and John kicked him in the stomach. A young teacher named Richard Stephenson dragged him down to the office and insisted John shouldn't be in the school. He wanted to bring charges against him at the police station, but I said that wasn't our style here. We take calculated risks, and the kind of pressure Stephenson wanted to apply through the

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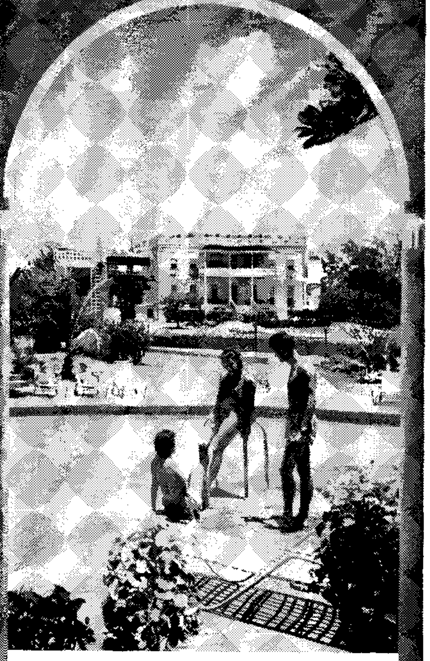
police would have limited our chances to experiment. Well, the next day three policemen from the Youth Squad showed up. Stephenson *had* lodged a complaint. I'm not saying he might not have had a grievance. John *seemed* dangerous, and it could have been claimed that he was in the way of educating the other children. But grievances should be taken up with the school's staff-relations committee or with the union's grievance committee. He could have appealed above me in the system. The police just didn't seem to be the proper agency. Stephenson's an unusually creative teacher, there's no question about that—his class has been putting together a computer, for example, and that stimulated them to read better, because they couldn't assemble it if they didn't understand the instructions—but he has a tendency to overprotect his children, probably because he's aware that our children certainly do need more protection than they receive." Shapiro sighed. "I do very much respect his defending his children, but I wish he'd had more trust in our attempts to help John."

I asked what happened with the police.

"It started badly," Shapiro said. "One of our guidance counsellors, Mrs. Olga LaBeet, began to explain how bright he was. So they asked him to read something for them. He flatly refused and told them to go away. In fact, he swore at them. That made them think Stephenson was right. But they were impressed that John is never absent—that, with no direction from home, he gets here every day. And I spoke to them at length about his potential and my anger at what Stephenson had done. That seemed to move them. Finally they made out a file card—which they lose anyway—and he was able to stay in school. But we did feel John could be helped by one of the caseworkers with the Bureau of Attendance. The problem was, we couldn't get a caseworker unless his problem concerned attendance in some way. Well, he does occasionally run out of a classroom, so, technically, he's sometimes absent from class, and we got him a caseworker."

When the assembly was over, Shapiro and I walked into the corridor. "John's always testing us," he went on. "Right after the incident that led to Stephenson's calling the police, John started swearing at me. He and I were alone on a landing outside the gym. He called me a number of obscenities—with 'white' at the head of each list. Then he started swinging at me. I kept my hands up so I wouldn't get hurt,



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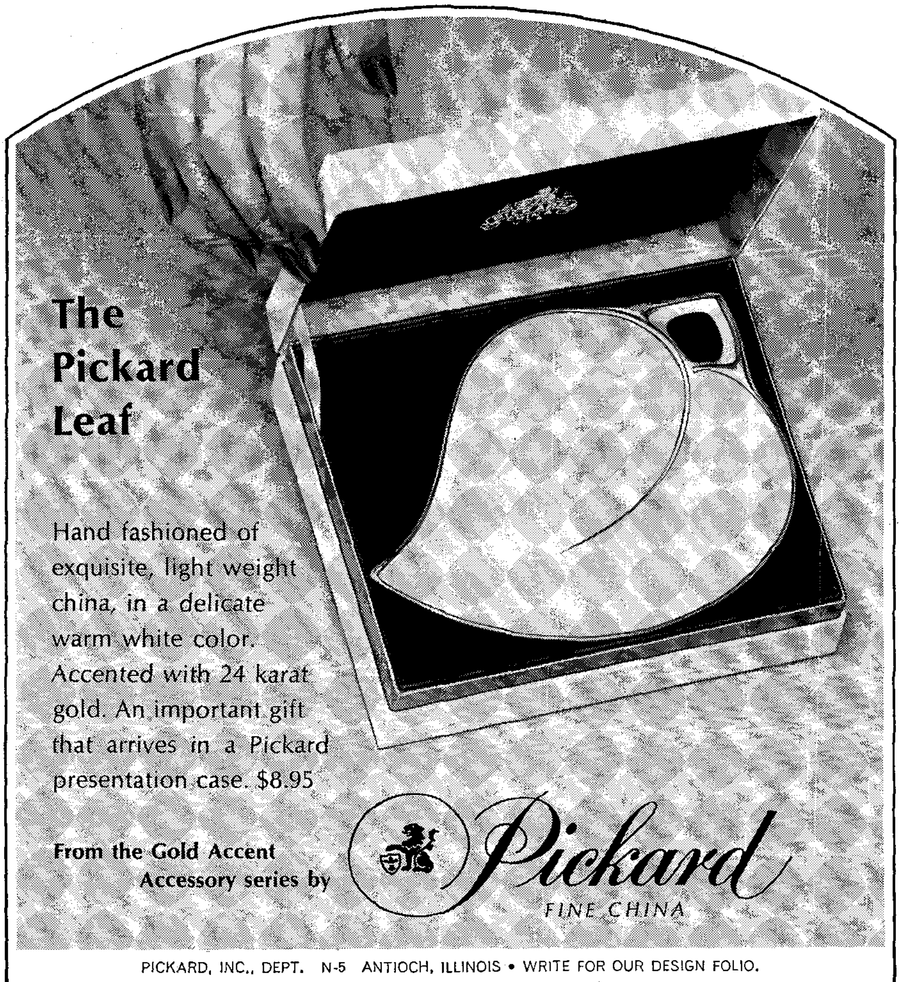

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and I looked right into his eyes and told him, 'I'm letting you do this because I can guard against being hurt. The reason you hit little kids, like the kid with the basketball, is that those are the only kinds of problems you think you can take care of at the time they happen. You have very hard problems, John, and we can help you with them.' 'I don't need your help, you white bastard,' he said. Finally, I told him that I was going downstairs and that he could come if he wanted to. After a while, he followed me to the office, hung around, and found something to read. A few weeks later, he challenged me to box him. Testing again. He had to reassure himself that, physically, I *could* take care of him. That way, if I was going to help him, my help would be worthwhile by his criteria. In other words, was I 'soft' only because I was helpless? You know, the man who lived with the 'mother' who took care of John before she died was very cruel, but John missed his beatings, in a way, because he felt a man as strong as that could give him some kind of security. So he came into my office, I closed the door, and we boxed for about three minutes. Mostly I outfeinted him, although occasionally I'd hit him lightly on the face. He was really trying, but he was quite pleased that he lost, because now he felt I could take care of him."

I asked how long John had been in the school.

"He started out here, but we haven't had him for the full six years," Shapiro said. "While he was in the third grade, the people he was living with moved out of the district. Late in his fifth-grade year, we heard that he had got into considerable trouble in his new school and was about to be suspended. We were able to get him back through a waiver of district lines. For some time this year, we've been letting him work in the office when he can't stay still in class. He wasn't relating to his sixth-grade teacher. At first, we'd let him walk around the building. I'd know he wasn't in class when little kids would come into the office complaining that he'd bothered them. But once he began to get office work to do, he'd gravitate there."

A short woman of about forty was walking toward us in the hall, and Shapiro called her over to meet me. She was Mrs. LaBeet, the guidance counsellor who had told the police how bright John was, and when she learned that we had been discussing John, she said, "A friend of mine asked me, 'Why do you let this John cheat the

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other children?' He's not cheating them *that* much. Not compared to how much the Board of Education is cheating them. I think we can be of some help to that child. But what happens to him after he leaves here?"

Shapiro nodded. "The boy could be in one of the professions, but the odds against him are so large," he said. "After he leaves here, we could be helpful in a parental way if he felt free to come back, knowing we'd always be interested in what he was doing. But I wonder what will happen to him in junior high school, when he has six or eight different teachers to cope with. All he needs is to get into trouble with one, and then what?"

After a glance at his watch, Shapiro excused himself to return to his office, and I walked on down the corridor with Mrs. LaBeet. "The most important thing you have to understand about these children is their uncertainty," she told me. "They have to worry about so many things! Problems are always hanging in the air. For some, the problem is as basic as 'Where am I going to live tomorrow, and with whom?' Or, if there's a father in the house, is he going to walk out? Or, if he has gone, is he ever coming back? A boy was acting up the other day, and he yelled at me, 'Go ahead and put me out of school! My father will take care of me!' Well, I know who his father is, and I know his father hasn't seen him in two years. What he has at home is a mother with two other boys, and all three boys are troublesome. Sure, she loves them, but she's in a state of constant irritation, and so are they." Mrs. LaBeet held up her hand to slow down a boy who was running, and then she said, "Don't forget everybody has a TV set nowadays. These kids look at those fathers in the neat suits, they see those delicious meals and comfortable homes on the screen, and they look at where *they* are. At least before TV, if you were poor, you couldn't go to the movies very often. Now the whole business is shoved down their throats every day. A school like this can help. But there are eighteen hours a day when they're not here. Sometimes it's the bright ones who are destroyed first. They're more acutely aware of the gap between what they see on TV and the unemployed men they see standing on the streets, to say nothing of their own lack of enough food and clothes. You look at these children and you *know* they have as much potential as middle-class children. So you try to teach them, but on some days it's as if they pulled a shade down between them-

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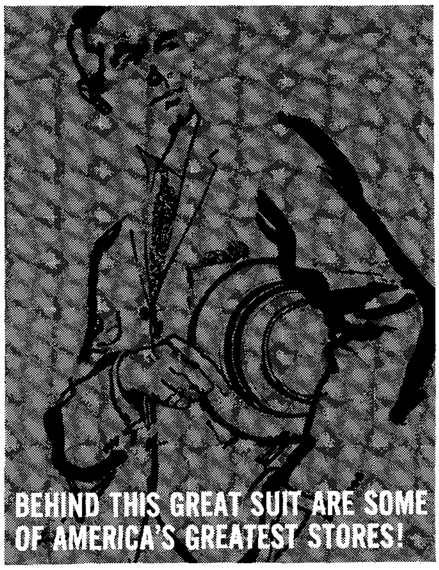
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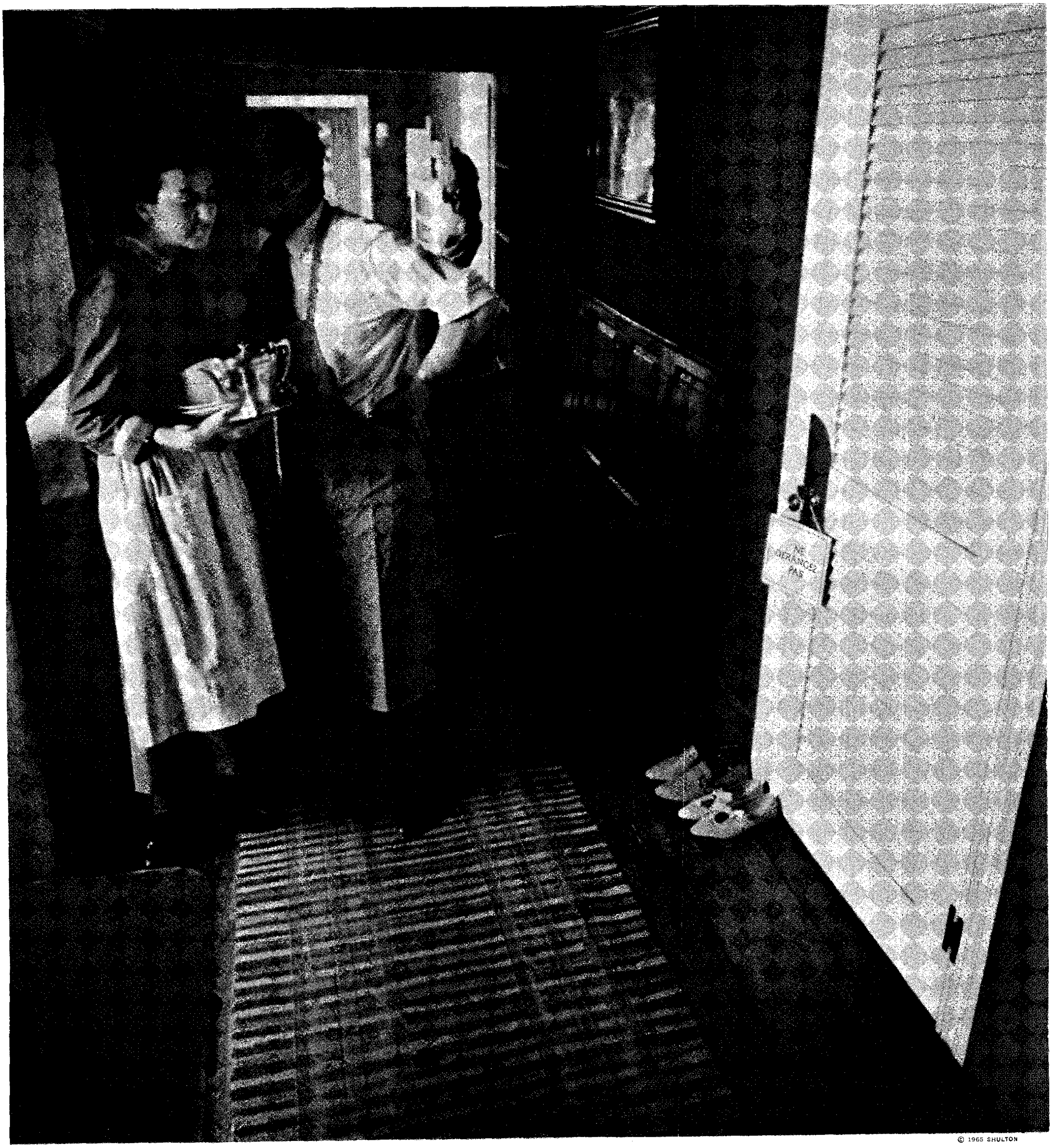

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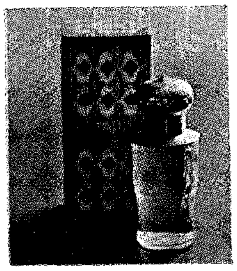

TAJI

AT LAST A PERFUME THAT LASTS

selves and you. And you can't get in there."

I asked Mrs. LaBeet what made her keep on trying to raise the shade.

She laughed. "I do like children," she said. "And my own background at home was such that we were all taught to feel responsibility for our own people. I live in New Rochelle, and I keep busy fighting the school board there. I could have taught there, too, but I decided to work in Harlem, because I felt these kids especially needed Negro teachers like me. I don't want to sound egocentric, but I was brought up in a neighborhood like this and I was as poor as they are. I did have a father and mother who were interested in my education, but I can identify with these children. When they behave in annoying ways, I remember that there were days when I acted like that. There are other Negro teachers here who were brought up in this kind of neighborhood, and, by and large, the kids relate better to the teachers who have been through what they're going through. Teachers like us can see their real abilities. We know these kids can take care of themselves better than any middle-class children in the city, and we try to broaden those abilities. In other neighborhoods, it's accepted as a matter of course that a child's abilities have to be developed along many different lines. Here all those positive energies are first channelled into just surviving. We have to get them doing more than that. We have to give them confidence that they can do more. But first, some of them just have to learn that they can be loved. That's why what Mrs. Taylor does is so important. If you walked in at the wrong time, you might not understand what's going on in her room. Like once a very big boy was threatening her. 'O.K.,' she said. 'Let's go, sweetie.' And she beat the daylights out of him. But then she said, 'Come to Mother,' and kissed him when he put his head on her bosom. She doesn't reject them. She may raise Cain with them, but she doesn't reject them. She does set up restrictions, but they're within the framework of love, and they help the child begin to develop his own inner controls, so that he doesn't fall off the edge. The mothering class Dr. Shapiro set up for her was the first one in the system. It still is just about the only one. We could use a lot more."

AFTER my talk with Mrs. LaBeet, I found Shapiro in his outer office, handing a piece of paper to John. "Two Thermofax copies, please," he

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said to the boy. "It's a very important letter."

I followed Shapiro into his private office. On a table was a small bag of grass seed. "There was another bag," he said. "I gave it to John a couple of weeks ago, when he asked for it. For a while, he held it in his arms like a rag doll, rocking it back and forth. Then he thought he might plant the seeds in the park. Later, he said he might put them on his mother's grave. And he gave me a little box of dirt with a grass seed in it. I was very proud of it and kept it on my desk, but we had a hot argument one day and he took the box and spilled everything into the wastepaper basket. He's coming along, though. He did rip down some posters in the hall this morning, and he's been stealing a bit of money from the office. But sometimes, when a child steals, he steals from a person he likes. The fantasy is that the person has given him a gift because he likes him. I learned that when I was working with disturbed children at Bellevue years ago. I'd been working day after day with a boy who had serious reading difficulties. One day he stole my watch. I felt destroyed, like a martyred parent. Fortunately, a child psychiatrist on the staff explained to me what was happening."

John came in with the two copies he had been asked for. Shapiro looked them over. "Fine," he said. "Pull me another one."

"Make up your mind," said John.

"I apologize," said Shapiro, smiling.

John grinned and went out with the letter.

The letter, Shapiro told me, concerned a meeting of the P.S. 119 Parents' Association. I mentioned that the association was known to be an aggressive one, although one of the stereotypes about schools in neighborhoods of the poor is that it's difficult to get parents involved in such groups. "For a long time, it was difficult here, too," Shapiro said. "The parents didn't trust us, and they had good reason not to. One of the problems with parents in this kind of neighborhood is supposed to be that they're *non*-verbal. Well, they often have very good reasons for not saying much to school administrators. They're thinking, Why don't the children have readers to bring home, and why don't they have more of other things, too? But often the parents don't ask, because they sense that the principal is loyal to the system, and not to the children, and they figure, What's the use? He's not going to do anything to change the system. So it's an act of intelligence on their part to refuse to

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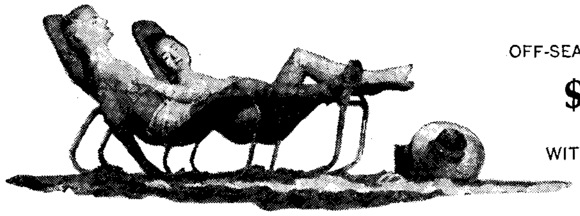

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enter into what would be a phony dialogue. The parents here were slow to accept the fact that we were talking honestly about the deficiencies of the school. We told them that what we were doing was much impaired because we didn't have the resources to do very much. That kind of admission was something new in their experience. We admitted that we didn't have enough books, for example, and finally we got the parents to write to the Board and ask for more. Between their efforts and ours, we did get more, and then we discovered that many of the same parents who had seemed inarticulate were very verbal and quite sophisticated. We began with only ten parents coming to meetings, but eventually we started getting as many as seven hundred and fifty at important meetings.

"However, I know perfectly well there's also a residue of criticism of our school," Shapiro went on. "When I first came, I began to relax the discipline in the school—in the narrow sense of that word—and there were parents who interpreted that as indicating I was just another white man who didn't care about their children. If I cared, I'd discipline them more. I think we've proved we do care, but there are still parents who feel our discipline isn't strong enough. They go off to work and are worried about their children being alone. So the threat of severe corporal punishment if the child misbehaves is always in the air, almost like a wireless, between the parent and the child. They want us to 'protect' the child in the same way. I keep telling them it would actually be easier for us to use strong discipline—in that narrow sense—but that our staff tries to develop the children's liveliness. We're trying to help them develop an *inner* discipline. A child must have enough energy left in him to remain courageous. By that I mean the ability to question rather than always saying, 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir.' I think it's good that many of our children are able to question the wisdom of the adults in the building. This is particularly important for Negro children. They've been taught that it's safe to be respectful. We want them to understand that they're citizens and they *can* question. That is, they're citizens except for one right—the right not to go to school. It's a very important right, and since we've taken it away from them, it's our responsibility to make the school as interesting as possible. You know, at Junior High School 136, where most of our girls go when they leave here, and at 139, where the boys go, our children are considered outstanding in behavior in that they're not hostile to the teachers. Being able to question them, they can respect and trust them.

"Incidentally, the children in Mr. Marcus's fifth-grade class have been doing some important questioning," Shapiro said with evident satisfaction. "They analyzed a sizable number of social-studies textbooks, and they found every one to be wanting. Then they wrote letters to the publishers and to some of the people in the school system, pointing out that certain matters of opinion were being treated as facts—the statement in one book, for example, that, on the whole, slaves were happy on the plantations. They got many answers, and not being satisfied with some of them, they wrote again."

I asked Shapiro what the reaction had been from officials of the school system.

He smiled. "There were inquiries," he said. "Nothing was said that was an outright condemnation, but implicit in the questions was, 'How could you let this happen?' That's the sort of attitude that keeps teachers passive. My answer was that at this point there is no social-studies textbook that treats the Negro fairly, and that the children's questions were a true culmination of their research and were an excellent learning experience."

Miss Jones, the assistant principal in charge of the lower grades, came into Shapiro's office to say that she had just heard "exciting news" from one of the second-grade classes. "Thirteen of the children have finished 'Our New Friend,' " she said. "That's only a first-grade book, of course, but Gus is really reading. He's picked up lots of new words." Miss Jones turned to me, and said, "That's when we get the rewards. You feel you're up against a blank wall, and suddenly one day light dawns, and the child unfolds. No wonder a teacher feels like shouting when that happens. You have no idea of the months of energy and effort that went into getting Gus to read. They didn't nickname him Granite Gus for nothing."

"That sort of thing gets through to the parents, too," said Shapiro. "Our

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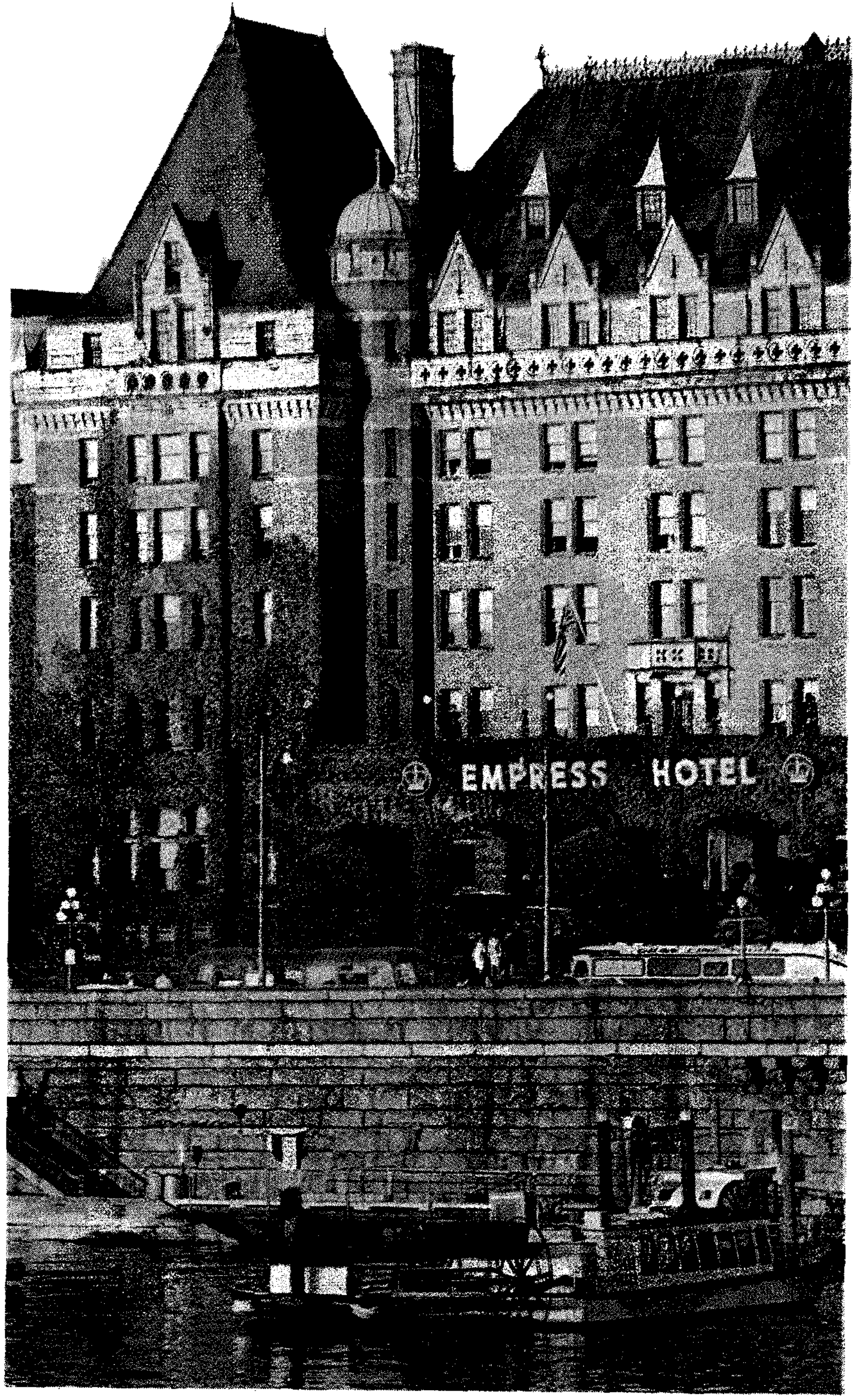

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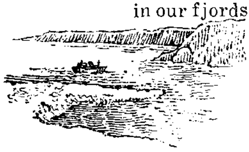

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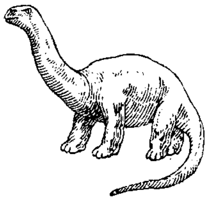

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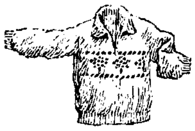

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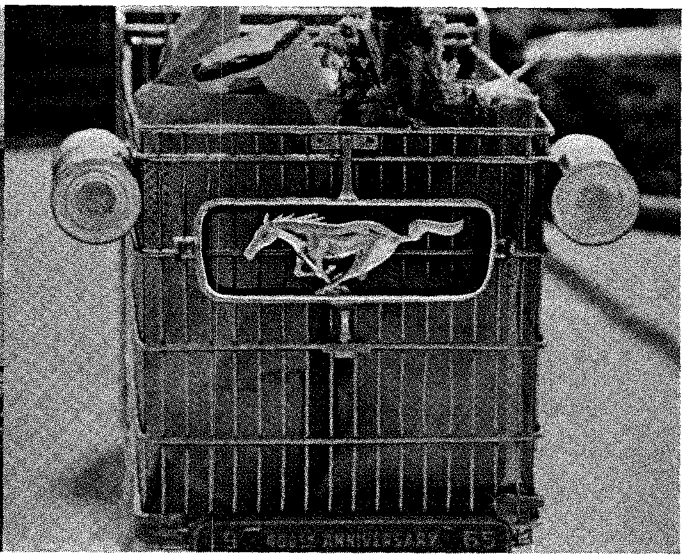

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teachers have a great emotional investment in getting the children to learn. The depth of a concern like that only becomes clear over a long period of time, although on one occasion that you've probably heard about, it was made evident in a very dramatic way."

Shapiro was referring to an event that briefly made P.S. 119 famous and had more than a little to do with the construction of P.S. 92 as a replacement for it. "Five years ago, the physical conditions here were awful," he explained. "The plaster was falling down. When it rained, there were floods in the halls. And there was no way to get the building clean, with all the vermin and cockroaches around. You could run into a rat on any floor. I sent letters and letters to the Board, and almost invariably I received no response. I'd call, and I'd be told, 'It's not my department. I'll switch you.' I'd hold on and nothing would happen. Some of the parents went to City Hall with pictures of water running in the halls. Still nothing happened. We had a number of staff meetings, trying to figure out what to do. Finally, I suggested that we could always advertise in the newspaper. Everybody chipped in, and on May 22, 1961, an ad appeared on the school page of the *World-Telegram & Sun*." He rummaged through a drawer in his desk and brought out a copy of the ad:

HELP! HELP! HELP!

HELP US TO GET A NEW SCHOOL TO
SAVE OUR CHILDREN
GIVE US A BUILDING WITHOUT:

1. Rats and Roaches on Every Floor
2. A Leaking Roof
3. Broken Door Frames
4. Split Sessions (½ an education)
5. Refrigerator Temperatures in the Winter and Oven-Like Sweltering During Spring
6. Irreparable Plumbing, Resulting In: Backups, Leaks, Flooded Yards and Corridors and Lunchrooms
7. Sagging, Dangerous Walls
8. Overcrowding in Lunchrooms and Classrooms
9. Unsanitary Children's Toilets
10. Wasteful Temporary Patching of Obsolete and Intrinsically Inadequate Scrap-Pile Facilities Without Shoving the Taxpayers' Money Down the Drain
11. Condemnation of Nine Classrooms in One Wing of Our Old (1899) School Where Our Entire Building Is Wrought with Fire and Health Hazards

OUR CHILDREN DESERVE
A NEW SCHOOL
NOW!!

The Teaching, clerical, and administrative staff of Public School #119—Manhattan

When I handed the ad back to Shapiro, he grinned and said, "That

America lives in DACRON*

DRESS SHOWN: 65% DACRON* POLYESTER, 35% COTTON. Prices slightly higher in the West.

Voile-romanced, now. And so fresh in "Dacron". By Carlye.

The innocent look of embroidered voile. The sophisticated charm of velvet. A dress that mixes the best of two worlds and stays carefree forever. Why? Because there's "Dacron" in the blend. Dove grey, hot mint, azure, boutique pink with white embroidery. These with contrasting velvet ribbon *and* self-covered belt. Also available in solid black. 6-16. About $60. **DePinna,** New York; Hudson's, Detroit; L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis; Bullock's, Los Angeles; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis. *Du Pont's registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or fashions.

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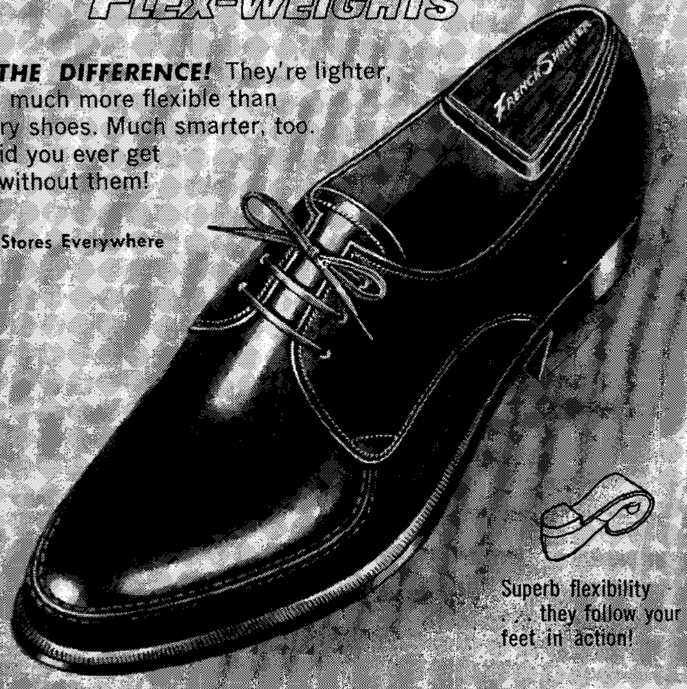
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Superb flexibility . . . they follow your feet in action!

FRENCH SHRINER
FLEX-WEIGHTS
FEEL THE DIFFERENCE! They're lighter, softer, much more flexible than ordinary shoes. Much smarter, too. How did you ever get along without them!
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QUALITY
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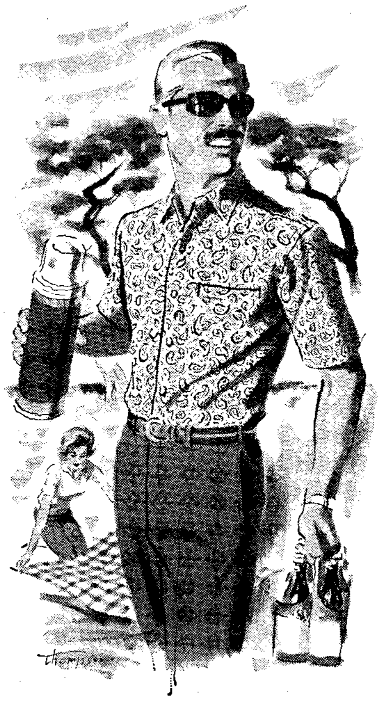


Carefree Dacron® and cotton is sporting paisley

Hathaway takes carefreeness to heart with this new sport shirting woven of Dacron® polyester and cotton; the blend that's drip-dry, hardly needs ironing and stays neat and crisp even through humidity-ridden days. Tailored with tapered body and lined collar. Brilliant blue or red paisley on a cream background. S, M, L, XL sizes. $11

Men's Store, Street Floor
59th Street at 3rd Avenue
Also at all 4 branch stores

Bloomingdale's Men's Store

was the first time in the history of the New York public-school system anything like that had happened." He went on to tell me that after the ad appeared, on a Monday, there was no word from the Board in the next few days. However, the story had been picked up by radio and television stations, newspapers, and news magazines. Gabe Pressman, of WNBC-TV, arrived at the school, saw four rats, had them chased with a camera, but was unable to photograph them. At eleven o'clock on Thursday night of that week, Shapiro got a telephone call at home from a man he had never heard of before, who called him Elliott, and who identified himself as the Mayor's educational representative. Mayor Wagner, Shapiro was informed, was going to visit the school the next day with the president of the Board of Education and several high administrative officials of the school system. The following morning, as Shapiro ushered the Mayor and the school officials into the auditorium, a teacher and several students suddenly pointed at a corner of the room and yelled "Rat!" Seizing a broom, the principal pursued the rat. The Mayor, somewhat shaken, peered in the direction of the hunt but wasn't quick enough to see the rat before it escaped under a radiator. The rat hole, however, was clearly visible.

After the Mayor left, Shapiro told me, he returned to his office and found an associate superintendent waiting for him. "Why didn't you go through channels?" he demanded of Shapiro. "This is a hell of a thing—airing our dirty linen in public. Ellie, you're disgracing us! This should have been kept a family affair." Shapiro told the associate superintendent that he had tried to go through all the channels he knew about but there had been no results. "Sure, you chose an effective method to publicize your grievances," the associate superintendent said sardonically. "But you could have been just as effective by burning down the building."

Shapiro told me he said nothing at this point. "I forgave him that first outburst, because he was chagrined," he explained. But the associate superintendent went on comparing the newspaper ad to burning down the school. "No, the two are not equivalent," Shapiro finally said to him. "What we did was simply part of the democratic process as it applies to education. After appealing through channels, we owed it to the public to let it know what was happening. We're extremely democratic up here. Your talking about burning

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, 86 PROOF. THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT & LOUISVILLE, KY.

Why are so many people ordering Old Taylor Bourbon at the George Vth in Paris?

It's the best Vth in town.

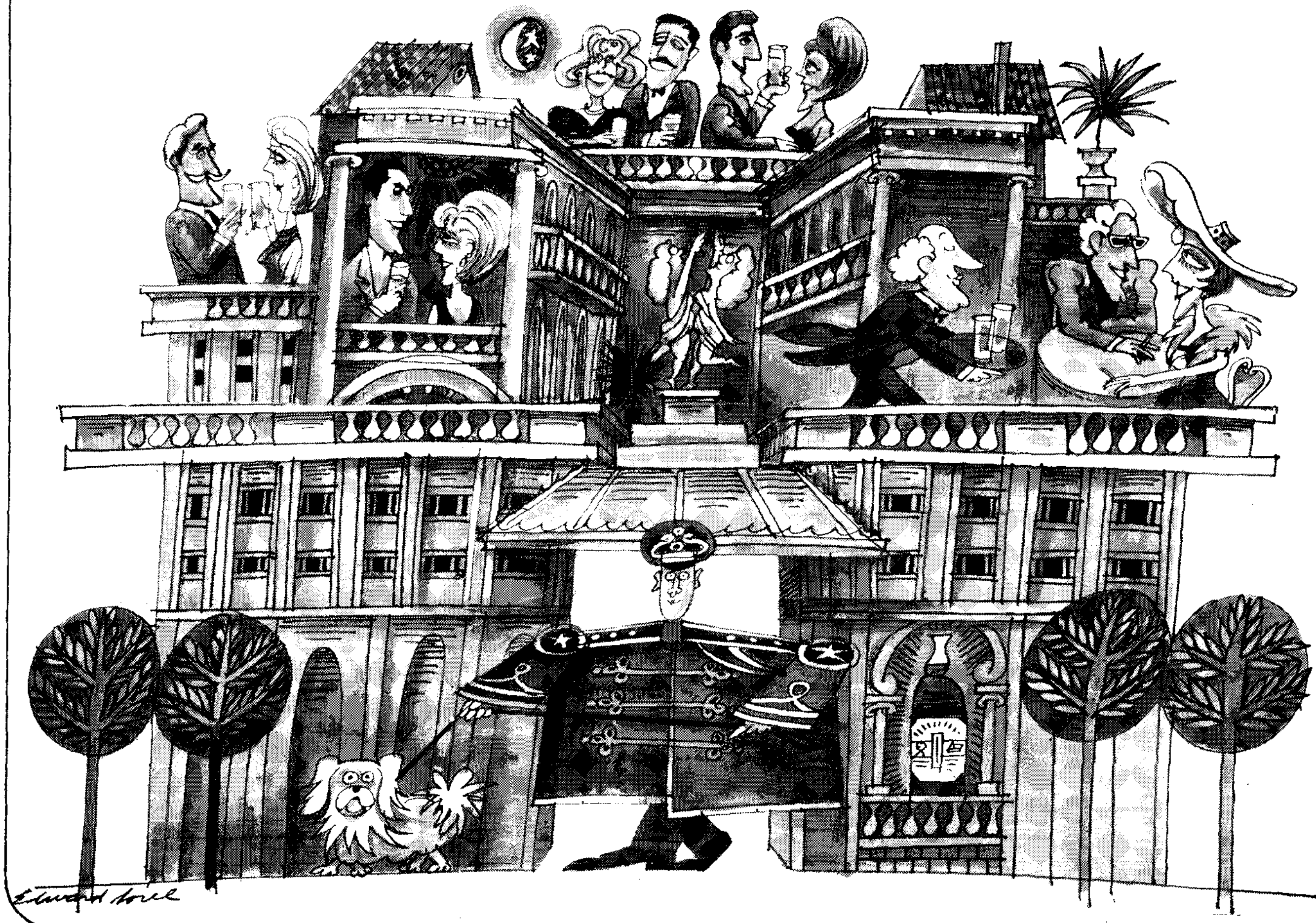
Waiters at the George V used to snicker when you ordered anything but an apéritif before dinner.

Not so any more.

Not since the regulars discovered Old Taylor. They've found it's a perfect preamble to le repas.

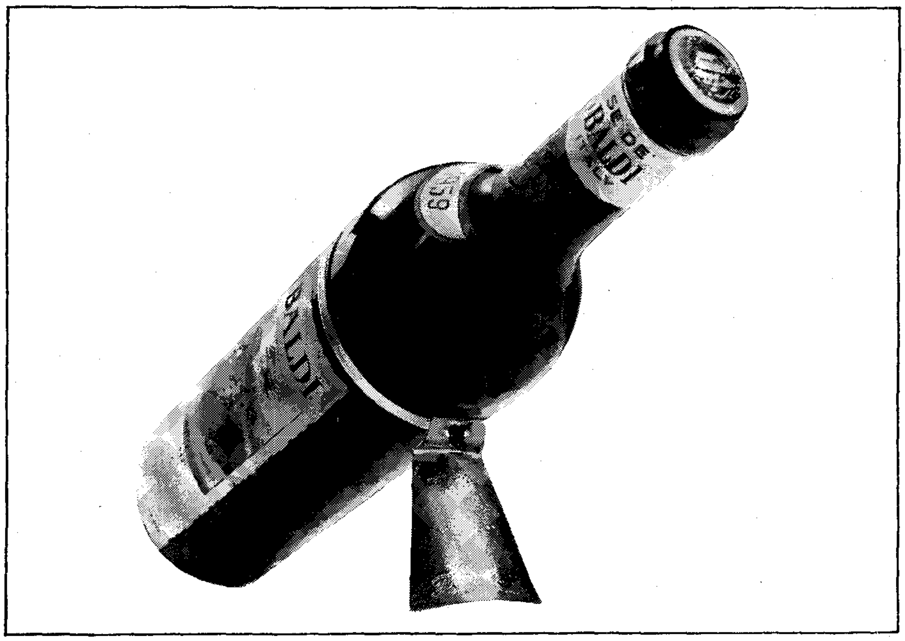
So more and more it's, "Garçon, Old Taylor, s'il vous plaît." And not a snicker in the house.

Now the mention of this Bourbon raises thirsts instead of eyebrows.



Everything's old fashioned about Old Taylor...except the people who drink it.

Frescobaldi Chianti
is so wonderful, one really should cradle it properly.



That's why we're offering this clever little device.

Now every bottle of Frescobaldi Chianti Superiore comes with a "cradle" to tilt the bottle at table...save your precious tablecloth...add a gracious touch to your dining. And it will enhance the most delicious Chianti you ever poured! Why not enjoy a bottle this evening?

Sole U.S. Distributors: Fontana Hollywood Corp., N.Y.C.

Lord & Taylor presents Royal Leerdam's magnificent lead crystal stem-glasses designed and hand-blown in the Netherlands for the past two centuries. The Olivia pattern here is just one from a wide collection—goblet, saucer-champagne, wine glass, 6.50 each. In the Crystal Room—at all Lord & Taylor stores except Manhasset

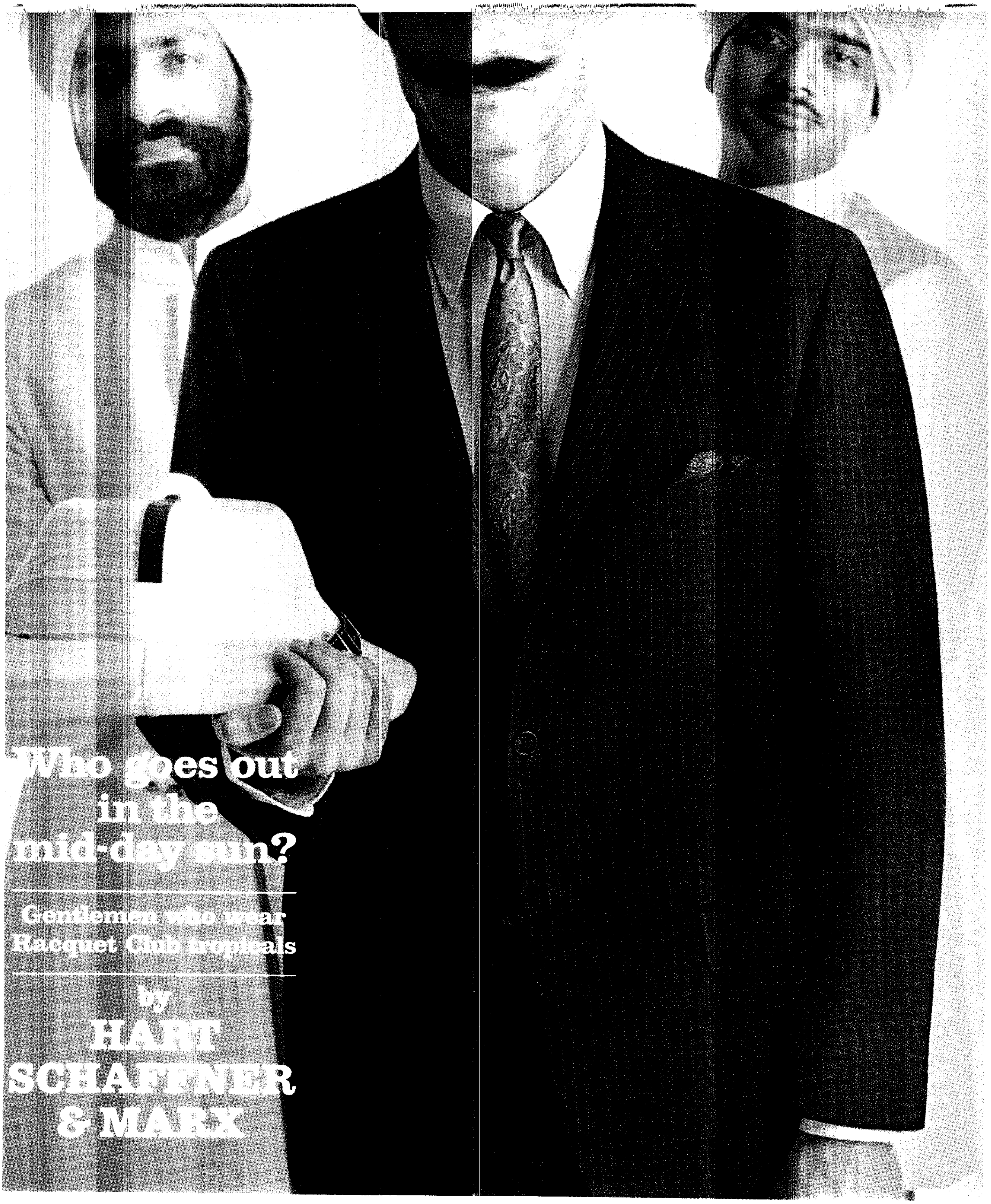
down the building indicates that you and we have radically different concepts of the democratic process."

In addition to the Mayor and representatives of the school-system hierarchy, there were other visitors at P.S. 119 that day, including parents of pupils and officers of several unions. "If the Mayor's visit had boomeranged, we would have had more than a thousand pickets at the school the next Monday, and there would have been pressure from the labor movement on certain politicians," Shapiro told me. "In a sense, I felt it was too bad it didn't boomerang. I felt that the picketing would be a good educational experience for the children and their parents, too."

Before the building was repaired and a commitment was made to build a new school, the kids and their parents had their educational experience. In the fall of 1962, parents set up a picket line to protest that the school was unsafe. A corollary boycott was called, and for two days nine hundred children were absent. It was the most effective boycott of a New York City public school up to that point. Of his role in the boycott Shapiro said to me, "I couldn't tell them to keep their children out, but they knew I was empathic."

The incident of the rat and the demonstrations that followed it obviously didn't make Shapiro's relationship with his superiors any warmer than it had been. I asked him to estimate his status at 110 Livingston Street—the Board's headquarters, in Brooklyn.

"I would say that for a long period it has been recognized that my opinions are often different from those of the Board of Education, some headquarters personnel, and the Council of Supervisory Associations to which most of the other principals belong," he said dryly. "I have regard for the Board of Education, but it has never fully recognized that it ought to be functioning as the representative of the children—all children, but most particularly poor children, who have the fewest representatives in power. The Board should continually be making strong statements about the urgent need for money and services. So far, the Board has represented education in a taxpayer's style. It ought to keep haranguing the city to the point at which a real exploration takes place of how to get the essential funds. Sure, there'd be some complaints from parts of the citizenry, but it would be useful to get those complaints out into the open. And the middle class as a whole would not really oppose this kind of push. The middle class is always


Who goes out in the mid-day sun?
Gentlemen who wear Racquet Club tropicals
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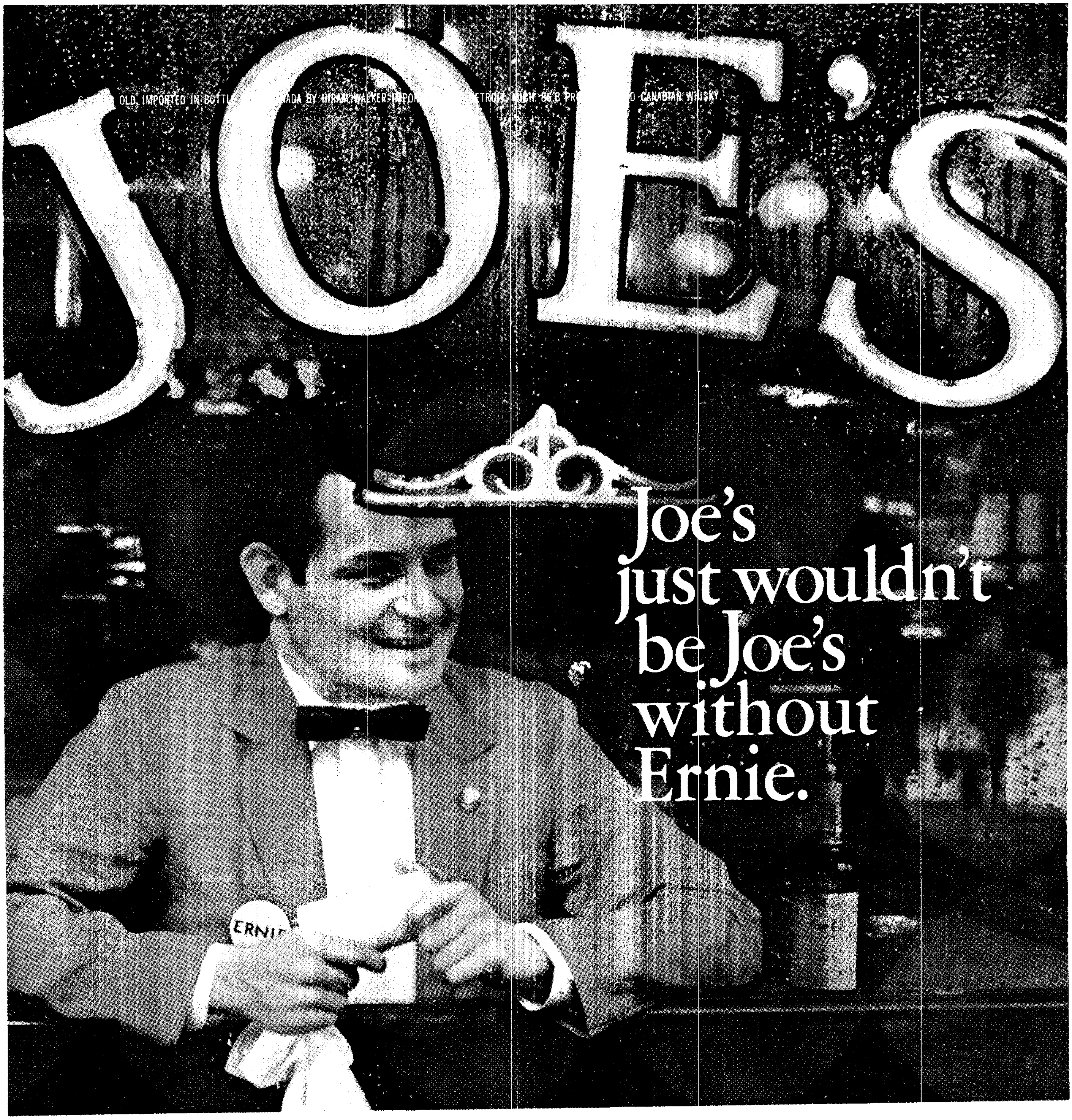
Hart Schaffner & Marx tailoring keeps it looking trim. See how the stripes match at the seams. Result of precise "underbasting." All parts are first joined with soft white thread for exact placement. Then finally sewn with hundreds of tiny stitches. Later, the basting thread is removed. On the outside it seems like there's no seam at all. The look you buy is the look you keep.

Carry on despite warm fronts. Keep cool in this Racquet Club tropical by Hart Schaffner & Marx.



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Or the Masters in '61.

There'd be nobody to remember what your favorite drink is.

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Your neighborhood tavern is a friendly place to visit. And a lot of the credit has to go to your neighborhood bartender.

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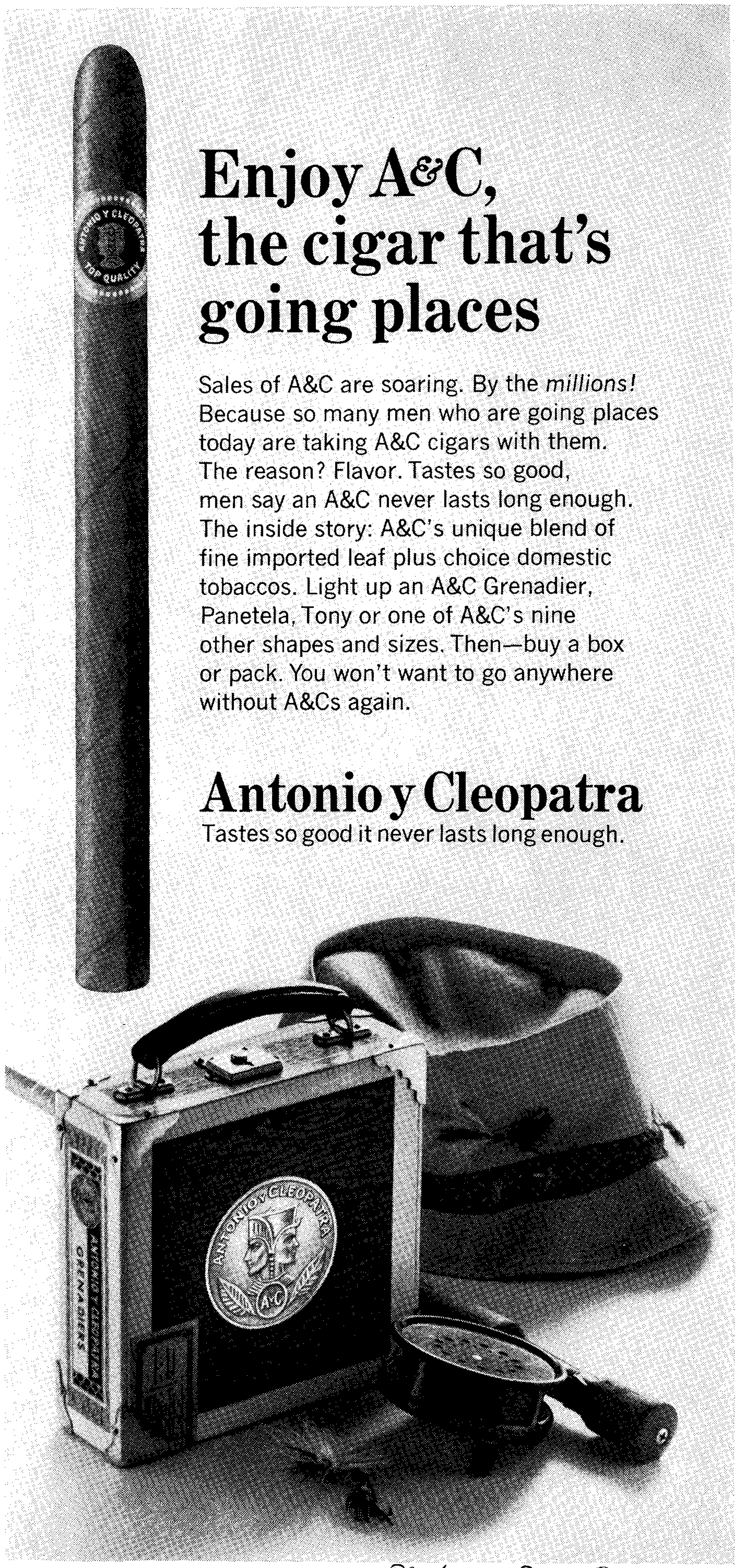
passive—alienated from its own beliefs. It doesn't even know it *has* beliefs until things are stirred up. We ought to make education *the* basic industry in this city. Specifically, if we could expand the school budget by some four hundred million dollars a year—and that's not much—we could reduce class size significantly. For only sixty million dollars a year, we could make every elementary school—and perhaps the junior high schools, too—in Harlem, the South Bronx, Jamaica, and Bedford-Stuyvesant into a qualitatively effective school. In Harlem, we'd need just six or seven million dollars more a year to make the twenty elementary and junior high schools into qualitatively effective schools. It certainly can't be impossible to get that kind of money. We ought to be ashamed—I mean we educators—that we have not been leaders for dramatic improvements and that we participate in a process in which two-thirds, or maybe three-fourths, of the children are being so badly undereducated that we're giving them a lifetime of unemployment.

"Let me give you another example of how all of us have been dropouts as educators," Shapiro went on. "For years, we gave children in neighborhoods like this reading tests—geared to the experiences of middle-class children—and we used those tests as indices of the children's intelligence quotients. The result was a self-fulfilling prophecy. The children, the theory ran, were reading poorly because they were stupid. Consider the insensitivity of the educators in charge. We were torturing the children with those tests and we were tormenting the teachers as well. Yet no group of principals or of headquarters personnel criticized that technique of demeaning the children. Of course, we had a kind of vested interest in not complaining about the way we were testing them. If you accept the premise that our children have low I.Q.s, according to the national average, our own woeful inefficiency doesn't come out. Only in the past couple of years, as a result of pressure from the civil-rights movement, have we stopped giving those biassed I.Q. tests."

Shapiro looked at his watch and said that it was time for him to go and move his car before he got a parking ticket. I walked along with him. "There's so much that could be done," he said. "Take this neighborhood. It's poor. Stores go out of business, leaving many vacant spaces—some with back yards—that could be used as classrooms. From a Hundred and Tenth



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to a Hundred and Forty-fifth Streets between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, you have the equivalent of forty or fifty potential classrooms. Why not use them for young children—with the back yards as schoolyards, and with libraries interspersed here and there? The libraries could be for parents as well as children and could be open until eight or nine in the evening. We would be coming right into the heart of the community, creating the kind of reciprocal relationship between the community and the schools that you don't find anywhere in this city—or in this country. It could be a stimulus toward the creation of a new society. I've proposed this idea to the Board, with the estimate that it would take four thousand dollars to transform each vacant store into a classroom. The Board's estimate is ten thousand, but even ten thousand isn't much when you consider that the average classroom in a regular school costs more than sixty thousand to construct."

We passed the open door of a classroom, and Shapiro looked in for a moment. "That teacher is so well organized that she has organized the room rather than the children," he said. "She's much too distant from them. She's not *physically* close enough to them. I have a certain amount of autonomy as to what teachers I can get rid of, but it's limited."

I remarked that, so far, Shapiro had said nothing about ways of integrating the schools.

"To begin with, the storefront classrooms could increase the possibilities for integration," he replied. "As you spread out along the avenues, you would break through district lines and move into neighborhoods that would allow for different racial balances in those classrooms. There are other ways of doing it, too. Often, segregation is on an economic basis. Segregation of black and white is more obvious in appearance, but look at what we have here in Harlem. Increasingly fewer middle-class parents—those, for instance, in Lenox Terrace or the Riverton Houses—send their children to public schools. Take P.S. 197. It's in a largely middle-class Negro community, and its teachers are the equivalent of those in the private schools, but hardly any of those middle-class parents send their children there. We—I mean teachers—have to begin by leafleting and by approaching these parents and other middle-class parents, both Negro and white, in other ways to make an issue of this. Of course, simultaneously, the public schools in Harlem have to be made much more

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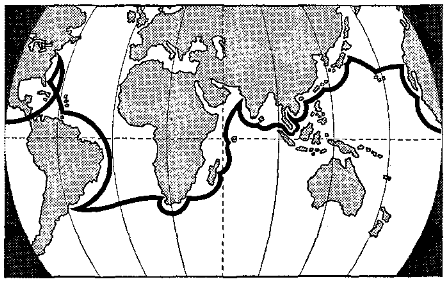

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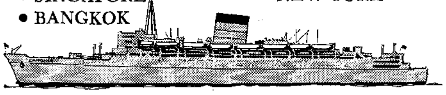

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effective. At present, it may be that a middle-class child, Negro or white, isn't sufficiently challenged in a class of thirty made up largely of children at lower levels of achievement. But in a class of twelve or fifteen, children coming from different backgrounds would have a lot to offer each other. Certainly if the class size at P.S. 197 were around ten, those middle-class parents would send their children there. If the schools are drastically improved throughout the city, particularly in our neighborhoods, I'm convinced that more and more middle-class parents—Negro and white alike—will return their children to public school. And if children are to be bussed out of their own neighborhoods, it will be to a first-rate school, thereby changing the nature of *that* discussion. Right now, all through the city, children are being picked up to travel to private schools, where there's more personal involvement with the teachers. Why can't the public schools do this? In Harlem and in other poor neighborhoods, we could have some of our schools emphasize certain specialties—the new math, say, or language arts. On an elementary-school level, they could be beacons—like the Bronx High School of Science. There are white parents who would send their children to those schools. It's been happening for years at the High School of Music and Art at the edge of Harlem. There are schools here only ten minutes from Washington Heights by station wagon. I've talked to groups of parents in Washington Heights. On the whole, they were opposed to bussing, but when I told them about *this* kind of possibility, they were eager to try it. A school of quality can obviously fulfill one of a parent's status needs as well as his educational desires for his children."

As we walked through the schoolyard, Shapiro waved at a thin, well-dressed middle-aged Negro across the street. "The local numbers booker," he remarked. Then he returned to his theme. "Some of these basic improvements can be put in motion by teachers' spurring the parents," he said. "You know, it's very often said that the schools reflect the social order. Actually, that often means that the schools are institutions of apology for the social order. But it doesn't have to be that way. The schools could be an instrument for changing the social order into a more truly democratic society. But for that to happen, we have to break the circle in which professional personnel tend to remain loyal to institutions rather than to the human

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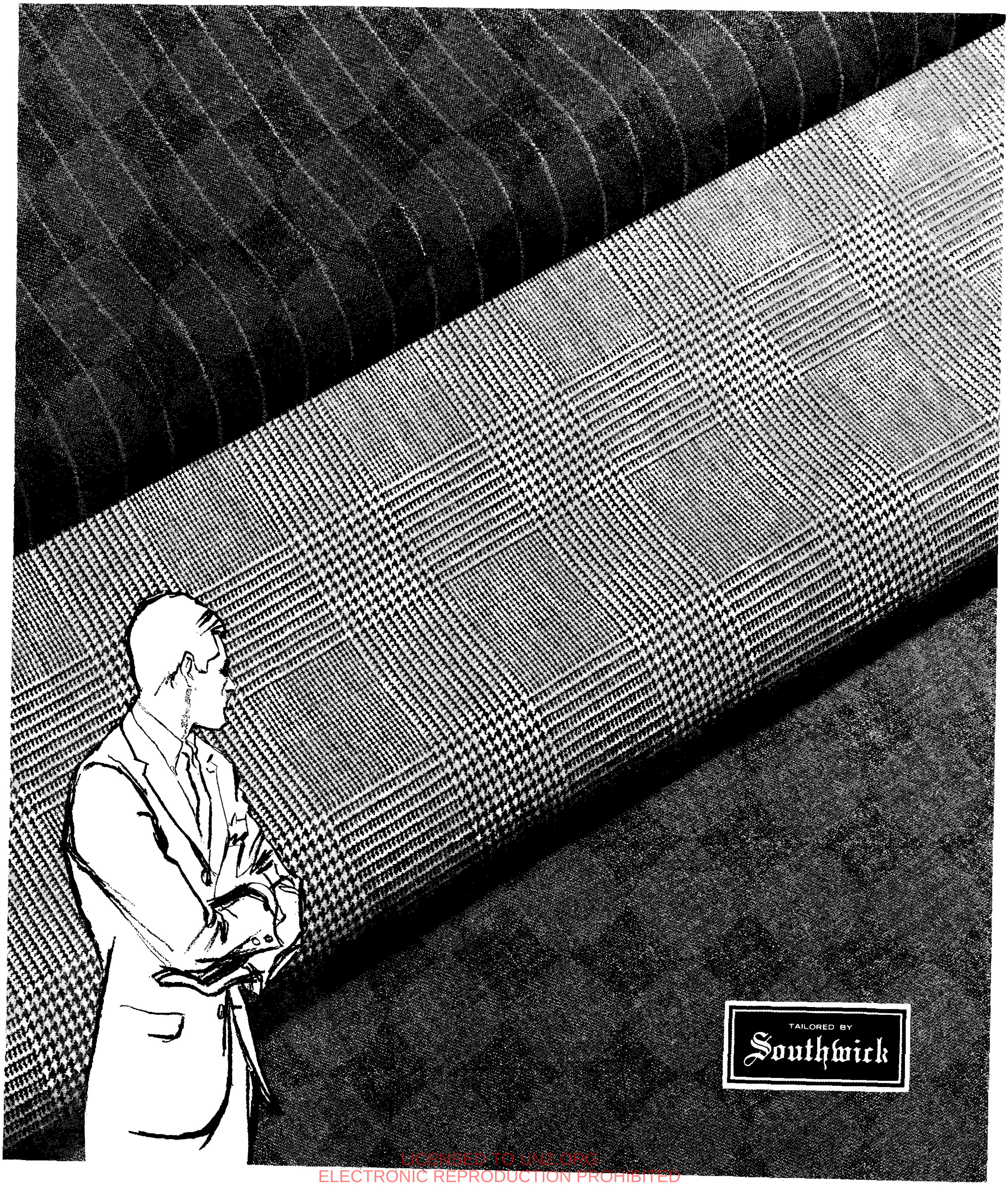

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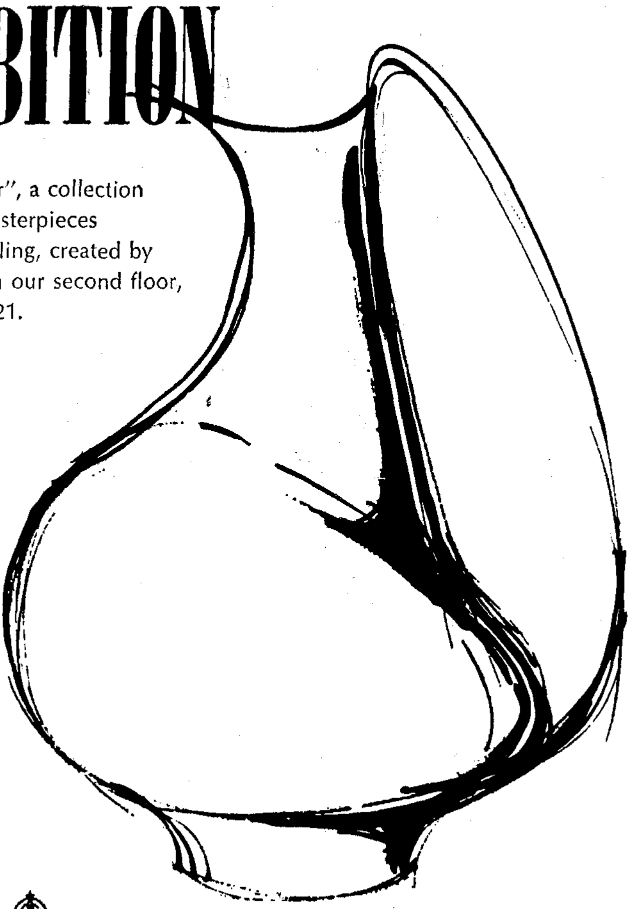

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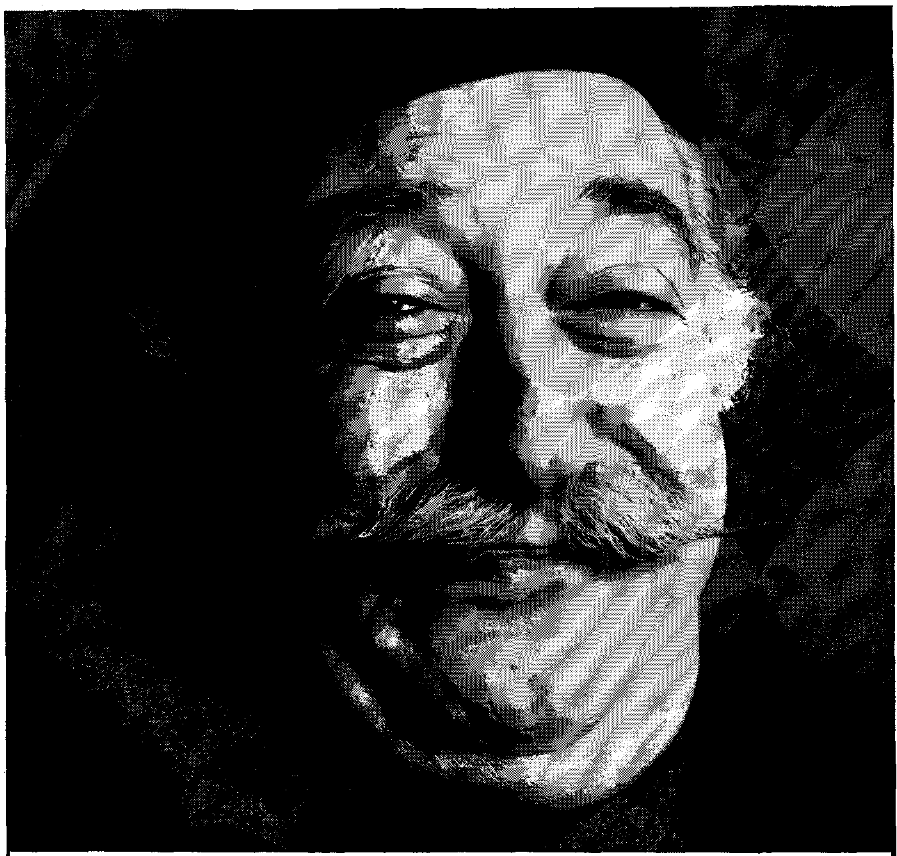
beings who should be served by those institutions."

ELLIOTT SHAPIRO was born in Washington Heights, on March 15, 1911. His father, George, had come to America from a large city in Lithuania that was known then as Kovno and is now known as Kaunas. His mother, Lily, was from Vilna, the capital of Lithuania. They did not know each other in Europe, but both came to New York in 1893, and they met a few years afterward and were married in 1903. They had three sons, of whom Elliott is the eldest. Edwin, born in 1913, is now comfortably retired after a career as a dealer and expert in rare coins. David, born in 1919, is principal of P.S. 611, in Queens, and acting president of the association made up of all the principals of the so-called 600 Schools, which handle children with emotional and behavioral problems; he has a Ph.D. in clinical psychology and is a practicing psychologist—as is Elliott.

Elliott Shapiro remembers his father with warmth and pride. "He was not a learned man, but he was very interested in ideas," he told me one day. "The first books I remember in the house were the Harvard Classics. Also, unlike most European-born fathers, he would join us in sports. Since we were one of the very few Jewish families in Flatbush, where we lived when I was a kid, my father taught me boxing, so that I could handle myself." Shapiro developed into an unusually skillful boxer; when he was twenty-eight, in an exhibition bout, he outpointed a man who later became middleweight champion. "I won't give his name," Shapiro said in telling me of this episode. "It would embarrass him." During those years in Flatbush, Shapiro used his fists in the streets practically every day. "I remember an elderly Jewish man with a caftan and a long white beard passing through the neighborhood one day," he said. "Some of the kids began to make fun of him—yelling, 'Fox in the bush!' I felt it was my responsibility to defend him. I dreaded that kind of responsibility, it was so gratuitous a burden, but somehow or other I felt I had to help him. And I did. Another time, when I was nine, I had a fight with a kid two years older than I, and a lot bigger. It was toward evening, near a subway exit, and we soon had about five hundred people of all ages watching us. I got the impression that all of them were on the other kid's side, me being Jewish. Suddenly, my father came up the stairs, saw what was going on, and stopped the fight. He took off his belt and marched me home with a great show of indignation that a son of his had been brawling in the street. Once inside our house, he shook my hand in congratulation."

In 1927, Shapiro's father died of pernicious anemia, and a year later, upon graduating from Erasmus Hall High School, the boy had to go to work to help support his family. He was taken on at the North American Ironworks, in 1929, as an errand boy, and the duties of junior draftsman and bookkeeper were soon added. His mother also worked for a time—selling shirts, socks, and underwear from house to house. In 1930, when business began to decline, Shapiro was laid off. He enrolled for day courses at the Maxwell Teachers Training College, in Brooklyn. Nights and weekends, he worked at a subway newsstand, but he found time to join the college debating society and its boxing and baseball teams, and to serve as captain of its fencing team. When Maxwell closed, after he had been there two years, he enrolled at the City College of New York, and at the same time took two part-time jobs, one in a jewelry store and one in a shop selling malt and hops. "I eventually discovered that the malt-and-hops store was a disguise for a bootlegging operation," he told me. "One time I was carrying a big bronze object through the streets of Yorkville, innocent of the fact that it was a still. Policemen were looking at me, but I guess they figured anyone carrying a still in the open *had* to be innocent." At City College, he began to acquire the credits he needed in order to qualify as a teacher in the New York City public-school system. Then, in 1935, when a W.P.A. job in remedial reading opened at P.S. 202 in Brooklyn, he took it. He soon became active in union affairs, against the advice of his principal, who told him that he could go far in the school system if he would only concentrate on passing the examination for a city teaching license and restrain his union fervor.

In 1936, Shapiro started to teach reading in the children's ward in the psychiatric division of Bellevue Hospital. The following year, having obtained a city teaching license, he moved to the adolescent ward in the psychiatric division, and there he remained for eleven years. "They were mostly poor children," Shapiro told me. "At first, the highest percentages were Italian and Irish. By 1948, about half were Negro, and now some ninety per cent are Negro and Puerto Rican." The



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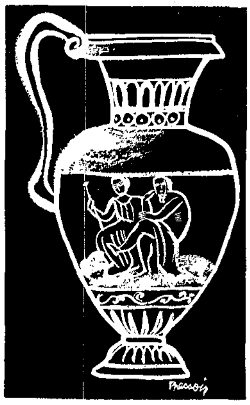
classes were small—between eight and twelve children to a teacher—and Shapiro's responsibilities included teaching English and arithmetic, though the heavy emphasis was on reading. Shapiro also spent a good deal of time in the Bellevue psychiatric clinics, where he was at first an interested observer and then, having done extensive reading on the dynamics of the learning process, a participant in psychiatric conferences. Meanwhile, he continued his academic training. He was awarded a Bachelor of Science degree in education by New York University in 1937; in 1939 and 1940 he studied social philosophy and psychology at the New School for Social Research; during the summer of 1940 he took four courses in history at Cornell; and the next summer he studied social pathology at the University of New Hampshire. He acquired a Master's degree in school guidance and administration from New York University in 1946, and received a Ph.D. in clinical psychology from the New York University School of Education in 1959.

In 1948, Shapiro became principal of P.S. 612, in Brooklyn, which had just been set up in the psychiatric division of Kings County Hospital. It was one of the first of the city's 600 Schools, and Shapiro was its first principal. After two years of conducting classes in a ward for patients, Shapiro opened a day school at Kings County Hospital for children who would otherwise have been sent away from their homes to Rockland State, Creedmore, or some other state institution. The school also enrolled children who had been institutionalized and were now permitted to return to their homes and attend classes at the hospital. In 1952, the then superintendent of Kings County Hospital ordered the day school closed at the end of the year, on the ground that the space was needed for medical purposes. Shapiro fought for many months to get the order rescinded by the Department of Hospitals, and finally it was.



At the time Shapiro won his fight, he was offered an appointment as a principal elsewhere in the school system, but he turned it down, preferring to stay on for a year or two and protect the children in his day school from any further attempts to close it. Finally, in 1954, he did ask for another position, and became principal of P.S. 119. "My first preference had been a school in the Bedford-Stuyvesant area, because I was living near there at the time," he told me. "But I'm glad the Board sent me to P.S. 119, because it soon became evident to me that the people in Harlem had a strong feeling for the place—a feeling that did not exist nearly so firmly in Bedford-Stuyvesant. I was looking for a challenging school, since I had a fairly unusual background and felt I was qualified to deal with children who had problems. I came to Harlem, however, with some presuppositions that I found out were wrong. I had expected that children growing up crowded together in broken homes would present problems similar to those manifested by neurotic children. I have discovered that, on the whole, they do not. Most of the children here are as 'normal' as children in middle-class neighborhoods. But they do have overwhelming problems to deal with. It's to their credit that they maintain their courage as long as they do, especially when you consider that those of us who should be giving them support—teachers, school principals, and social-service personnel in general—are unable to because we're so outnumbered. I found out that, for the most part, I was working not with neurotic children but with deprived children. And people like me were among those who had been depriving them. It also became clear that my work as principal had to extend into the community."

That sort of extension has always come easily to Shapiro. Back in 1931, he helped develop leagues of the unemployed in Flatbush, and ever since he has been outspoken on any public issue that has seemed important to him. In 1937, for example, he participated in the Interracial March on Congress, whose purpose was to gain increased appropriations for social welfare. He was among those who went to Jersey City in 1938 to defend Norman Thomas's right to speak there. And in 1963—this time with his wife and their two children—he took part in the civil-rights March on Washington. The Shapiros travelled down by train with a delegation from the Negro American Labor Council, but they became separated from their party at the station and found themselves marching under the banners (lettered in Yiddish) of the Jewish Socialist Bund. "Is this a good organization?" his daughter asked him. Shapiro, who had known

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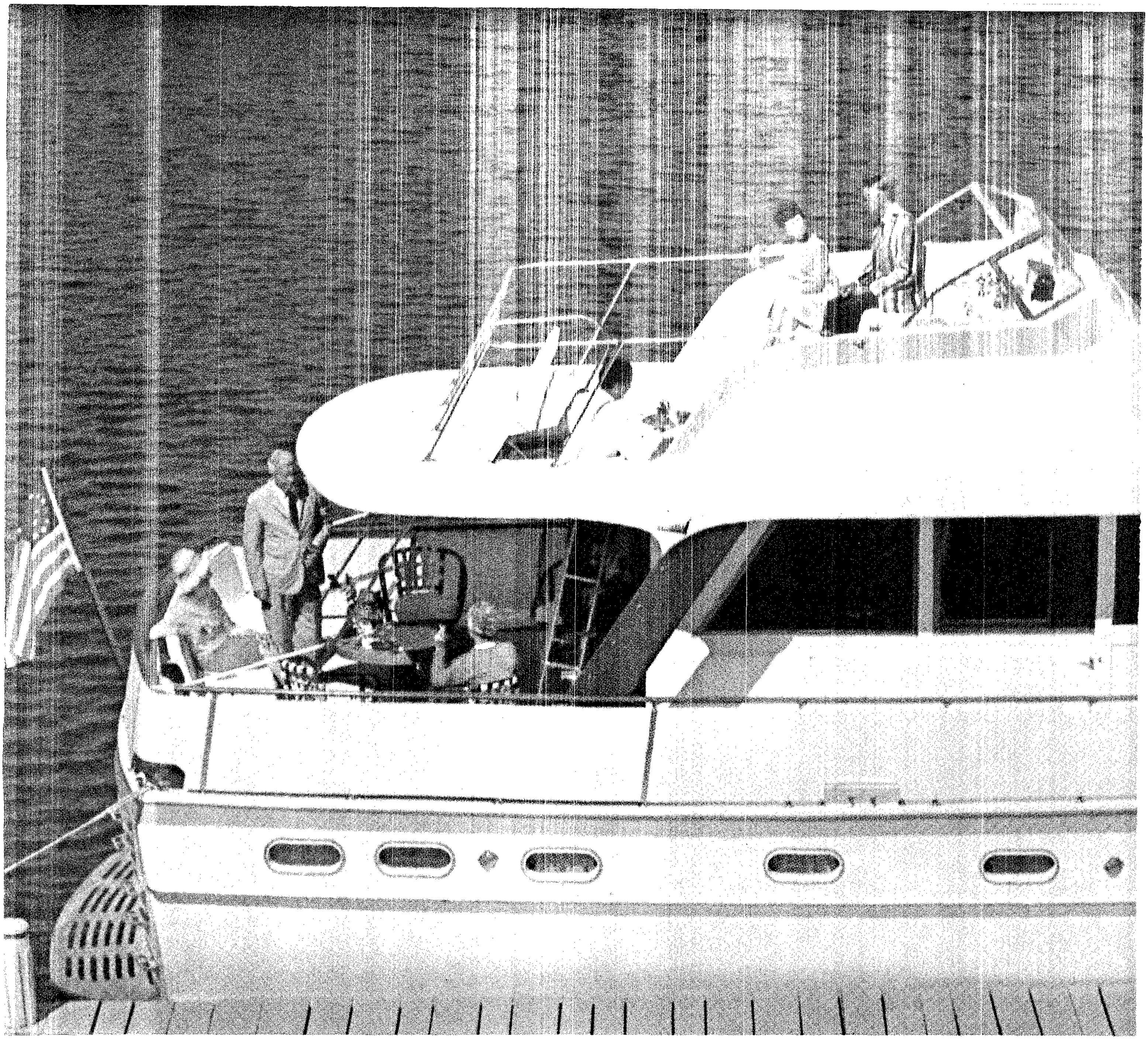

This new 50 foot fiberglass **Hatteras**

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This 50 foot fly bridge motor yacht is for the yachtsman who wants the luxury of a custom built boat, but who does not want to spend the money, time and effort to have a yacht built.

It was designed by Jack Hargrave, custom boat architect, who incorporated many features found only in custom built 80-85 ft. boats.

Complete

The completeness of this Hatteras particularly impresses purchasers. (Just about the only things missing are electronic gear and furniture. And they're not included because we felt you'd rather select your own.)

The fly bridge with dual controls provides 360-degree visibility, open-air steering, and easier boat handling. This bridge serves to remove the crew from the main salon, giving you and your guests more privacy.

There's a stand-up shower with a seat and large hanging lockers; one is a walk-in with louvered doors. (The light goes on when you open the doors.)

A stereo sound system, with record and tape player, is piped throughout the boat; each pair of speakers has an off-switch. There's a bar with ice-maker and wall-to-wall deep pile Acrilan carpeting.

There are 1011 square feet of Philippine mahogany in this yacht. Each square foot was hand-rubbed five times by the furniture craftsmen of High Point, North Carolina. And the joining is similar to that found in expensive furniture.

To make life easier aboard the Hatteras 50′, there are such practical considerations as a 14 cu. ft. refrigerator with freezer; dishwasher; garbage disposal; 6′6″ fore-and-aft bunks with polyurethane mattresses.

All surfaces are easy to maintain.

There are a total of *twenty-two* 110-volt outlets throughout the boat. (The deckhouse alone has eight.)

Sleeps 10 in comfort

The Hatteras sleeps ten with ease: two aft, in the master stateroom; two in the guest stateroom; two in the bow; two in the dinette; and two in the salon (on the optional sofa bed).

(In the background: The Hatteras 34 Convertible)

fly bridge motor yacht is priced at $107,500.

vould cost about $50,000 more)

The master suite is 9′ x 13′ with ′4″ headroom. Headroom in the galey is 7′2″. This spaciousness is due to berglass construction. Beams, ribs nd frames are eliminated.

As a result, you get more usable iterior space in this 50 foot Hatteras han in many yachts five feet longer.

Much of this extra space is devoted o storage. You'll find 317½ cu. ft. of pace in lockers and drawers. In the iaster stateroom, the built-in dresser as 18½ cu. ft. storage space in 9 rawers. And across the stern there is 21″ x 10½′ shelf.

Walk-in engine rooms

wo of the three engine rooms are valk-ins, fully soundproofed, with engine room blowers. Power is supplied by twin GM8V-71 diesel engines; Onan 12 KW diesel generator with soundproof enclosure.

"Crew not necessary," say owners

Interestingly, most of the owners of this Hatteras 50′ do not employ a crew. They explain that they have simply not found it necessary. Certainly this is testimony to the Hargrave design that has ease of operation as an objective.

Safe, seaworthy, pleasant to handle

Many consider the Hatteras to be the safest boat built today. It is constructed to specifications set by Gibbs & Cox, designer-engineers of the superliner United States.

The one-piece reinforced fiberglass hull has a shape that virtually eliminates pounding, yawing and broaching.

It is an exceptionally comfortable boat, rides smooth and dry. Owners say it is a pleasure to handle.

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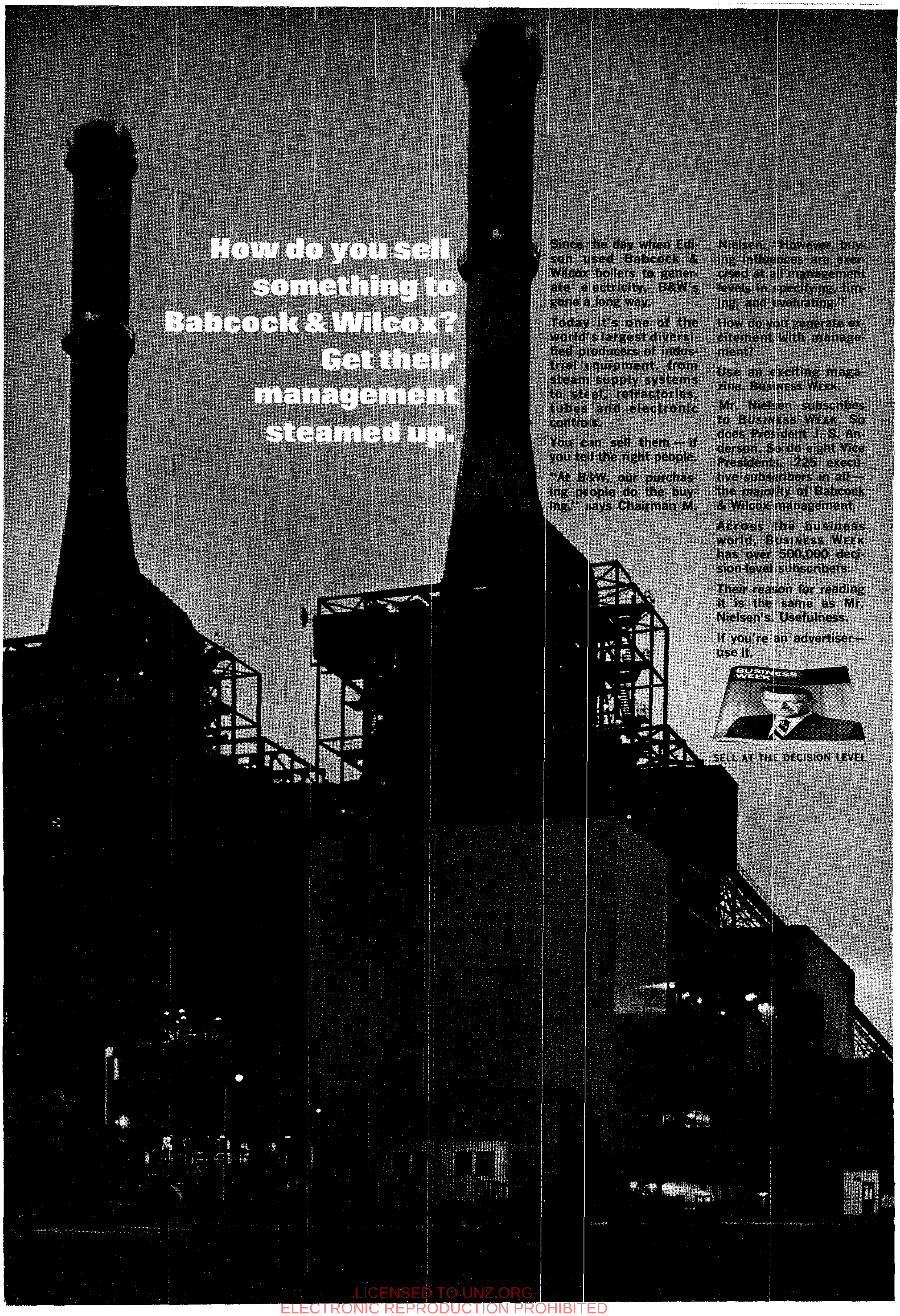

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the organization since the early thirties, happily told her that it was one of the best.

People who work with Shapiro are amazed by his energy. Since 1940, he has frequently lectured and given courses in psychology at a number of institutions, including Bellevue, the Kings County Hospital School of Nursing, and Brooklyn College, and since 1951 he has been conducting a private practice as a psychologist. He got his training for this work at the New York Institute for Gestalt Therapy, where his analyst was Dr. Laura Perls, one of the founders of the institute. Beginning at five in the afternoon on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, Shapiro keeps office hours at his home, in a large apartment building in Rego Park, Queens. "The time I give to psychotherapy prevents me from being as good a principal as I could be, in that otherwise I would devote those hours to becoming more involved in the Harlem community," he told me. "But with two children in college, my salary as a principal isn't enough. And my practice does give me insights as an educator that I might not otherwise have had." (His salary is $16,235 a year.)

Shapiro has also raised a family. In 1939, he married Florence Fishkin, a graduate of Hunter College who was a teacher of English and Latin in junior and senior high schools. Mrs. Shapiro continued to teach until 1944, shortly before their first child, George, was born. George recently got his bachelor's degree *summa cum laude* in mathematics from Harvard, and is now working for his doctorate in mathematics there. Their daughter, Ellen, is a junior at Brandeis University, concentrating on fine arts and the history of art. With both children away from home, Mrs. Shapiro has resumed teaching Latin, part time, in the upper grades of the Ramaz School, a Hebrew school on East Eighty-second Street. "Florence has always been of enormous support," Shapiro told me. "Whatever I was doing—from the fight to keep the day school open at Kings County Hospital to the furor over the rat at P.S. 119—she never cautioned me or expressed any fear that I might be jeopardizing my job. If she had, those periods of tension might have been more than I could have borne."

Mrs. Shapiro frequently visits P.S. 119, and in 1960, when there appeared to be a chance that some of the girls in the school could meet the requirements for the junior high school operated by Hunter College, she helped tutor

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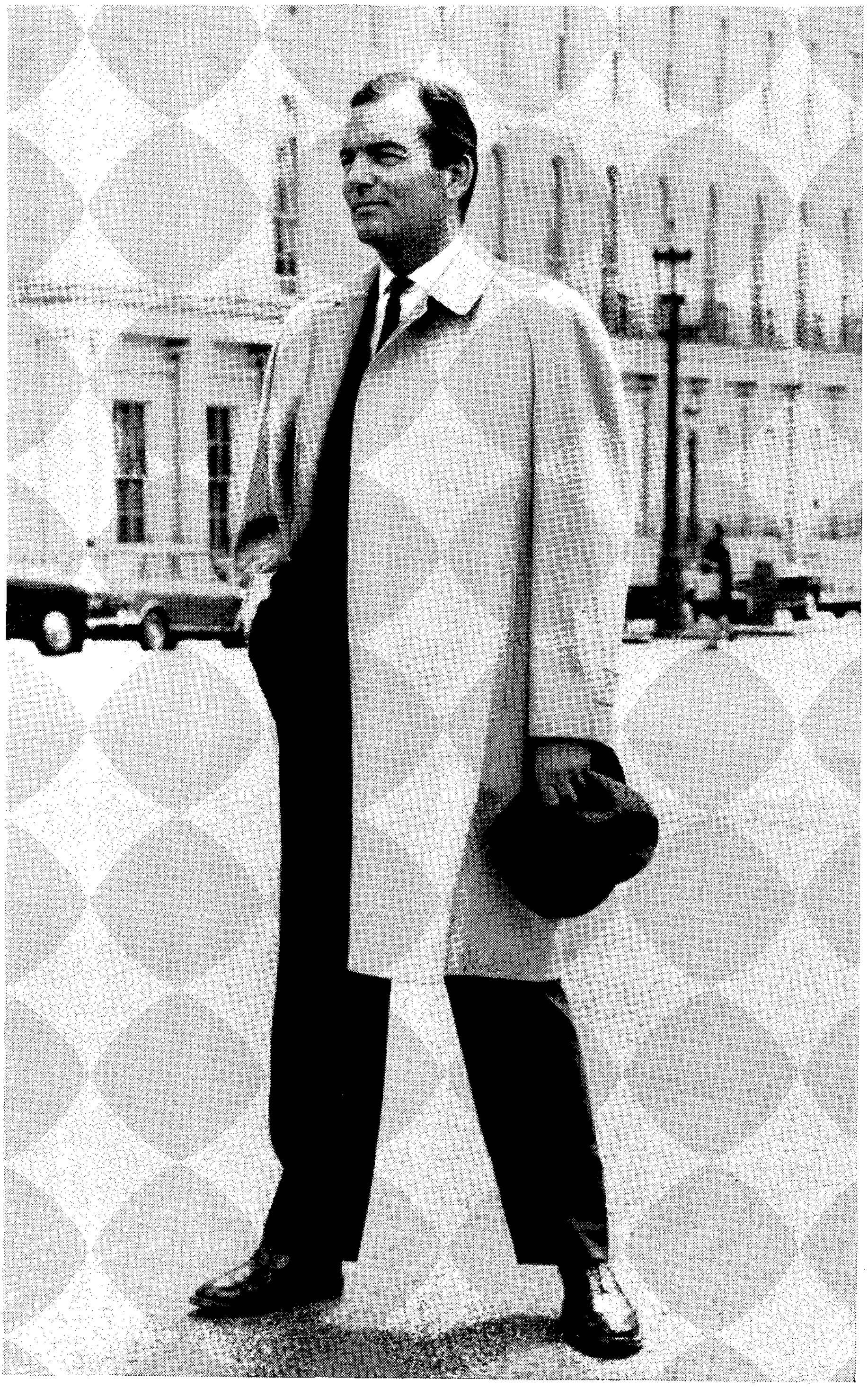

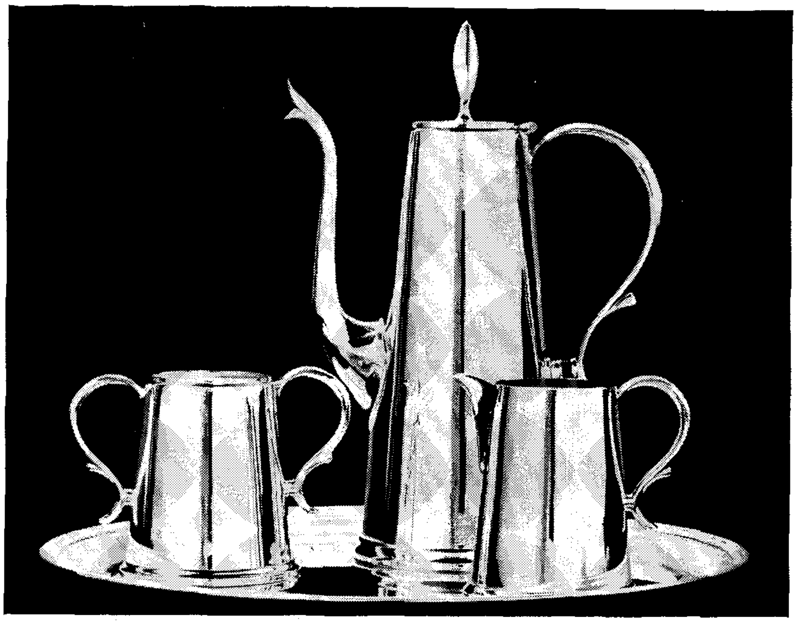

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them. One girl was accepted—the first Harlem student to be taken at that school in many years. "I got the news when a secretary came up to me in the hall," Shapiro told me. "Her hands were shaking and she could hardly talk. Then *my* hands started to shake. A wave of exultant hysteria spread among the teachers. They laughed and cried all at once. Even now, when I talk about it, I'm moved all over again."

THERE are people, including some of the other principals in Harlem, who take a dour view of Shapiro's activities outside the school. "You can't help but like Elliott," one principal has said. "But he bends so far backward that, with him, the Negro community, Negro teachers, Negro anything can do no wrong." And a city official once said to Shapiro, "You seem to have departments of home welfare, housing, and community service at P.S. 119. Don't you have a department of education?" In response to the contention that a principal should be only an educator, Shapiro has said, "I can rationalize what I am doing, because if a child's life is catastrophic he can hardly be expected to learn anything. Of course, as a human being, I don't have to rationalize that part of my work at all."

In his battles with the Welfare Department and other city agencies, Shapiro has been joined by many members of his staff, and he and his colleagues have frequently used their own money to prevent evictions, or simply to provide food when the Welfare Department was slow in processing an application. They also bring in clothing to distribute, and several mornings I have seen Shapiro unloading coats, sweaters, skirts, and trousers from the trunk of his car.

In addition to involving himself and his staff in neighborhood activities, Shapiro has been much concerned with emphasizing Negro history and culture in the school's curriculum. Three years ago, with his encouragement, thirty-five of the staff, under the direction of Miss Beryle Banfield, who is now an assistant principal at P.S. 175, on 134th Street, prepared a manual for teachers on ways of introducing African material into elementary-school classwork. The manual is seventy-five pages long and includes sections on African folklore, African family life, African games, African music, African dances, African art, African foods, and African history, and ends with a bibliography for teachers and another for children. Requests for the manual have come

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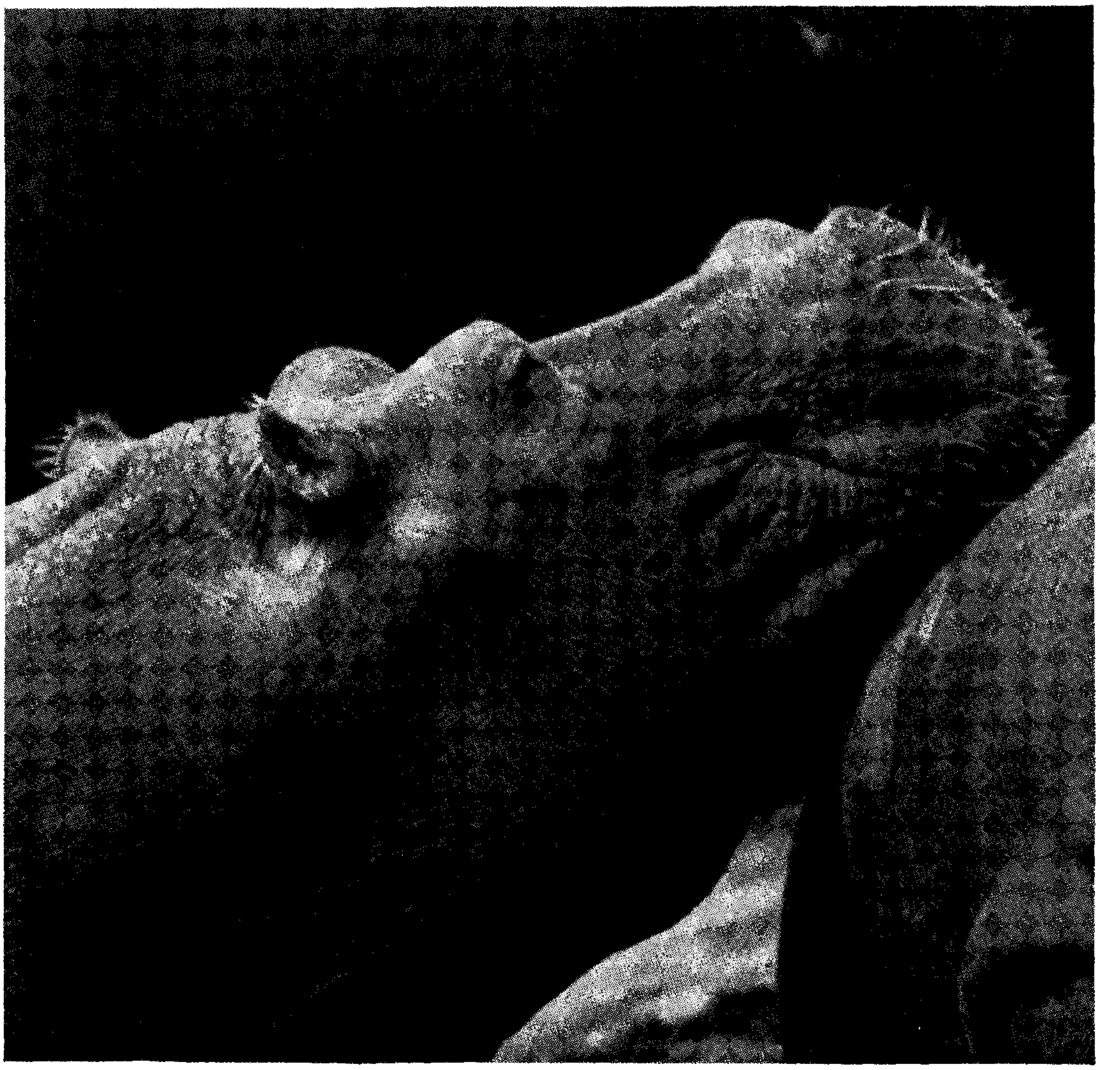

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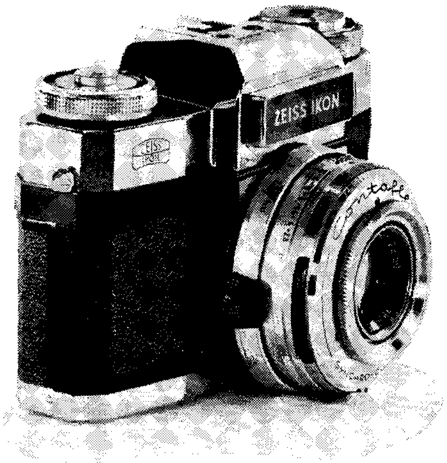

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from public-school systems, church groups, social agencies, colleges, and individuals throughout the country. In the summer of 1964, sixty copies were in use in Mississippi Freedom Schools. There has also been a demand for the manuals from the neighborhood. “People come in off the street and ask, ‘Where is our history?,’ ” Shapiro told me. One group that showed almost no interest in the manual was the Board of Education. Copies were sent to each of its members and to supervisory personnel, but for a long time there was no response at all. Finally, two polite notes arrived, from a member of the Board and from an assistant superintendent in charge of integration. But there was no offer to make the manual available throughout the school system. The cost of preparing the manual was defrayed entirely by the staff of P.S. 119, and much of its distribution has been financed by a church group.

“Dr. Shapiro is obviously fully committed to the concept of giving both the children and their parents a strong sense of their own past,” I was told by Mrs. Florence Persons, who was a guidance counsellor at the school while the manual of African studies was being prepared, and who is now a district guidance coördinator in upper Manhattan. “But he had more than one motive—as he often has—in getting the manual put together. Several years ago, about two-thirds of the Negroes on the staff became deeply involved in the African independence movement. They took courses in it, and all of a sudden they recognized that they had a heritage, and began to react. They reacted to the only white people they saw on a day-to-day basis—the white teachers at P.S. 119. There was clearly a growing hostility between black and white, and it tore Dr. Shapiro apart. At one teachers' meeting, he tried—gently—to get them to recognize that they were all there together with the single goal of teaching the kids. But that went over their heads, so he determined to have everyone join that rise of pride in race. And that was one of the reasons he encouraged the compilation of the manual. Working on it united the school, and by the time everybody—black and white—had got saturated with Africa, the animosity had cooled off, as he'd known it would.”

I asked Mrs. Persons what her initial impression of Shapiro had been.

“P.S. 119 was my first teaching job,” she said. “Nine years ago, a friend of mine and I had just got our licenses and we went looking for a school we would want to teach in. At

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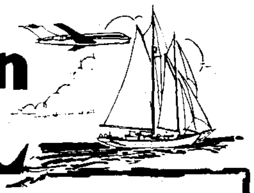

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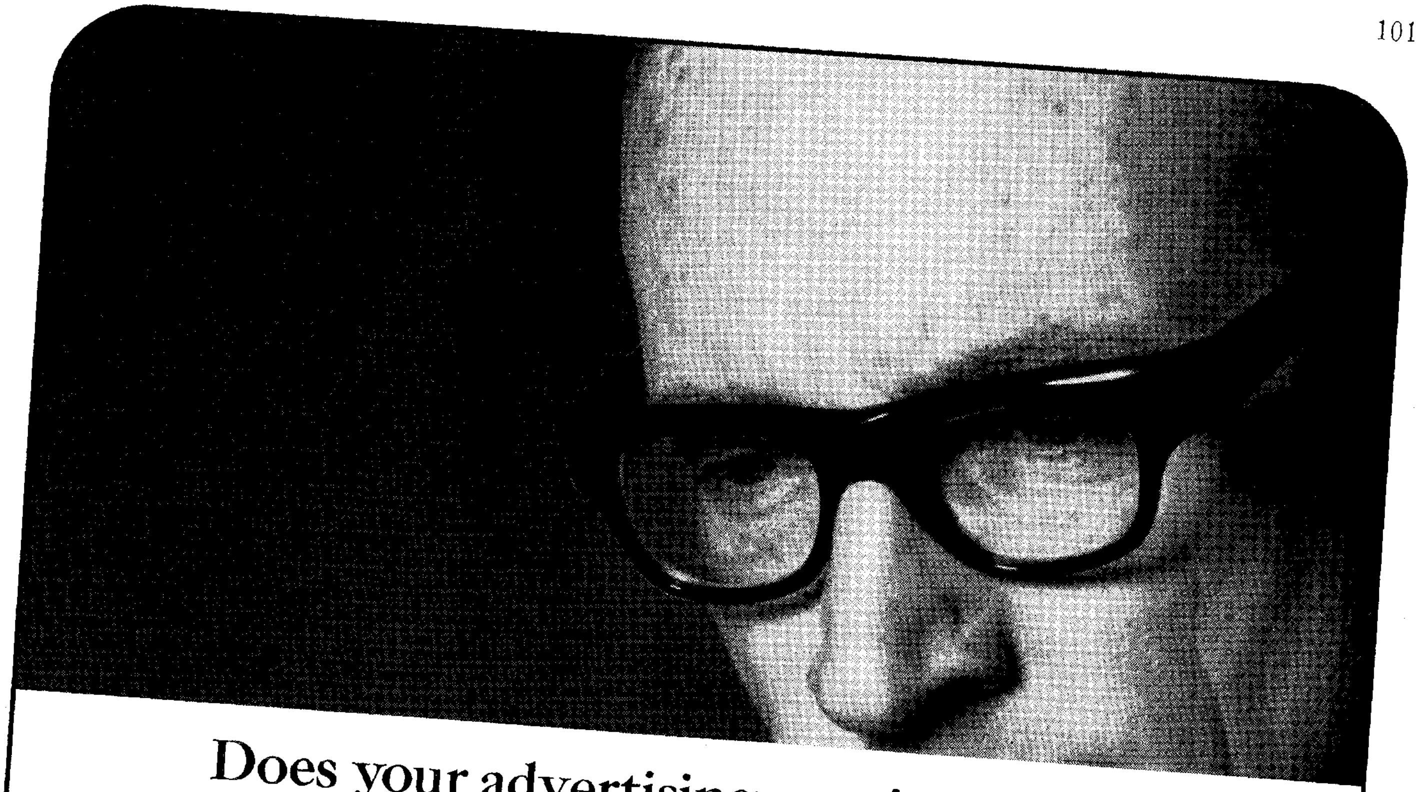

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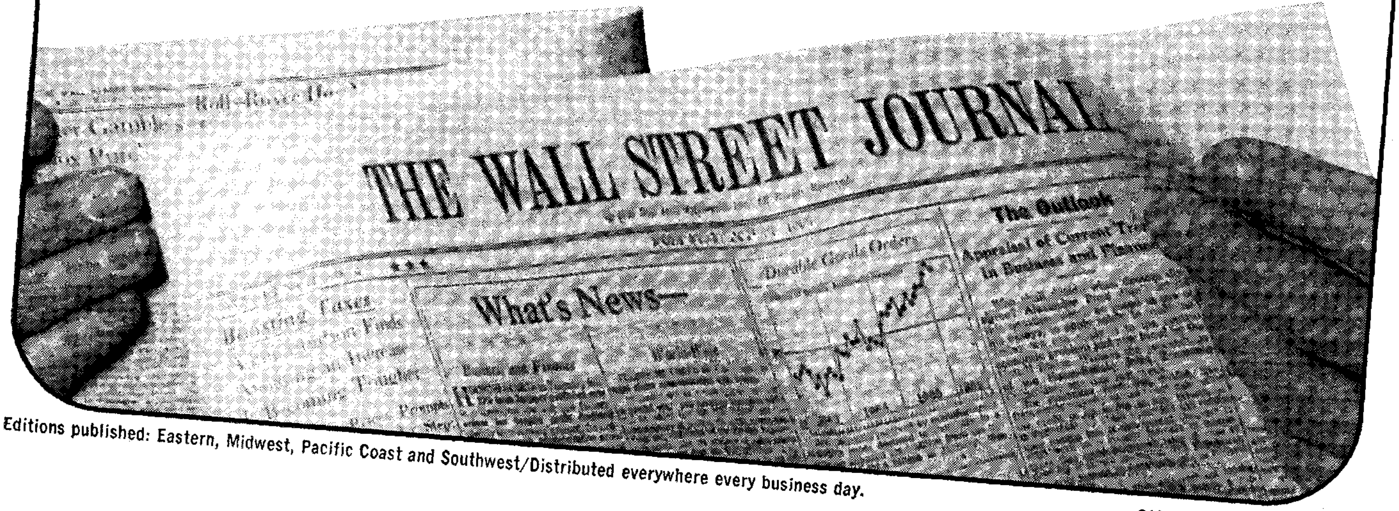

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P.S. 119, while waiting for an interview with Dr. Shapiro, we watched him. We watched the courtesy and respect with which he talked to the parents. It's a respect *all* parents are entitled to, but poor parents don't often get it. Then there was the interview. He doesn't conduct exhaustive interviews. He acts according to his own sensitivities about human nature. And we were hired. At first, I felt that here was the father I'd always hoped for—all-perfect, kind, good. I wanted to accomplish more and more to please Dad more. For most of my first year, he never once came into my room to observe a lesson. But he knew what was going on. The door would be open, and as he passed by he'd hear what was being said—my tone of voice, the responses of the children. And he'd watch the number of parents who came in to see me, and later he'd talk to them. Finally, at the end of the term, he walked in, looked into the back closet, winked at me, and walked out. I guess that was his official observation of the class. He's always telling you about the good things you're doing, but then he'll often add a sentence. If you just keep basking in the compliments, you may not pick it up, but if you do, you'll realize later that he's prodded you into looking at a problem from another angle, into seeing it in another dimension. After I'd been in the school a couple of years, he suggested that I try being a guidance counsellor. I hadn't had any preparation for giving advice to other people—students, parents, and also other teachers—and I didn't think I knew enough. 'Please try it,' he said. 'Work with the teachers first. Let them feel free to come in and talk with you.' Well, little by little, they did start coming, and from time to time I'd talk to him about the problems I was working with. I learned to listen for the suggestions hidden inside his compliments, and gradually I began to feel I knew what I was doing. His style doesn't work with everyone. Some teachers don't pick up his suggestions. And some become so used to his paternal way of giving that when he's a little tired and can't give to the same degree as usual, they become annoyed and itchy. There are times when he should be more authoritative than he is. And he's not a saint. If a teacher has a raspy, irritating voice and a manner to match, he's likely to stay away from her for a while. In any case, there *is* a limit to how much he can give to everyone." Mrs. Persons smiled. "Some days, he's away from everybody," she said. "I used to call them 'gray days.' His gray eyes and gray hair

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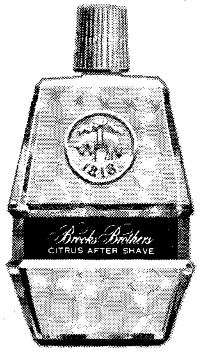

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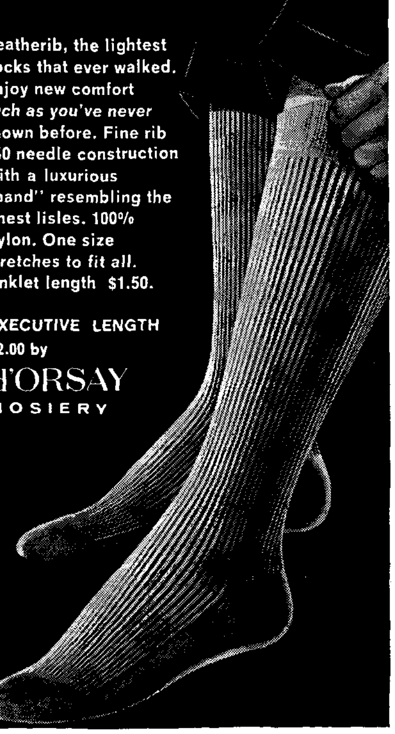

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and gray suit all seemed to be of a piece. But later, gradually, we'd sometimes see the results of that kind of thinking—like his decision on how to cope with that period of black-and-white hostility among the staff."

ONE morning, I arrived at P.S. 119 and found Shapiro in what appeared to be one of his gray days. He was abstracted and looked tired. "There's a lot of Eichmann in everybody," he said, without preliminary. "I'm not talking about overt viciousness. I mean the strong tendency to go along—to conform. Look. While I've been principal of P.S. 119, in any given year more children are *not* educated than *are* educated. What do I do? Do I picket my school? Or do I wait for those moments when I can do something effective about changing the situation? The problem about waiting is that as you let time go by you develop a vested interest in keeping your mouth shut. You tell yourself that this isn't the proper time. But any time will be difficult. What it amounts to is to try to keep yourself as conscious as possible of your basic assumptions so that you don't, in some unconscious way, move in a direction that alienates you from yourself and your hopes without your knowing it. Of course, when you do act, whatever you decide to do means that you've lost a chance to do something else. You can always justify or rationalize those losses. I try to keep aware of them, and it's wearying." Shapiro was staring out the window, and seemed to be talking to himself more than to me. "When you do decide to do something, you have to undertake it with some reason to believe it can succeed," he said. "And that may require working to build a foundation for its success in various ways and through various channels that don't appear to be connected with what you want to do at all."

He shook his head, and in an attempt to turn his mind to other matters I asked him if there was anything new with John.

"We've been paying a lot of attention to a little first-grader who has some severe problems, and John is getting jealous," Shapiro replied, readily. "He picks on the boy, verbally and physically. Yesterday John hit him in front of a lot of first-graders and kindergarten children. I had to separate them, and John got sore and started swinging at me. I decided to let him. He took off his raincoat, and swung so hard that he fell down. That was to show he meant business. Then he tore a picture off the wall, also to show he

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meant business. I walked away and he followed me. I told him, 'You're acting like a little boy, too. You're jealous of him.' 'I'll show you how much of a little boy I am,' he said, and took a real whack at me. Later, he told a teacher he was sorry and was going to apologize. He came back to the office and started to work. Not a word from him. At lunchtime, I was too busy to go out, and mentioned to one of the office workers that I had no coffee. A few minutes later, I felt a hard sock on my back. It was John. 'Here's your coffee,' he said. It was the hardest sock he'd ever given me. But he's been going to class more than usual, and he's also been helping out in one of the kindergartens. I think there's some improvement there."

Later that morning, I visited the classroom of Richard Stephenson and, finding him alone, asked him why he had turned John over to the police. I had been told that Stephenson, who is a vigorous man in his early thirties, had heard about P.S. 119 a couple of years ago, while he was engaged in a remedial-reading project for Negro children in Prince Edward County, Virginia, and had come to see Shapiro and been hired almost immediately. "I tried working with John, but I didn't realize how disturbed he was," Stephenson said in reply to my question. "I don't agree with the theory of just giving him a warm atmosphere and no other limits. A child needs limits in order to be able to define himself. Some of these kids don't know who they are. They've got to learn inner control from outer control. As for John, they've allowed him to be an *idiot savant* around here. They haven't taught him to inhibit his aggressive instincts and they haven't helped him define himself. They tolerate him because he's the best reader in the school. O.K., he has no mother or father, but I have kids in my class in the same situation, and they get along very well. The point is not to feel sorry for him. The point is to teach him. If a child is allowed to act out his aggressive impulses, he gets worse. Some of the kids who've been put in 600 Schools because they were disrupting classes in regular schools do quite well in that sort of strongly structured setting. But when they go back to a more permissive atmosphere they start acting out again. This school hasn't helped John. It has reinforced his negative impulses, his negative energy. Look here. I want you to see something positive that's going on in the gym."

Stephenson opened the door of his

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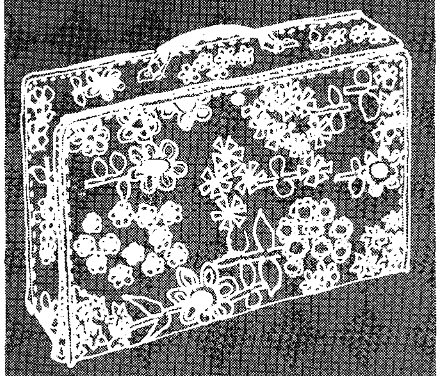

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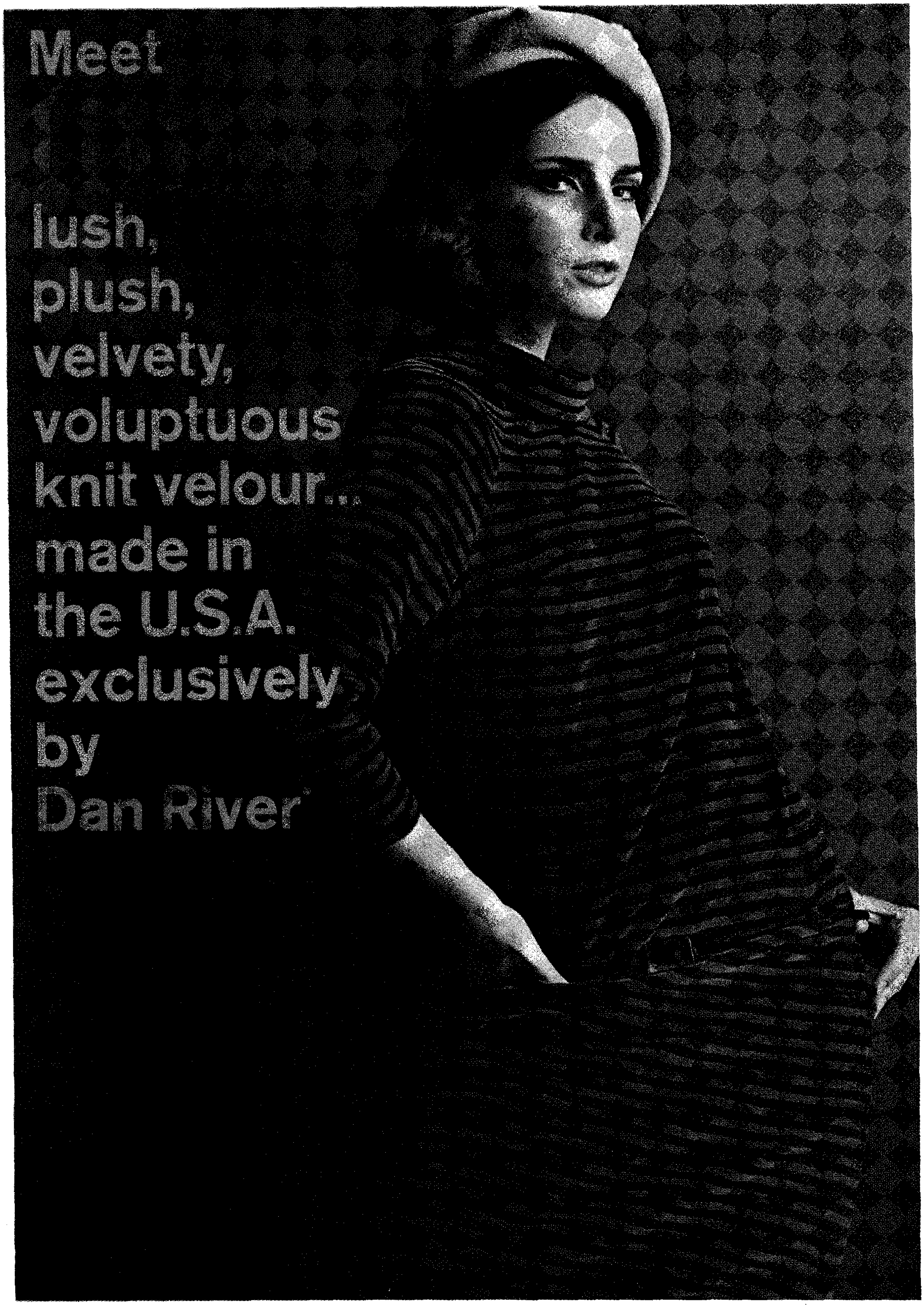
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classroom, and there was John lying on the floor of the corridor. Standing over him and laughing were two girls.

"I'm gonna punch you in your goddam mouth!" John yelled. He got up and chased the girls.

"See what I mean?" Stephenson said. "If you don't intervene and tell them certain kinds of behavior are not allowed, this is what happens. Oh, well, we'll be reading about John on the front pages one day."

Stephenson locked the classroom door behind him, and we went to the gym. The room appeared to be in chaos, with children running, shouting, throwing balls, laughing, roaring. In one corner, however, a chunky boy of ten or eleven was leading five other boys in a set of military drill patterns. "That leader used to hit girls constantly," Stephenson told me. "I had to take him downstairs to the principal's office a few times. Now he and his cadet corps are the best-disciplined children in the gym. We're going to get them uniforms and keep the cadet corps going all year round."

A bell sounded, and Stephenson went back to his classroom, but I stayed on in the gym. In a few minutes, it had been cleared except for a kindergarten class scurrying around Lawrence Greenfield, another teacher in his early thirties, whom Shapiro had pointed out to me as a man who had once conducted a special second-grade class for emotionally disturbed children, similar to Mrs. Taylor's ungraded class. I walked over to him and introduced myself.

"I'm giving them some extra time down here," Greenfield said, gesturing at the children. "The room gets too confining for them." A tiny girl with tears in her eyes pulled at Greenfield's pants. He knelt down, hugged her, listened to her, and hugged her again before she wandered away.

I asked Greenfield what he thought about John.

"I'm with Dr. Shapiro," he said. "There's some merit in the arguments of those on the staff who want him controlled, but I'm for saving individuals short of endangering anyone else. And John hasn't really done that. Maybe Dr. Shapiro is biassed because John is so intelligent, but I guess I'd be biassed in the same direction. I admire him for taking a chance with John, and I think he's winning. More discipline is always the easy way. But if you were to clamp down on someone like John, he could explode and perhaps kill."

I mentioned Stephenson's conviction,

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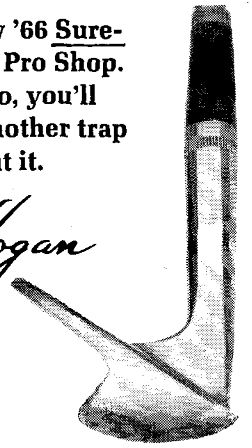

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that the children in P.S. 119 needed firm, structured classroom situations so that they'd be equipped to get along in the outside world.

"I admire Stephenson's dedication," Greenfield said, "but I feel that our job here in the lower grades is to build basic human strengths." Keeping an eye on the racing children, he went on, "Let me give you an example of what often has to be done first in this school, before we start worrying about academic achievement. Last year, I taught a third-grade class. One of the girls was very bright, very perceptive, and yet her academic record was low. For her first two years here she'd had good teachers of the academic kind. They concentrated on getting in the fundamentals. And now there she was, projecting such tremendous anxiety that it was heartrending to watch her. Her *attention span*, *moreover*, was minuscule. I figured the hell with her achievement, this kid needs something from *me*. For two months, if she wanted to read, that was fine, and if she didn't want to read, that was all right, too. When she became tense, I'd let her stop what she was doing, come to me, and put her head in my lap. I let her feel able to cry. Dr. Shapiro tells us, 'When they want to cry, let them cry.' They don't have much chance to cry at home, and some have a lot to cry about. I can usually sense in a failure situation when a child wants to cry, but many are afraid of that kind of relief. So you have to make the first move, in a way that lets them accept your invitation to get it out if they're able to. And they also have to be free not to accept it. If you're open, sooner or later most of them will come to you. And the process of contact and resolution must go on as the child needs it. Well, by the end of the year, that girl had achieved a great deal academically. I see her around now and she's a much calmer, healthier, and happier girl. Sure, I have qualms occasionally in working with children like her that the breakthrough won't be made. When I had that special second-grade class, there was a boy who was full of life and also maddeningly distracting. After six months of complete frustration with him, I gave up. He just couldn't concentrate. For my own sake and that of the class, I put him by himself at a desk right in front of mine. I let him have clay, airplanes, and other things that captured his imagination, and allowed him his private world, so he wouldn't distract the other children. But I did this with a great sense of defeat. I'm still convinced that if I'd been able to

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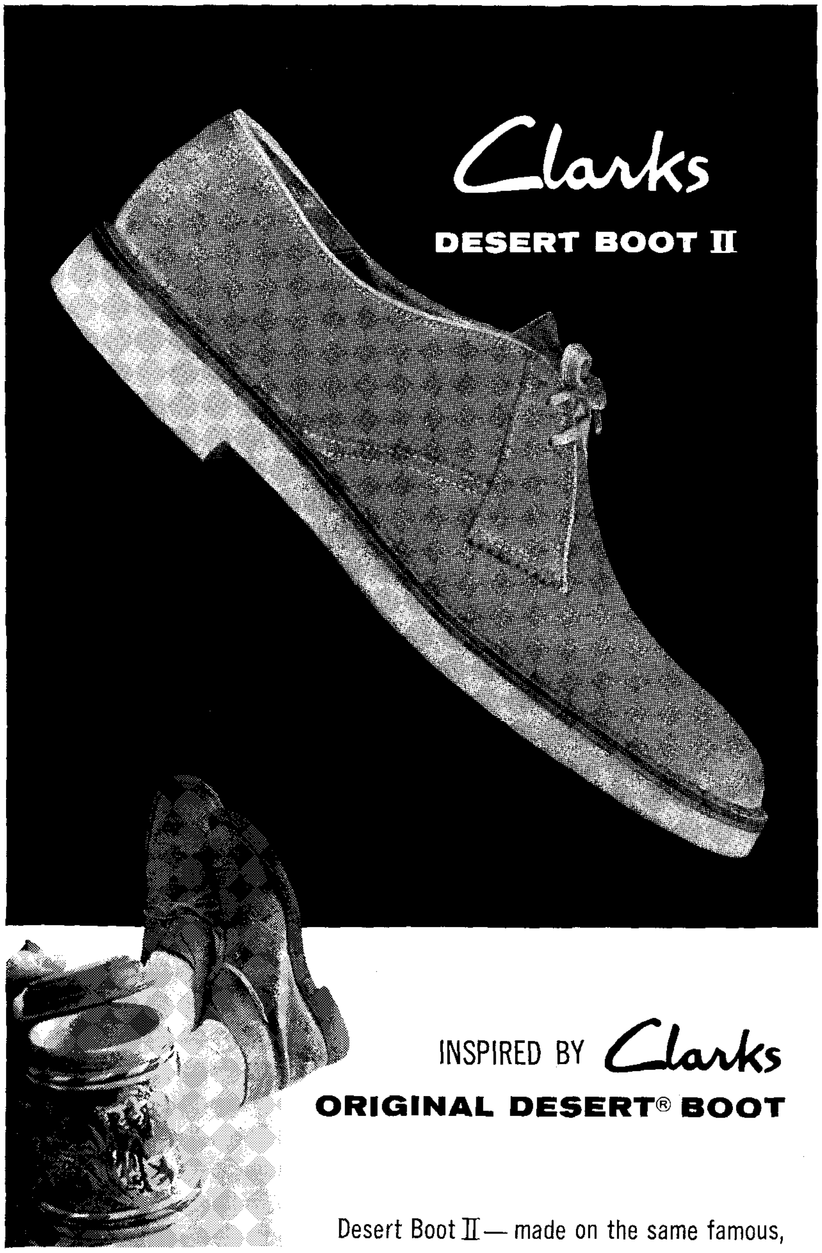
give him more time in a smaller class, he could have progressed."

Greenfield left me to pick up a small girl who had fallen while running. When he returned, he said, "And sometimes when there is something you can do, it's not enough. In that second grade one year, there was a bright-faced little girl of seven, Mandy. She would cock her head to one side at about a thirty-degree angle, and as she smiled her whole face, especially her eyes, would just light right up. From the neck down she was a combination of sores and old, dirty, torn clothes—a most unattractive morsel. But from the neck up—a fount of life. She was bright, but she was so busy defending herself, so preoccupied with struggling to live, that she couldn't stop to listen. And, what was worst of all for her, she couldn't afford to make a mistake, to be wrong—not ever. I tried to teach her that mistakes were permitted without loss of love or status. But it seemed as if I couldn't communicate with her. She was emotionally overloading every situation, precluding any chance to see anything with clarity. Nevertheless, the cumulative effect of an accepting environment—day by day in the classroom—had its impact. As she felt more secure, she could relax enough to listen, at least when other children were involved. Finally, a breakthrough came. That March, about six months into the school year, I was going through a comparable situation with a girl named Lisa. She, too, had so much emotional investment in not making a mistake that she couldn't digest what I was saying. But Mandy, sitting there, not directly involved, could identify with Lisa and see herself in a similar situation with me. In the middle of something I was saying to Lisa, Mandy suddenly said to me, 'Hey, Big Nose!' For about the first time, she was expressing a positive awareness of me. I stopped talking to Lisa momentarily, because I thought the interruption was important, and I looked into Mandy's eyes and smiled and said 'Hi!' And then I went back to Lisa. For the next couple of days, Mandy was unusually silent and watchful of me. I knew something was going on, but I wasn't sure what it could be. On the third day, again while I was speaking to Lisa, Mandy interrupted, in a tone I can only describe as harshly forced, with 'Hey, Stupid!' Having had her warmth accepted, even when it was obliquely expressed, she was trying to find out how her hostility would be received. At least, that was my guess. I pretended to be angry, and said in my best angry tone, 'Don't you *dare* call



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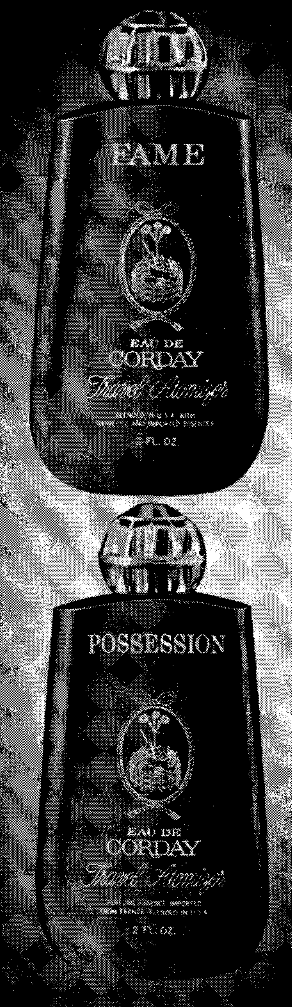

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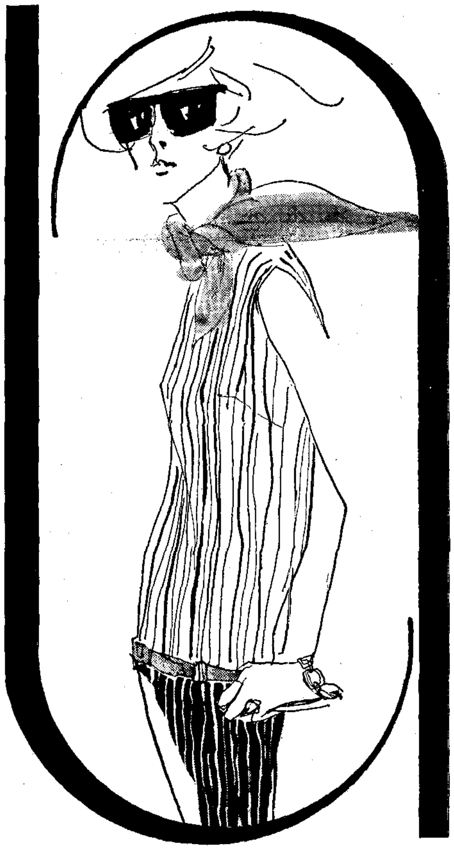
me Stupid. My name is Big Nose.' Mandy looked at me for a long time, and somehow she understood. Her wild, contemptuous manner was not acceptable, but her positive connection to me had been firmly established. If I had said my name was Mr. Greenfield, insisting on respect for my authority, she would have felt that all her feelings were unacceptable. Well, from then until June, it was mostly gravy. Her behavior improved noticeably and her work leaped forward. It was an amazing turnabout. But I was her teacher, not her father. And in June it ended. I knew of no way to prevent the terrible impact of separation on Mandy. Two summers and a year with another teacher have gone by—a good teacher, but not one with a big nose. And the sweet side of Mandy—the beautiful human being who had begun to emerge, the real girl—has slowly receded. I suppose I should be realistic about it. There was nothing more I could have done. She wasn't my responsibility after she had left my class. But I don't feel good about it. It's a lousy feeling to be so helpless in the face of reality." Greenfield was silent. "That's the job," he said, and he called his children together to go back to their classroom.

TWO mornings later, I looked in on the kindergarten class of Mrs. Marguerite Butler—the one in which John had taken to spending some of his time. Mrs. Butler, a calm, pleasant woman in her thirties, was collecting crayons from the children. John, in a black sweater and blue jeans, sat in a far corner, chewing gum. I nodded to him. There was no response. "It's one of his off days," Mrs. Butler said. "He's sort of belligerent this morning, and I'm trying to ignore him. On his good days, he plays records for the children and works with them building with blocks. They look up to him. And sometimes he treats them. Yesterday he brought an ice-cream cone to the child who had done best with the blocks."

John rose and began handing out crackers and cups of juice to the children—there were twenty-two of them, and they were all sitting at low tables. A little boy yelled at a girl next to him, and John picked up a drumstick and rapped him on the head.

"I asked John this morning if he'd had breakfast," Mrs. Butler said. "He wouldn't answer. I suspect that's one of the things wrong with him today. I hoped *he'd* take some juice and cookies, but he's too proud. Quite a few of the little ones also come in without breakfast. Many of these children are



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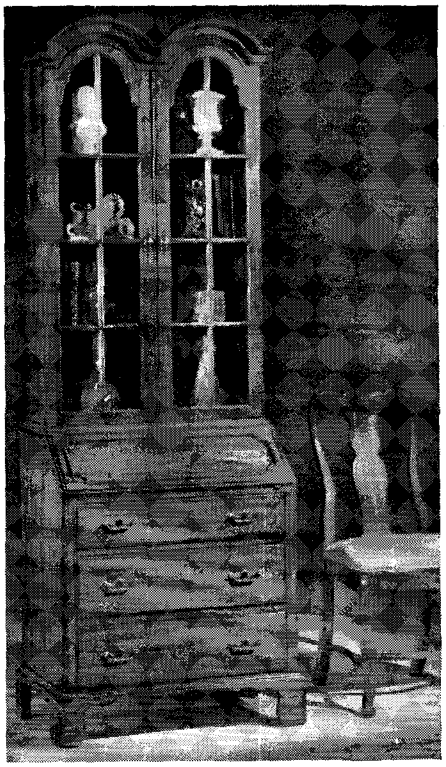

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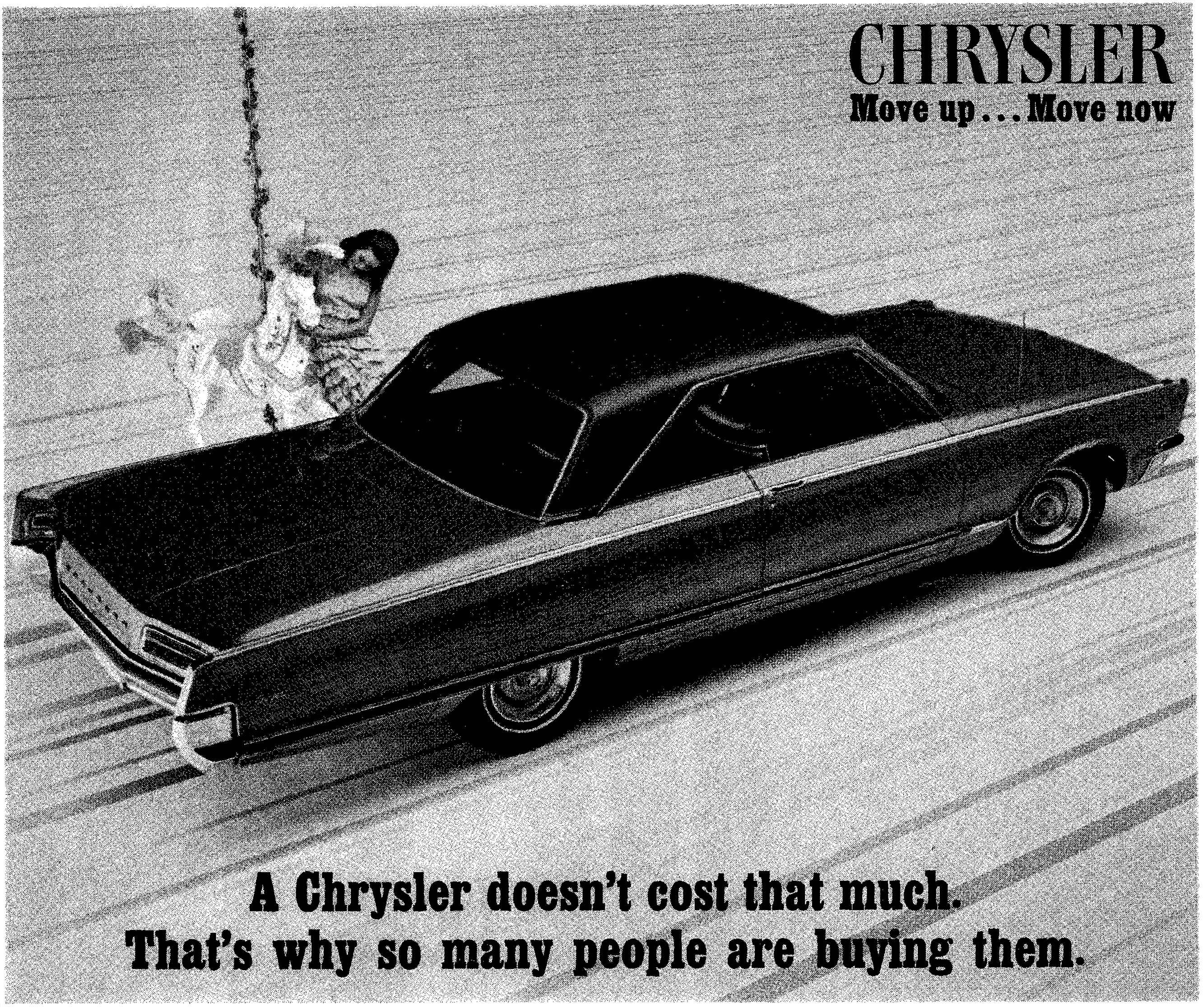

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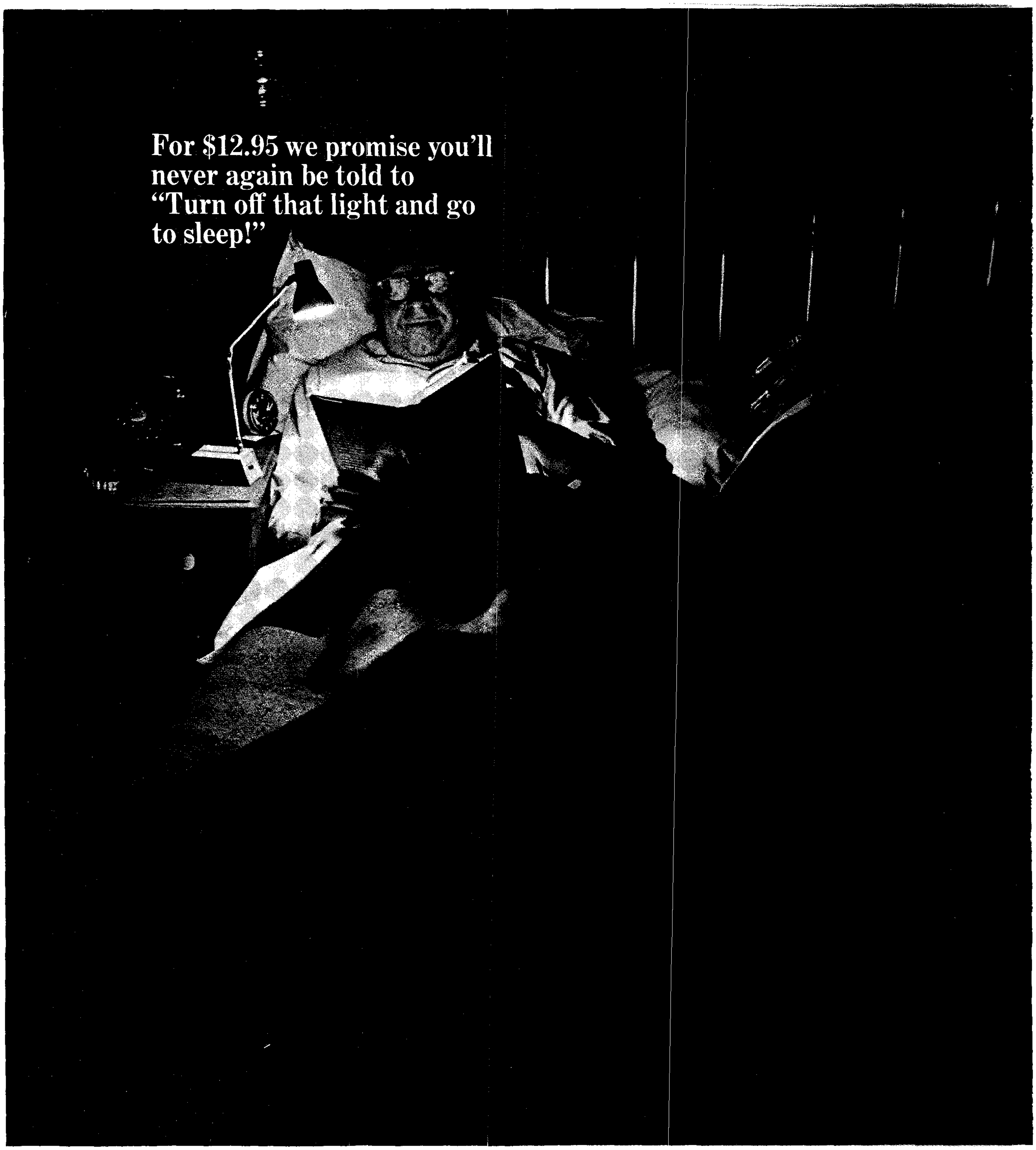
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quite bright, but it's not easy to release their potential. At the beginning of the year, several didn't know their own names. They answered to other children's names. Some didn't know how to use crayons, because they hadn't seen any before. But once they're exposed to this whole new world of school, they soak it up like a sponge. Most of them."

At rest time, all the children except one little girl put their heads down on the tables. "Lay down," said John to the nonconformist. "Or I'll smack you."

"A funny boy, John," Mrs. Butler said. "He came in this morning, saw my desk was full of junk, and cleaned it up. But then he sulked. Yesterday, I asked him if he'd like to come in at a definite time each day and read a story to the children, and he seemed very happy about the idea. We'll see."

I asked Mrs. Butler whether many of the parents of her pupils visited the school.

"Quite a few this year," she said. "Some you never see. I don't believe in waiting until a child has problems to send for a parent. Even if a child is doing very well, I'll send a note home asking the parent to come in. And I do some visiting in the homes. But there are parents who are not eager to have you see the way they live. They may be poor, but they have their pride."

John had put his porkpie hat on. Mrs. Butler looked hard at him across the room and said, "John, men don't wear hats indoors, do they?"

"No," said John. The hat stayed on.

"John, you can't help *them* if you don't know what to do yourself," Mrs. Butler said, indicating the children.

John pulled the hat off and began prowling around the tables where the children were resting. He raised his hand to hit a little boy who was whispering, but when Mrs. Butler frowned, he walked on by.

"John likes the idea of supervising and bossing, but he doesn't quite know how to do it," she said. "I'll have to talk to him again about leaving the discipline to me."

As I left Mrs. Butler's classroom, a file of five- and six-year-old children was coming down a flight of stairs from the third floor. One youngster stepped out of line, and a teacher, her face very sour, pushed him back in. "You should be in *sub*kindergarten," she growled. "If you don't behave, you'll be suspended." As she marched down the stairs, I noticed a girl in braids, her arms akimbo, standing behind her. The girl looked at the teacher's back not

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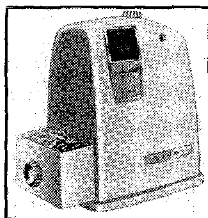

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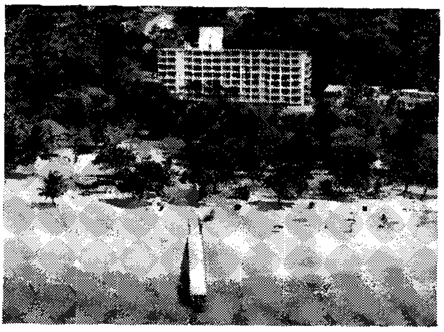
with antagonism but with amused disdain.

WHEN I told Shapiro about the teacher on the stairs, he looked pained. "That's terrible," he said. "I know who it is. I've talked to her a number of times about yelling at the children. She has been doing better, but I'll have to talk to her again. Maybe she had a bad time with her husband this morning. I feel very weary when I hear about things like that, because even if I indicate my displeasure with teachers who say this kind of thing, their lack of knowledge of group dynamics will come out in another way. What we really need are workshops in group dynamics and group therapy for the teachers, especially teachers of young children. I ran such a workshop once for a year at the Institute for Gestalt Therapy. We had about ten in the class—private-school and public-school teachers. Then I tried it at City College, but there were thirty-five in the class, and that was too many. Sometimes what comes to the surface can be very wounding, and there's no chance to assuage the hurt before the period ends. We need small groups—no more than eight teachers—and the workshops should last one or two years, under instructors who have had expert training in psychology."

Since my last visit to P.S. 119, I told Shapiro, I had heard some criticism of his methods from a woman he knew of, who has long been active in organizations devoted to bringing about greater integration in the public schools and to improving the education of all slum children. She had told me that, though she admired Shapiro very much, she still felt that his students weren't scoring as high as they should in tests. "It may be that all the understanding they get in that school, while it does help them develop a better self-image, doesn't help them achieve," she had said. "Shapiro is like from another world. He has the kind of values all of us ought to have. But when those kids leave the school, they aren't going into his kind of world. They're going into a world that's increasingly competitive, and increasingly automated as well. Maybe it damages a kid to push him, but I keep wondering whether Shapiro isn't damaging them in another way. Are his kids going to have enough competitive drive to do more than survive?" I told Shapiro what the woman had said and asked him what he thought of it.

"I agree with her, at least on the point that our children don't achieve



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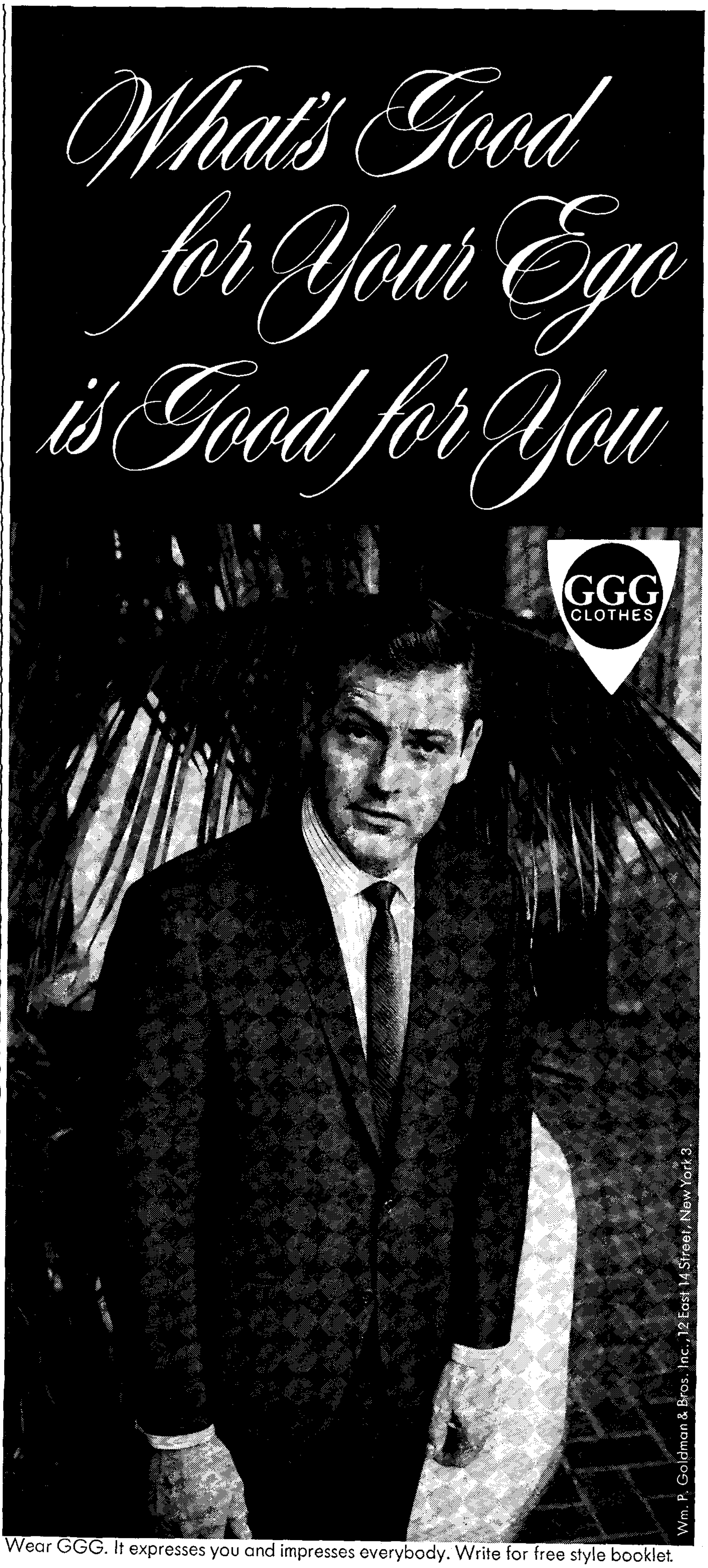
enough," he said. "We're far behind. And yet our children are achieving more, as a group, than children used to achieve here in the past, and there is *no* school in a poverty-stricken neighborhood in which children are any more successful at reaching a plateau of reasonable efficiency. And our children are at least achieving the courage of their convictions. The very fact that Mr. Marcus's fifth-graders were able to write critically to publishers and to superintendents about the inadequacies of social-studies textbooks is an indication that they may have the spirit to contend with what lies ahead. It's just because the children *are* going to have to live in an automated world that it's imperative for them to remain human beings. This is one more reason that it's vital for children of all kinds of backgrounds to be in small enough classes so that they can have close and pleasurable relationships with adults. All of us are becoming more and more like I.B.M. machines in an increasingly organized and rationalized society, and all children ought to have the experience of real human contact, so they'll remember later on that human contact is both permissible and pleasurable. And our kids, of course, need that most of all."

I asked Shapiro about an observation I had heard from a parent of a child in his school that at P.S. 119 it was the middle group—rather than the best and the worst of students—that was often overlooked.

He nodded. "Around 1955, I became aware of the fact that no child in the school at the time was going to make it to college," he said. "It seemed to me that we therefore had to put a sizable amount of the resources we had into working with those children who seemed to be the most likely achievers. And since those resources were so few, we had very little left over. Now, barring catastrophic circumstances in junior high school, in high school, in their lives, and in the community, twenty per cent of our children have a good chance to reach college. That's a great improvement, but the degree of our deprivation can be measured by the fact that sixty per cent of *all* children in the country are now reaching college. What about the others here? While we were focussing most of our energy and resources on the better achievers, we were also trying to make the entire school a place more favorable, as it were, for human contact—a freer place in which to teach and in which to be a child. Gradually, we were able to develop a relatively stable staff, so that the middle range of chil-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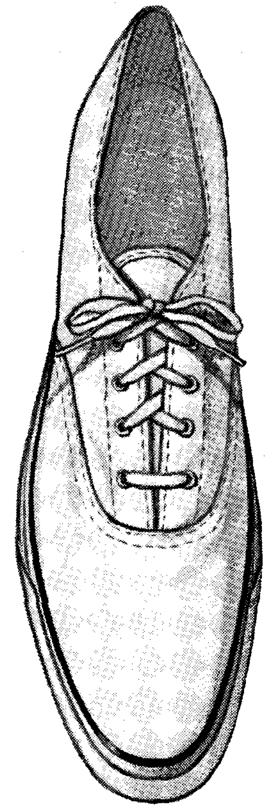

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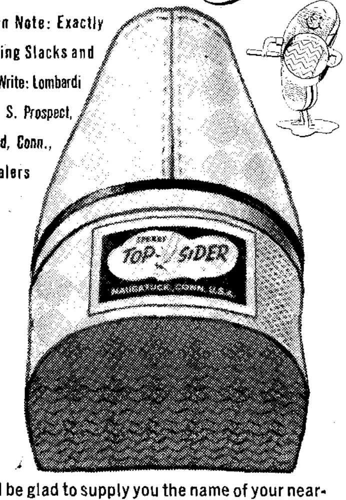

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dren would have a sequence of teachers who were relatively more experienced than those the children used to have here. And there has been some degree of improvement in the achievement of the middle children. But the fact remains that after we get past the best achievers, there is a precipitous drop. We have a long way to go. And we need a great deal of help.

"What we particularly need, of course, is smaller classes," Shapiro said. "A start has been made in that direction by the More Effective Schools plan that was adopted in the city a couple of years ago, and it's an example, by the way, of how a strong teachers' union can institute basic changes in the school system. Essentially, the plan was formulated by the U.F.T., although the plan the union advanced was initially rejected. Finally, the superintendent of schools set up three groups of planners—one from headquarters, one from supervisory personnel, and one from the U.F.T. Only the U.F.T. came in with a cohesive plan, and that was the one adopted, with some additions, compromises, and improvements. The U.F.T. plan provided, for example, that no More Effective School would contain more than eight hundred pupils. The compromise was one thousand. But what did go through involved greatly increasing the number of teachers and specialists and greatly reducing the size of classes—cutting them in half in certain schools. I was a consultant on class size, incidentally, and I recommended one adult to twelve children. In 'Slums and Suburbs,' you may remember, Conant pointed out that in the wealthiest suburban areas the ratio is one to fourteen. The idea of reducing class sizes that drastically was turned down twice by the Board of Education—almost scornfully. They called the idea visionary, because, they said, there weren't enough teachers. But we're at the end of the teacher shortage. The first wave of Second World War babies is moving into adulthood, and many of them are becoming teachers, so it's unrealistic to keep planning on the basis of a lasting shortage of teachers. At any rate, the More Effective School program did get a small start in ten elementary schools in September of 1964, and about ten more were added a year later, but no funds are being allocated to extend the program. Despite all the drawbacks, the most recent test scores indicate that the plan is working. For the first time in recorded history, as far as I know, children in slum neighborhoods are achieving one month's scheduled improvement—or better—for each

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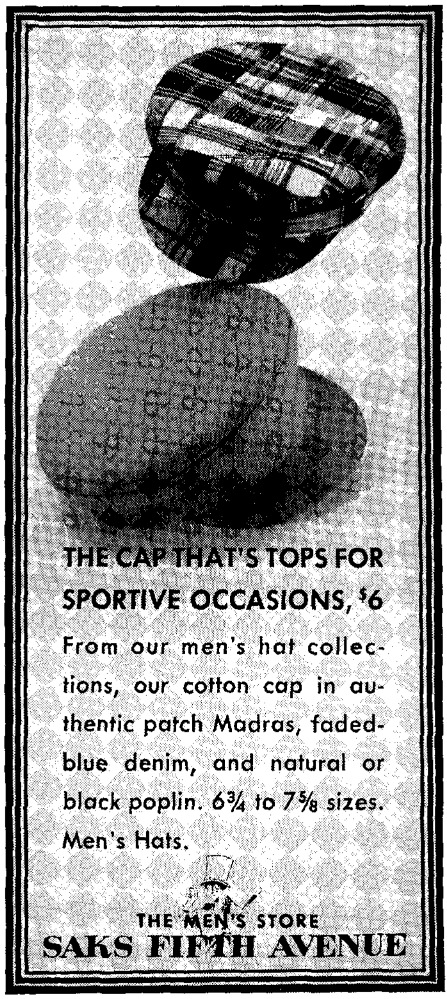

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month they're in class. But despite these signs of success, there are strong forces in the system that are opposed to a really substantial increase in the number of More Effective Schools. My guess is that those people are worried about costs. They forget that children are worth everything we can give them."

A tall young Negro with glasses had come into Shapiro's office while he was talking, and Shapiro introduced me to him. He was the caseworker with the Bureau of Attendance who had been assigned to John. The principal excused himself after a secretary beckoned to him from the outer office to let him know that a child wanted to see him, and when we were alone, the caseworker began comparing Shapiro with other principals he dealt with. "Most of them don't want to make any waves," he said. "Waves might mean trouble—might blemish their record with the Board. So their schools are little ivory towers, with nobody taking any responsibility for what's going on in the community. Some principals are so damn insecure they actually try to isolate their schools from the community. They're just plain afraid, and both the staff and the children sense the fear. In schools like that, the children are really in control. The reactions of the staff and the supervisory personnel are built around their fear of the children."

At that moment, John himself appeared in the doorway. In his right hand was a gun. "If that's loaded—" the caseworker said. He held up a hand as if to defend himself, and John shot a thin stream of water against it. The boy doubled over with laughter. As he went over to the copying machine and set to work, he was still laughing.

The caseworker smiled and took up the thread of what he had been telling me. "I get around to about twenty-five schools in the Harlem area, and, believe me, Dr. Shapiro is *very* unusual. He never underestimates what these kids *could* become. Why, sheltered children exposed to what these kids go through would collapse right away. Some of these kids can be caught in time and given help. Even some of the ones who don't get help will live reasonably O.K. lives, except that they'll never realize anything like their full potential. And some, of course, are just plain doomed." —NAT HENTOFF

•

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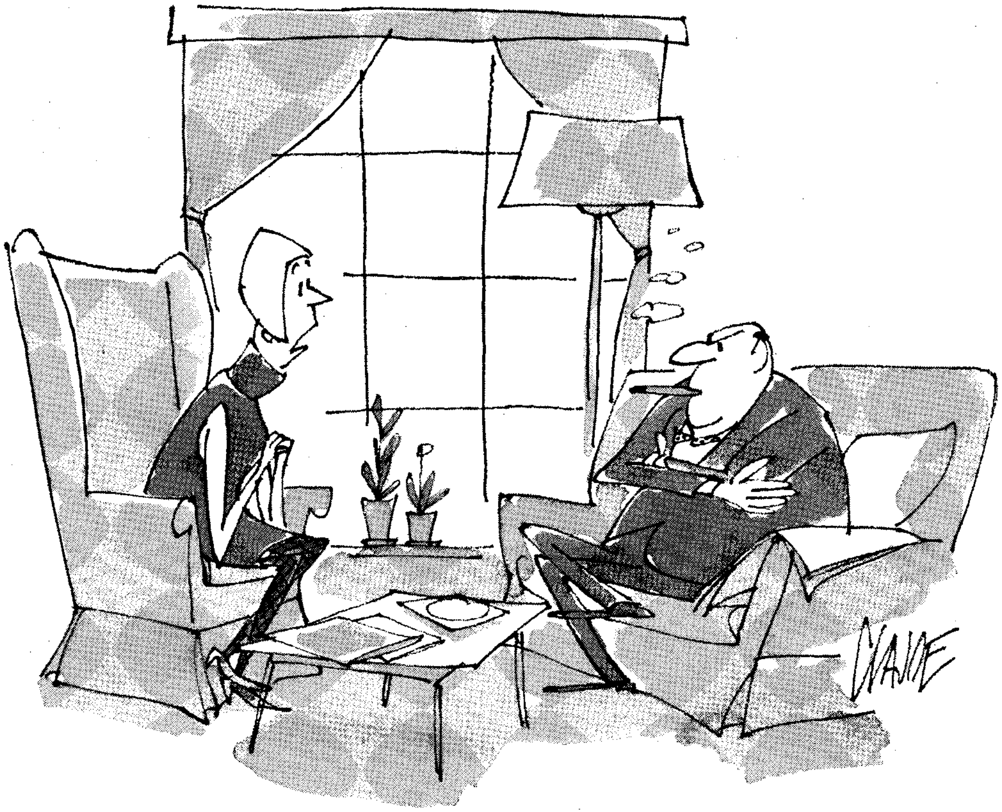
OFF BROADWAY

"THE WORLD OF GÜNTER GRASS" is a program of selections from the novels and poems of the modern German writer, performed and recited by five actors (4 m, 1 f) at the Pocket. When the audience enters the theatre, the curtain is up, and a photograph of the author, projected onto a large screen on a platform upstage, announces the "Grass on Grass" intentions of the management or of Dennis Rosa, who made the adaptation and was responsible for the direction. The parallel doesn't exactly hold. Brecht was nothing if not theatrical (in the best and worst meanings of the word); Grass, from the evidence here assembled, is occasionally dramatic, more often not so, and never stagy. There are no high stools. The actors hold on to their assigned roles through both acts, give or take a metamorphosis here and there. The evening, as a whole, is sometimes an evocation, sometimes just a try at it, of the German soul. "The World of Günter Grass" is a void—the terrible spiritual void of Germany during the Nazi years (Act I) and during the years after the war (Act II). It is composed of allegory, talking animals, and Germanic irony and scorn, which doesn't sound very promising. Yet such is Grass's talent, passion, and wit that they combine to make a moving and quite impressive show, which even in translation is the work of a poet.

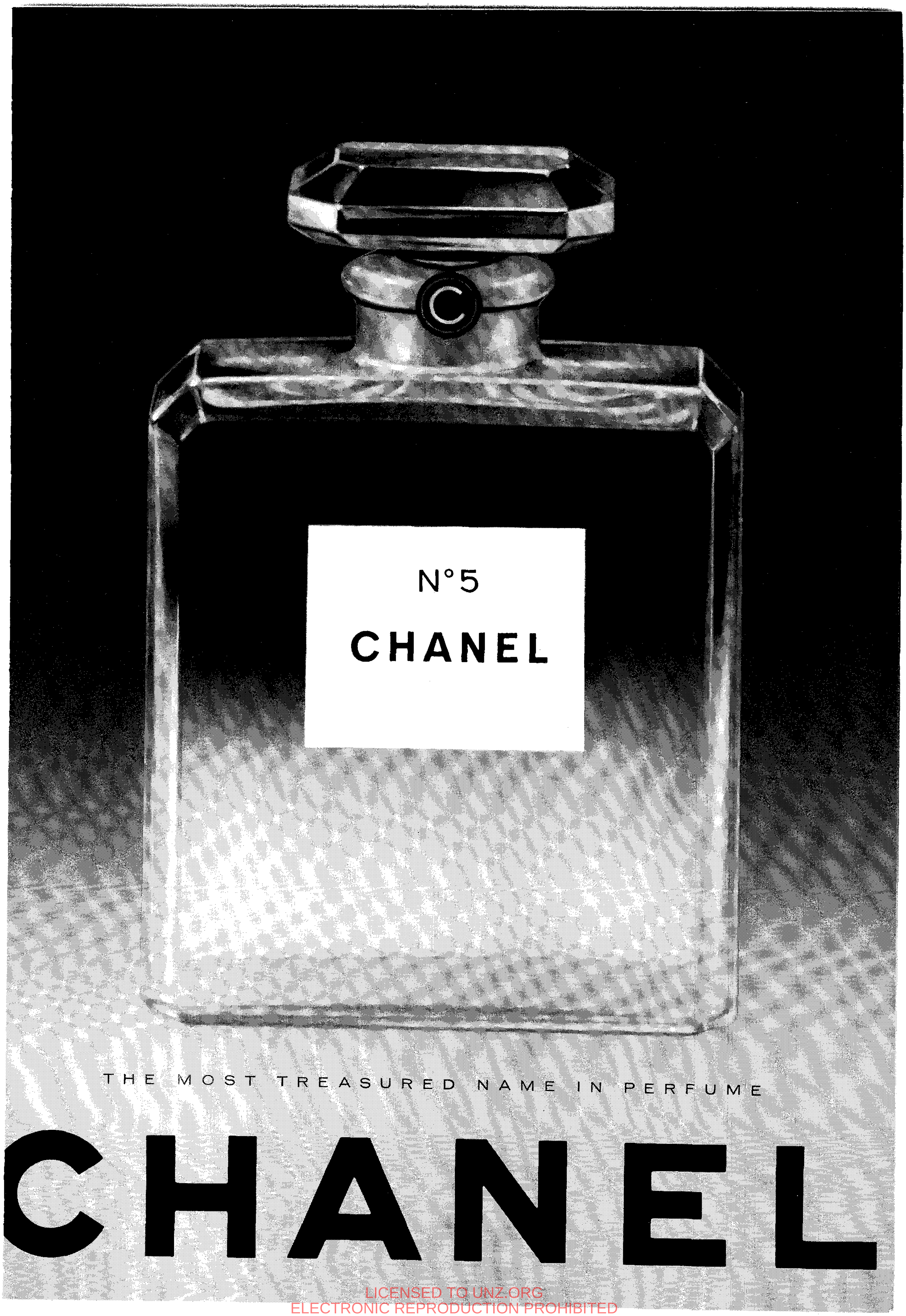
At the opening, a character called The Poet walks down a ramp to the front of the stage, which is set, in an impressionistic sort of way, as a corner of a gutted city, and as he speaks he picks up rubble and bricks, which he handles significantly. Before long, we are awash in imagery and symbols, both verbal and visual. Pictures flash continuously on the big center screen and on two smaller ones at its sides—photographs of crowd scenes, maps, rivers, a newsreel of marching soldiers speeded up and reversed, in rhythm, to make a kind of trick dance, and a number of portraits of people and animals. The Poet tells us something to the effect that he was born (map of Danzig on middle screen) between the Holy Ghost (dove on right-hand screen) and—pause—(Hitler on left-hand screen). The themes—they can hardly be called stories—from the novels ("The Tin Drum," "Dog Years," and "Cat and Mouse") run alternately. First, Oskar, a dwarf who flung himself down a flight of stairs at the age of three and has never grown since, tells and acts out the story of his life as he beats a child's drum to keep "the necessary distance" between himself and the grownups, drowning out, with his rat-tat-tats, their lies and fatuities. He also discusses and demonstrates his ability to shatter or nick or crack glass with a peculiar scream. He is played, by the way, by Joe Servello, a fellow of normal size standing erect. Then a man with a dog's head tells us that he has been Hitler's dog, Prinz, and he describes (with illustrations overhead) his flight from his master when he senses that defeat is coming. A man and woman, dressed as rats, crouch under an umbrella in what is presumably torrential rain, and finally decide, as they make their getaway, that deserting a sinking land is no different from deserting a sinking ship. It all sounds awful, but somehow it isn't. The Poet comes in from time to time. There are no scenes, strictly speaking, in the first act. All the interest—considerable, for me—lies in the words. The second, postwar act is almost entirely taken up with a kind of kangaroo trial. The male rat, now a man, is the leader of a free-discussion group in the new free Germany. The female rat, now a woman, is his piping, shrewd assistant. The dog, now a man, is the Subject Under Discussion, and he is relentlessly pinned down, with any number of tricks, into admitting that he was once a vicious Storm Trooper and is also Prinz, in disguise and on the lam. At the end, Oskar the dwarf emerges from an insane asylum, and the animal heads are back in place on the three others.

Richard Morse is The Poet, Philip Baker Hall is the dog, and Charles Durning and Judith Granite are the rats. All of them do well. Mr. Durning does very well indeed. Richard Seger designed the setting, which is effective.



"We never agree on the top ten anything anymore!"

ONCE the spell of "Bohikee Creek" wears off—a matter, for me, of around half an hour—it becomes evident that the actors are more responsible for it than the dramatist. The play, which opened last week at Stage 73, is the first by Robert Unger to be produced here. It is made up of four unconnected scenes—dialogues, really—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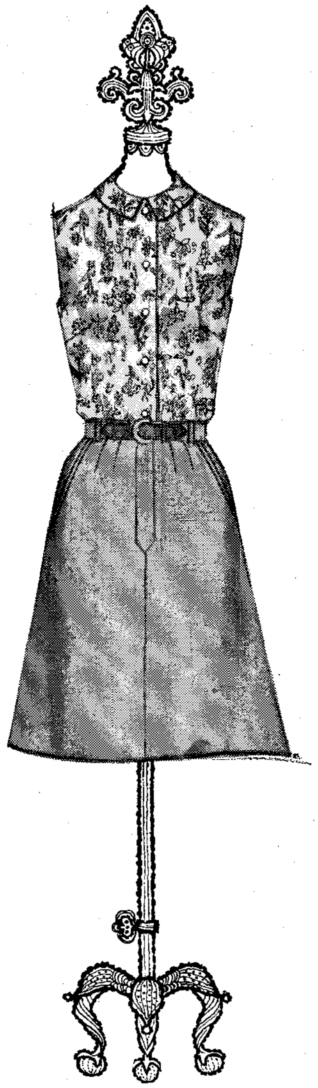

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all of them about Negroes and all of them set at one point or another along the banks of a creek that flows through South Carolina. Each of the scenes is introduced by a singer named Richard Havens, as four stagehands arrange gray-painted platforms and slats into whatever setting is required. Whereas Mr. Unger is a beginner, the company is a group of experienced performers, some of whom are as good as they come. In the first scene, James Earl Jones appears as an efficient, impatient young surveyor from the North. He is at work, supervising the wrecking of the last house on a sandbar in a swamp that is shortly to be filled in for a shopping center. The house turns out to be occupied. An old woman is still living there, and she is discovered just before the crane and the wrecking ball swing in. The old woman, nicely played by Georgia Burke, pleads with him, using a coddling, flattering line of chatter. His sort of man is as unfamiliar to her as an educated white Northerner would be, and she expects him to be susceptible to this kind of malarkey. He is not to be deflected from his purpose, but she does get to him. In a rather touching moment, Mr. Jones sheds his white helmet, his dark glasses, and his walkie-talkie, along with his patronizing manner, and kneels down beside her to explain what progress means. By the way, Mr. Jones has also shed many of the annoying mannerisms that so often used to trip him up—or perhaps I mean trip me up when I wanted to believe what he was doing. Moses Gunn puts in a couple of brief, indelible appearances as his timid, jittery, urgent partner, the man at the other end of that walkie-talkie.

The second scene is a pastoral sketch—a conversation that takes place between a couple of high-school boys, as they fish and try wrestling holds and get acquainted. One of them is a local boy, relaxed, at home, and confident. The other is an exchange student from Nigeria. His manner is formal and diffident, but it soon becomes clear that he is much surer of himself—who he is and where he is going—than his new friend is. What a boy who has been to school in England, France, Belgium, and Switzerland is doing in Bohikee is a question the dramatist leaves unanswered, but I can't say it bothered me. Wayne Grice and Dennis Tate are the boys, and I enjoyed both of them.

The setting for the third scene is a clearing at the water's edge. A young woman from the North tries to impress a not noticeably impressionable indigene, a shrimp-cutter by trade, with her sensitivity, refinement, and educated ways, and, at the same time, to tempt him into a proposal. Mr. Gunn, listening to her chatter and watching her clumsily stumble through an interpretive dance ("just old shake bottom to me"), cuts through all her affectation to the whore he knows she has been, and decides to teach her a lesson. Before the decision, he sits beside a windup phonograph, his anger and fire banked, his face a blank, but his eyes wary, cynical, and amused. Every once in a while, when he makes a deflating statement, he is very funny. It is a fine performance. Billie Allen, a pretty girl who was very good, several years ago, in "Funny House of a Negro," is rather sad and amusing, and generally does what can be done with a patently sketchy and synthetic character.

A pair of clammers lounge on a wharf in the final scene. It is dusk, and they are waiting for the shrimp fishermen to park their boats and come chugging in to shore, stopping off for clams on their way home. The younger of the two is an agreeable, slow-witted, but not stupid country boy, ready with the expected joshing affability and the "yes-suh"s and "nosuh"s as he tosses the bundles of clams to the fishermen. (Mr. Jones is even better, this time around.) The older, more serious and self-contained, is a Navy veteran (Julius Harris does well, too). Their talk is desultory and unruffled, but it keeps returning to a friend of theirs who has just been killed by the Klan and to a couple of fishermen whom they dislike. They decide that something has to be done about Klan killings, and, in an indirect and somewhat addled way, they do something.

Mr. Unger's play simply isn't good enough. The violent climaxes of three of the four scenes—destruction, rape, murder—are no substitute for real dramatic energy and invention, the characters and ideas don't cut very deep, and many of the situations are too pat and tidy. Nevertheless, it is a first play, and I can see no point in picking away at it. Besides, I kind of liked it. It is rational and not self-absorbed, which makes a refreshing change. It does have an atmosphere, a feeling of place, and many effective moments, no matter how fleeting their effect may be. It has lines that can be spoken and parts that can be played, and, currently, it has a company that is certainly worth seeing.

—Edith Oliver

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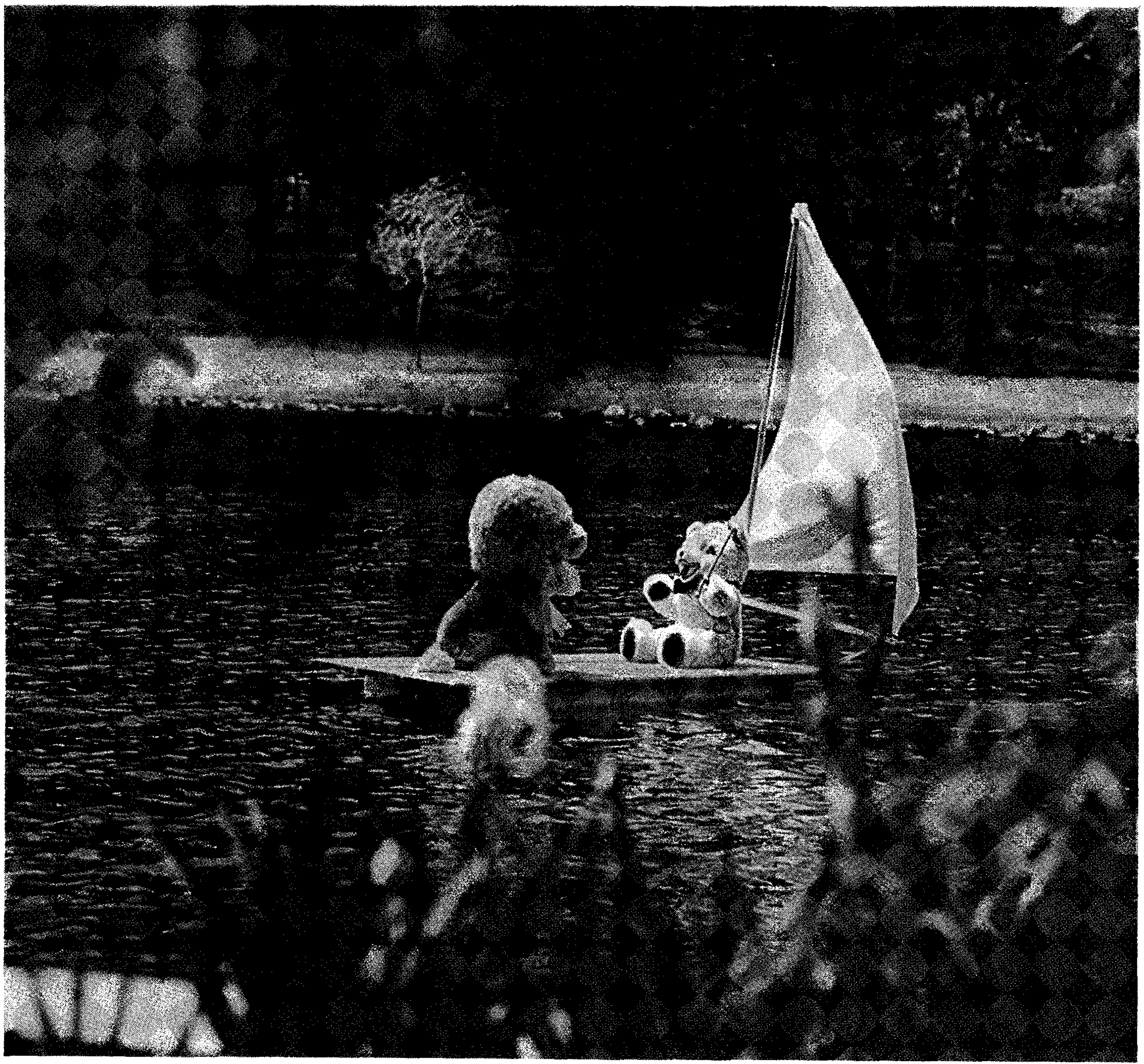

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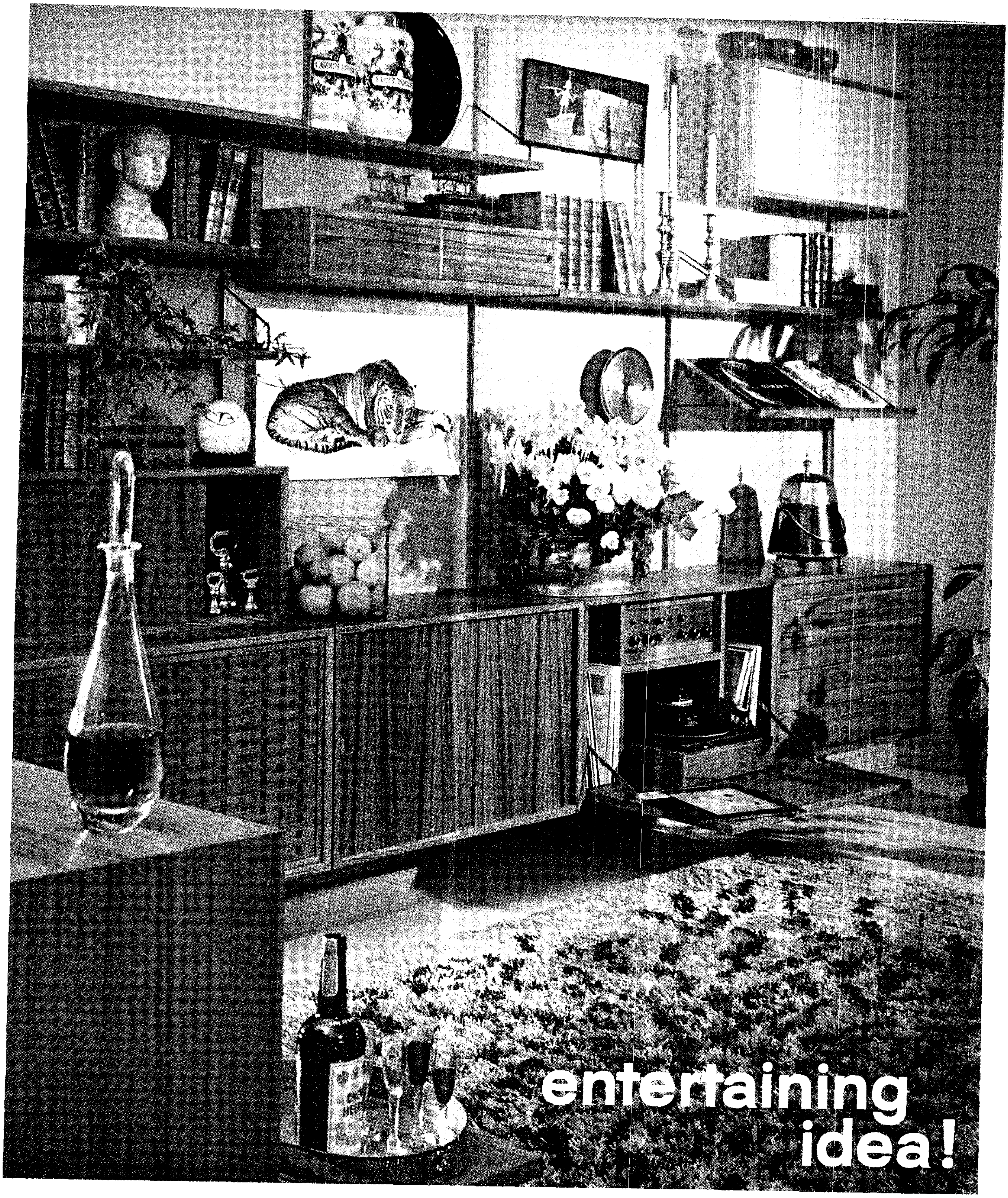

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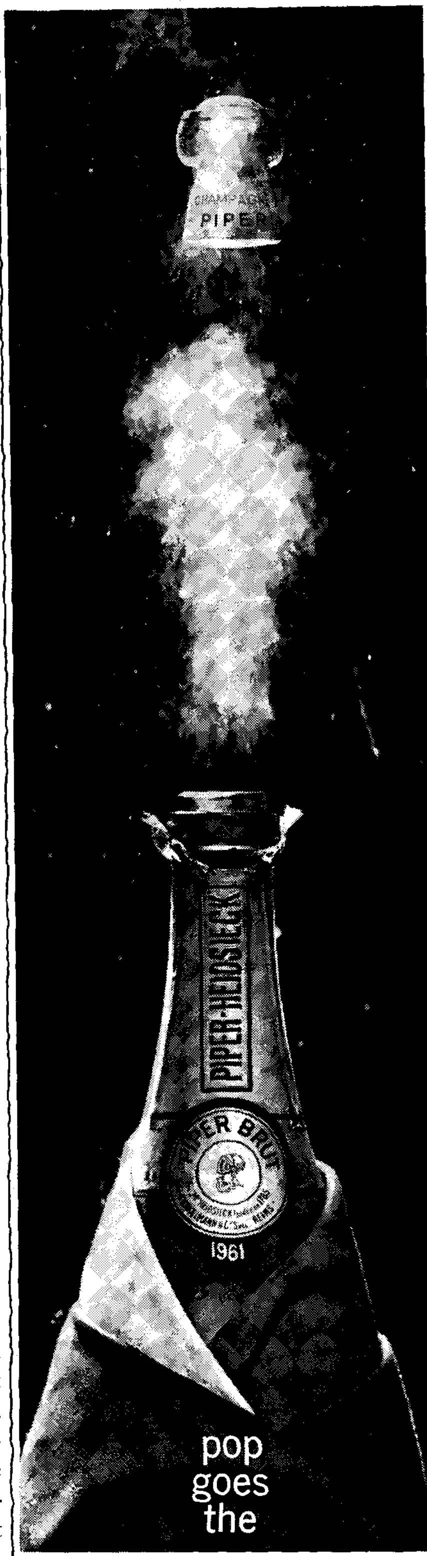
MUSICAL EVENTS

Russian Spring

WHETHER Igor Stravinsky, who has always been a stickler for precise adherence to blueprints, would approve of the Bolshoi Ballet version of "The Rite of Spring," I do not know. Certainly, the present production does not bear much resemblance to the original Stravinsky-Roerich-Nijinsky work, which astounded balletgoers in Paris in 1913. The contributions of Roerich and Nijinsky are conspicuously absent, and the present choreographers, Natalia Kasatkina and Vladimir Vasiliov, have introduced sex into the plot. The Chosen One does not dance herself to death, as in the original, but is sacrificed by a hysterical-looking woman called The Possessed and a very agile graybeard called The Eldest. She is also provided with a boy friend, The Shepherd, who tries his best to forestall the sacrifice. All this happens in the neighborhood of a wooden idol, of primitive workmanship, which stands in a grove of trees, some of them truncated (one supposes for ritual purposes). Speaking for myself, I find this introduction of a romantic element a distinct improvement, for one very simple reason. Genuine tragedy, for once, becomes a part of "The Rite," and at the end one feels sorry rather than just vaguely horrified. One's emotional involvement in the proceedings was enhanced no end on Tuesday evening of last week at the old Metropolitan Opera House by the dancing of Nina Sorokina, one of the most refreshing and exuberant members of the company, as The Chosen One, and of her partner, Yuri Vladimirov, another of those spectacular leapers with whom the Bolshoi is so generously endowed. The costumes were more convincing than those of the last "Rite of Spring" seen here—that of the British Royal Ballet—and while there were some hot pursuits of dishevelled women by bearded men at the beginning that suggested James Thurber's cartoons of the War Between the Sexes, the total effect was about as exciting as that of any "Rite" I have ever seen. The music, though cut here and there, was led with admirable effect by Gennady Rozhdestvensky.

This performance of "The Rite" was preceded by two items of mixed quality. The evening began with "Chopiniana," which is apparently Russian for "Les Sylphides," and this most durable of Fokine ballets was provided with a loud performance of the "Polonaise Militaire," as an overture, and done with an atrocious backdrop, inappropriate vigor, and no sense of style whatever. "Chopiniana" was followed by a group of divertissements from "Raymonda," some of them familiar, and these were brought off with the bravura that is the Bolshoi's specialty, Maya Plisetskaya and Nicolai Fadeyechev producing prodigies of self-conscious athleticism of the sort that seems to say "Aren't we stupendous?" And they were.

But if anybody told me he could attend only one performance by the Bolshoi company, and asked me which one to go to, I should unhesitatingly recommend "The Nutcracker." I say this merely on the strength of having seen the second, and most important, part of it on Thursday evening, this owing to a conflict that will presently be apparent. This ballet, too, has been rearranged. Its present choreographer, Yuri Grigorovich, has changed things so that the roles of the Sugar Plum Fairy and the child Marie (or Masha) have been merged; the divertissements are more freely distributed than they have been in the performances that we have seen here; the other children have been eliminated, their parts being taken by adults; and the Nutcracker-Prince is given more heroic proportions. You might think that all this is of slight importance in a ballet of such a disarmingly childlike nature, but it *does* make a difference. It provides greater coherence, and it gives the Christmas dream of Marie more credibility, since she takes an active part in it as the Sugar Plum Fairy. The scenery, devised by Simon Virsaladze, is about the most lavish I have seen on any stage, except, perhaps, in Radio City Music Hall. In the part I saw on Thursday night, a sailboat floats in the sky, or, to be exact, high up on the section of Christmas tree that forms the background, and the two principals, Marie-Sugar Plum and the Nutcracker-Prince, are seen waving from it, twenty-five feet above the stage. The Master of the Dolls—a Hoffmannesque old gent in a tailcoat—does most of his travelling at the same height on an invisible



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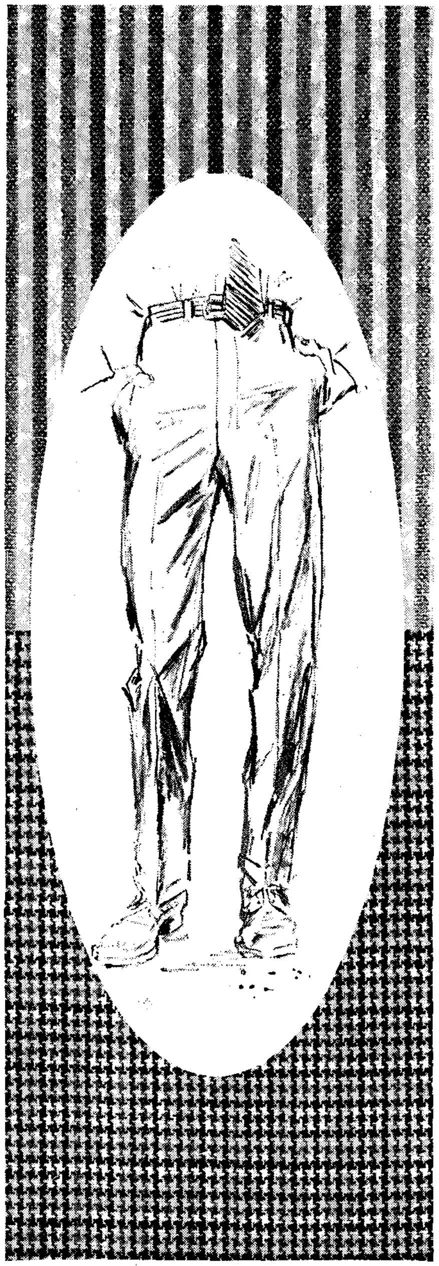

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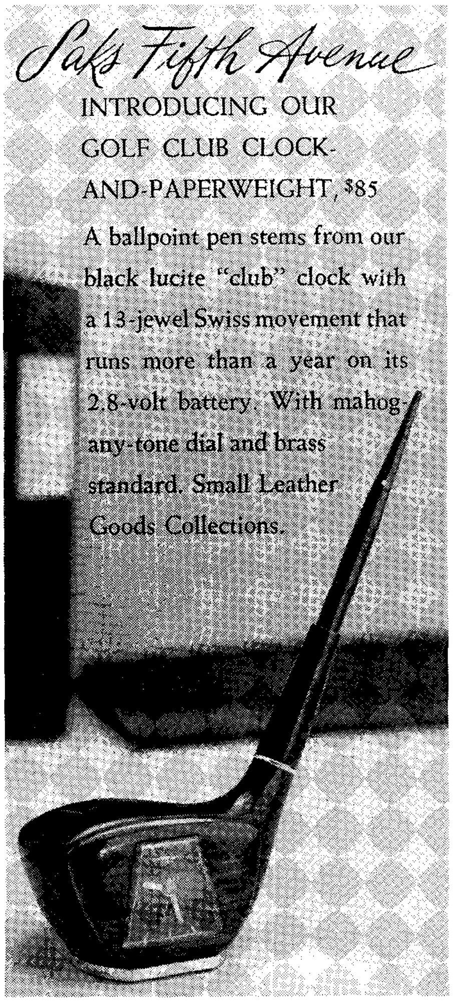
string, like a puppet. There are butterflies, fish, and other scenic wonders. Considered simply as a spectacle, the Bolshoi "Nutcracker" is a knockout. But there is dancing, too, and some of it is more stirring and more appropriately choreographed than anything else I have seen during the company's current season. The finest of it is done by Ekaterina Maximova as Marie-Sugar Plum and Vladimir Vasiliev as the Nutcracker-Prince—the latter in fire-engine-red tights. Miss Maximova is enchanting, and Mr. Vasiliev brings a combination of nobility and delicacy to his role that is rare in this company, or, for that matter, anywhere else. Among other memorable moments the other night were the whirling leaps of Esfandiar Kashani, as the male Chinese doll, and an amusing dance of a shepherd and shepherdess, who trailed a toy sheep behind them on a string.

THE American Opera Society's concert production of Bellini's "Il Pirata" on Monday evening of last week, in Carnegie Hall, was not one of its happier efforts. It is true that Monserrat Caballé, dressed in a blue sari and with a caste mark in the middle of her forehead, sang the role of the doomed and miserable Imogene with a great many melting high pianissimos. It is true that her husband, Bernabé Martí, a Spanish tenor making his American début as Gualtiero, disclosed an easily produced lyric voice that, though it sounded a little dry at times, proved capable of negotiating a high *tessitura*. It is also true that the lesser roles were attractively taken by a number of young singers, among them Sylvia Katchadourian (Adele), Licinio Montefusco (Ernesto), Lawrence Davidson (Goffredo), and Herbert Kraus (Itulbo). But this was not a breathtaking occasion on the order of the Society's last previous performance of this work, when Maria Callas sang the principal role. Nobody, including Mme. Caballé, had the agility required for an outstanding rendition of Bellini's extremely florid melodies. There were moments when pretty nearly all the principals—except Mr. Montefusco, whose tasks were lighter—sang out of tune. Moreover, a conductor named Gianfranco Rivoli, imported to make his début in this opera, turned out to be disappointing indeed. There were actually places in the score where everything got away from him, in spite of the fact that he had a prompter to help. Generally, I am a great admirer of the Society. There are occasions when it brings New York the finest



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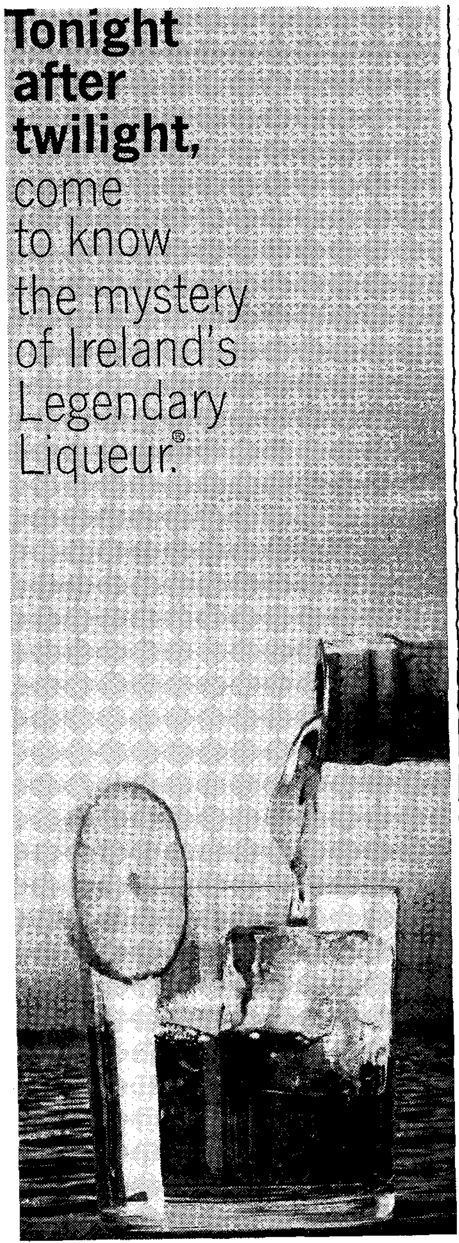
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singing we hear. But this was not one of them.

HOW pleasant it is to be able to express enthusiasm for the work of a contemporary composer! I am not referring to boundless or overwhelming enthusiasm, but just plain absorption and a reasonable degree of enjoyment. This was my reaction to a program by the New York Philharmonic, in Philharmonic Hall, last Thursday evening, devoted largely to compositions by the American composer David Diamond. The latter part of the evening I spent, as I have explained, at the Bolshoi Ballet, but I was at Philharmonic Hall long enough to hear two large works by Mr. Diamond, and I missed only Leonard Bernstein's performance of Sibelius's Second Symphony, which came after the intermission. The two large works were a Symphony No. 5, on which, I understand, Mr. Diamond has been at work for several years, and his Piano Concerto, in which Mr. Diamond himself took the baton while Thomas Schumacher played the piano part. I have described Mr. Diamond as an American composer. Actually, his tradition is French—even though he happens to have studied with a number of Americans. There is no great forcefulness about his work. It consists, in general, of gentle, contemplative music, often tonally ambiguous, but often definite in tonality, too, and always, or nearly always, generously filled with well-wrought counterpoint. This is music influenced, if at some distance, by Debussy and Ravel. There is nothing avant-garde about it. The quality of its workmanship sets it apart from that area. The important thing about it is that it expresses something—evanescent moods, passing impressions, and so on. It consists, in other words, not of music as a demonstration of technical expertness (though its technique is decidedly expert) but of music that seeks to convey emotions, or the metaphor of emotions, to an audience. I enjoyed the Fifth Symphony, which was conducted by Mr. Bernstein, and found the Piano Concerto at least engaging. As for the talents of Mr. Schumacher, they were certainly adequate to this work, but I must wait for an appearance in the classics before making a judgment. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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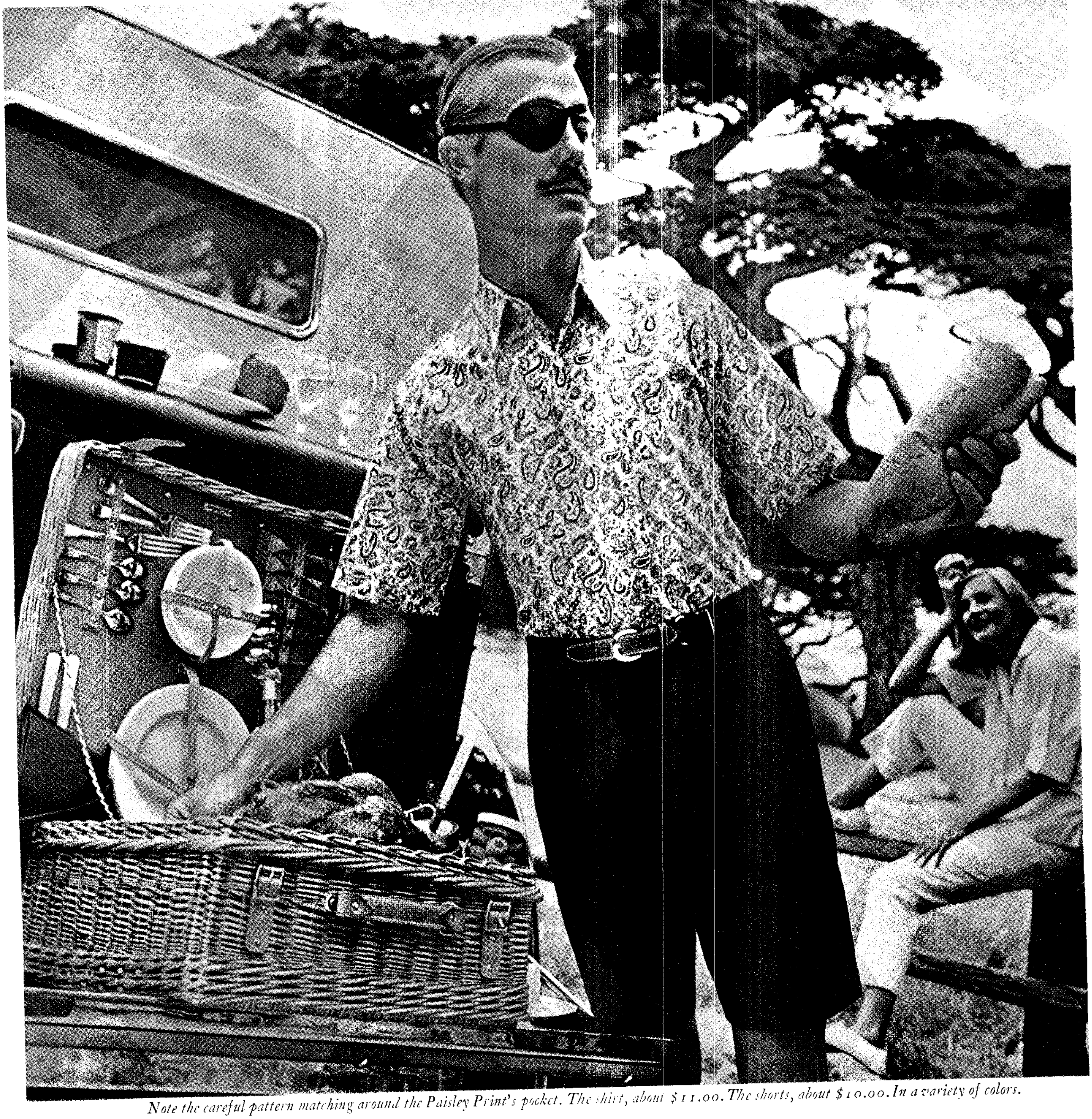

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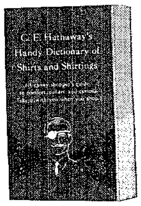

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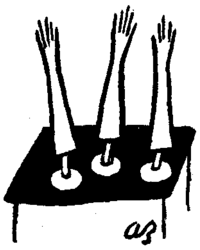
FEMININE FASHIONS

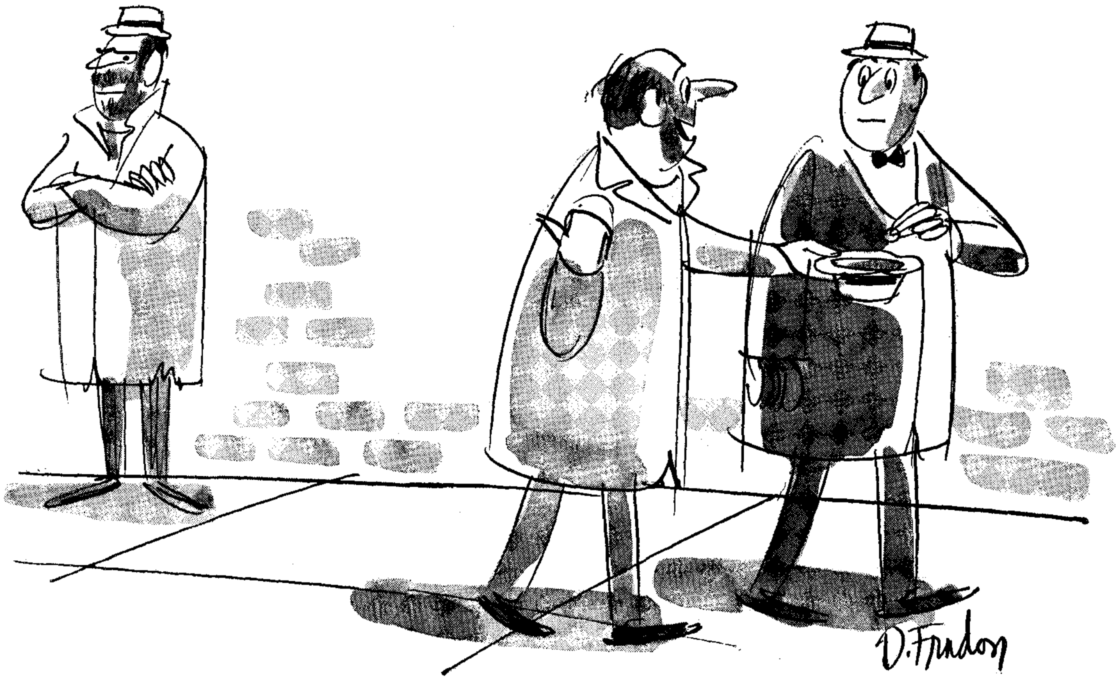


ANYONE whose idea of summer is luxury cruises and guided tours through the capitals of Europe decked in copies of Paris Fords had best stop reading here; the forthcoming treatise is for people who want to sprawl informally in the most informal surroundings. (Even if your hostess lives in a *palazzo*, she may favor a certain abandon inside the premises.) I am, though, allowing for the fact that no matter whether they generally go barefoot at eventide in their Army-and-Navy-store gear, women often want to get themselves up into something that is extra-extraordinary. So I have been casing a few big-store small departments and a lot more of the reasonably established boutiques that have been encouraging venturesome young designers with unfettered ideas. Because these designers, both here and in Europe, operate on a small scale, a surprising number of the littler shops manage to keep the inventions of these people all to themselves. Not only that, but other shops of the sort, ones that have got beyond the trial-run stage, manage to latch on to right, bright designers by just plain adding them to the payroll. Still, few of these projects can resist investing in the great pros of the industry, too, such as Rudi Gernreich and Robert Sloan, to complete their arsenal. The trouble about all this is that women with mature figures are being drowned by this youth wave; most of these shops are involved with designers who, if they are not actually young, think like the young ones—after size 12, a woman is regarded with doubt; size 14 approaches the gross; size 16 belongs in a sideshow. And anyone who needs a bra is finished. There are many armholes as deep as those of Great-Grandfather's undershirt, and the new way to spell v-a-m-p-i-r-e is a high neck, even a turtle one, that is surrounded by completely bare shoulders and a back that has been equally denuded, sometimes to below the waist. In front, this conceit descends, real narrow, to the waist before it eases off. As I was saying, any bra at all is quite impossible. Gernreich, always at the forefront when mischief is under contemplation, is just one of the perpetrators of clothes for such adolescent figures.

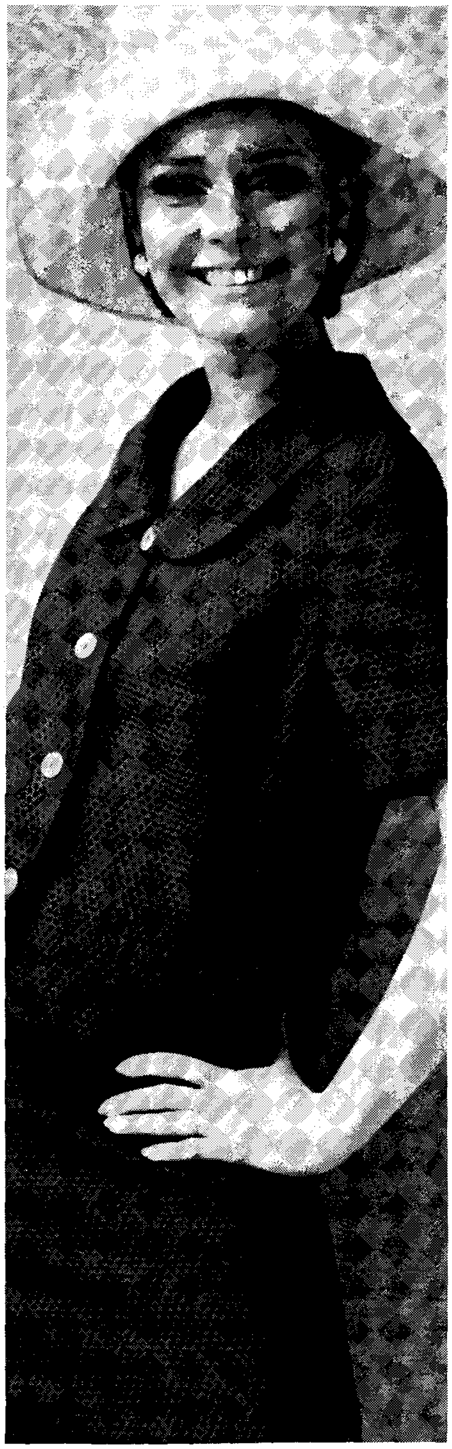
I believe that through the centuries the younger generations have been contrary, not to say ornery, and this one is no exception. I speak from experience, having belonged to a couple of them myself. Besides those turtlenecks and their bare spareribs, this generation seems to like either the most tailored of jeans or the idea of going wholly Kate Greenaway. For their purposes, voile, both plain and patterned, with ruffles and coy necklines, is all over the place, and quite quaint. (I admired an Allen & Cole brilliantly patterned voile that has a deep U neck and puffed sleeves, with demure gathers below the Empire waistline. It's $60.) And there are transparencies, ranging from good old fish net for the beach (what a mottled tan *you*'re likely to get) on up to St. Laurent's celebrated (and, to me, overpraised) dress that consists of one layer of nude chiffon and bands of gilt diamonds around the chest and hips. Ohrbach's is selling lots of copies. Women who wear a dress like this, or other transparencies, are taking to Warner's body stocking—a greatly improved one (now simply called The Body), with detachable garters, stretch straps above the bra top, and so on. There isn't much support in that bra top, so some slender females are wearing body stockings under everything; they are comfortable and firm as a maillot and don't allow a bulge to emerge anywhere, despite their light weight (three to four ounces, mainly nylon). In flesh color or black, they are $12.50 at Saks, Bergdorf, Altman's, et al. In pale silver or gold stretch synthetics, they are $22.50 at Best's, Altman's, and Bloomingdale's. Best's alone has a metallic-wired offering that allows for a real plunge, almost to the waist in front, and is cut way down under the arms to give a deep, deep back exposure; $25. So much for physical fitness.

Now on to some of the other merriment I experienced in my most recent amble among the handiwork of the talented young imps of the designing trade.

EVERY aspect of the shop called Splendiferous is an adventure, from the beautifully preposterous jewelry, through the beautiful big square surah scarves (from La Mendola of Italy and Hanae Mori of Japan; all $20, and to be found nowhere else), to the dresses-and-pants outfits. The house designer, Kenneth Douglas, has worked out one of the prettiest neck-



"Thank you, sir, and how about a little something for my friend, who has too much pride to beg?"



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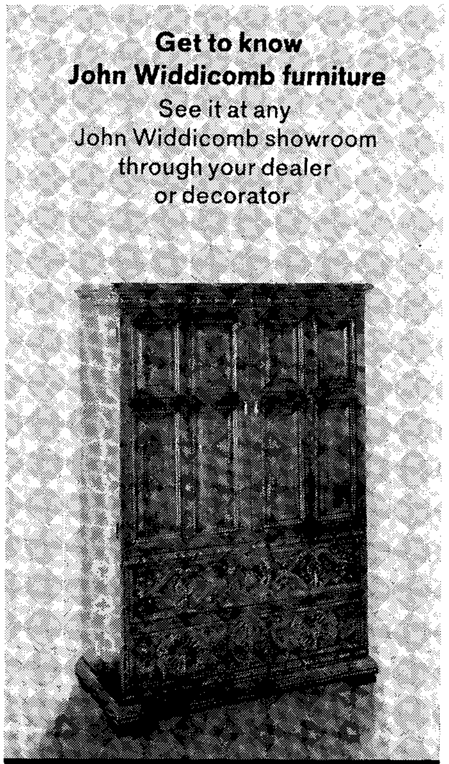
lines you ever saw—a doubled-over ruffle, two and a half inches high, surrounding a deep oval neckline in front, then jutting up impertinently on the shoulders, and then coolly going a bit higher across the back of the neck. This appears atop one-piece pajamas of plain voile in any of many colors—voile mounted on cotton, for body. The waistline is Empire, and another ruffle appears at the base of the very full pants; $85 all told. This neck treatment shows up again on a scoop-necked shift of brilliantly printed butcher cotton. (O.K., it's cotton that resembles fake linen. Does this explanation clear things up?) The $40 it costs provides a ruffle at the base. (Splendiferous has revived those Gussie Moran brief ruffled panties to go under these and other tennis-length dresses; $3.) Mr. Douglas is likewise responsible for a one-piece culotte costume. I saw it with black-and-white pin-striped cotton making the top (deep, right-angle armholes) and wider stripes making the pants section, which just about amounts to a full skirt; $45. The stripes are all vertical, by the way. He also commits a real prank in the form of a dress that looks like kilties on the hanger. What he calls the belt goes around the chest, and the whole thing, which is deeply side-pleated, ends a conservative two inches above the knees. I saw it in a gray-and-taupe checked voile; $60. Here, too, is Bat Lady, a black cotton jump suit with narrow legs. (Splendiferous is against bell bottoms, but many people are on the pro side; I tend to be on the con posse.) With this goes a white cotton overdress that has a deep band across the chest and goes into a full-length cape in back. Gernreich—an outsider, but everybody's hero—has concocted one of the best of the current all-purpose dresses for any age. It's a T-shirt dress with a round, collarless neck and very short sleeves, and it glides easily and beltlessly down the body. The wherewithal is chiffon (well!) in every possible pastel or vivid color, and it is lined, naturally. This is $90 in day length and $110 long. It's an ideal dress-up-or-dress-down. Another Splendiferous possession is Viola Sylbert, who has managed a blazer that is all vertical stripes and of a soft, sleek leather. (Don't ask me what the original animal was; it has been too thoroughly worked over.) I saw it in navy, white, and bittersweet stripes half or three-quarters of an inch wide. Six pearl buttons make a narrow, double-breasted array in front below wide, flaring lapels. The double back vent is eight inches deep. The tab is $145.



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This is just a dip into one of the most enterprising shops around, which has a down-to-earth side—a workroom equipped to do rapid custom work (a week or ten days) for customers who want everything ready, made to order, the day before yesterday.

ALLEN & COLE, currently of 132 East 64th Street, will move June 1st to 150 East 54th Street, next to Arthur! These are two smart girls who in the main concoct their own stuff. (They *will* make an exception or two for Robert Sloan.) A workroom is on the premises for special orders—one fitting and maybe three weeks, unless your tastes are *very* simple. Plenty of merchandise is on hand, though, for anybody under size 12. They buy limited quantities of interesting fabrics, so there may be only two or three of each for the customers—no danger of social collisions. The hipster pants are made of odd crêpe prints and other fabrics—only one or two of a kind. Ask the C.I.A. where the girls find the goods. They like sizes 4 to 10, but they are tolerant of 12s. Item: Cuffed straight pants of seersucker vertically striped in wild colors, with polka-dot belts that conform just a wee bit in hue; $30. Item: Chiffon shirts in a large choice of colors, with patch pockets on the chest to make them even more opaque than the lining does; straight pants to match for those who can wait a while for them. And there are pants (no seams on the outside) in a black, yellow, or white synthetic stuff, plus a U-necked topper to match, slightly shaped through the waistline (can such things *be*?). Silk-knit pants costumes wear string halter tops and are backless; the bottoms are belled. In these, the occupant is also exposed in front on the ribs. Dresses of silk twill in wavy, Op Art diagonal stripes are given turtlenecks and are scooped out down to the waist at each side. (They'll put in a weight to hold the resulting armholes down, but I suspect that anyone who turns over on her side will tumble right out of the things.) These are $115. To wind up on a note of comparative sanity, study the silk bell-bottomed-pants costumes with convertible necks; they're just simple good-looking.

ROBERT LEADER, the dashing ring-Leader of the youth wave, has acquired some long dresses by Avagolf, in Italy, of cotton knit, often tricolored,

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PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES

with occasional applications of narrow, diagonal black lines. A bateau-necked one begins with bright green above one black line, then turns purple through the indented middle, and ends up coral below; $95. He has also cornered a number of English cotton shifts that are entirely of wide, diagonal stripes. I particularly liked one in navy cotton on which red and white polka-dotted stripes alternate. O'Brien Morris has contributed, and only to Leader, both short and long slacks suits in brilliant silk prints. The pants of a long one are all in big, soft pleats, practically producing a skirt, and the top is a raja tunic; $225. (Maybe mature women *do* have a fighting chance, after all.) Tank-top culottes are likewise softly pleated below the waist, and the legs overlap to an extent that makes sitting a graceful pose; $135. Leader was an early Gernreich buff, and he still is. This year, Mr. G. is all for very low armholes, as he proves in a dress of white piqué with a big red chicken-wire pattern on the top and black chicken wire below the belt of red plastic. His separate tops of wool knit are just an inverted V that ends at the throat in front; there is a T-strap back, which means that most of the upper rear façade is unveiled. The price is $23; all sorts of colors. Others of the kind are turtleneck in front and also nearly backless. To go with these, there are hip-hugger sailcloth pants, bell-bottomed and in any inventible color; $16. This is another of the places where voile turns up—in, say, shirts, tailored like a man's, in many hues; $9. (Voile, it is quite clear, is no longer for rocking-chair ladies on the verandas of summer hotels.) Voile is also part of a two-piece dress by the firm called Crazy Horse—a white voile tuck-in shirt with elbow patches and pockets of gingham in a red-and-white check, plus a circular skirt of navy-and-white cotton; the skirt, too, wears patches. The deal is $25. Crazy Horse is, in addition, to blame for some Mack Sennett tank tops of a synthetic called Antron, horizontally striped in dizzying colors; $7.

BLOOMINGDALE'S third floor has made a success of the works of special designers it has unearthed here and there in Europe, and to me the best-in-show award goes to the A-line dresses from Italy and the hands of Krizia. A heavy white cotton (hemp is involved) that resembles sailcloth is the means. A bold design in appliqué is the décor, in bright red or green—this because the scheme embodies European traffic indicators; a huge flat-topped

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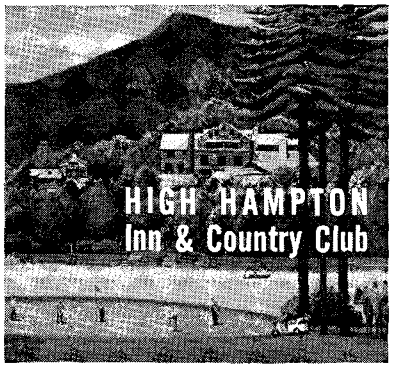

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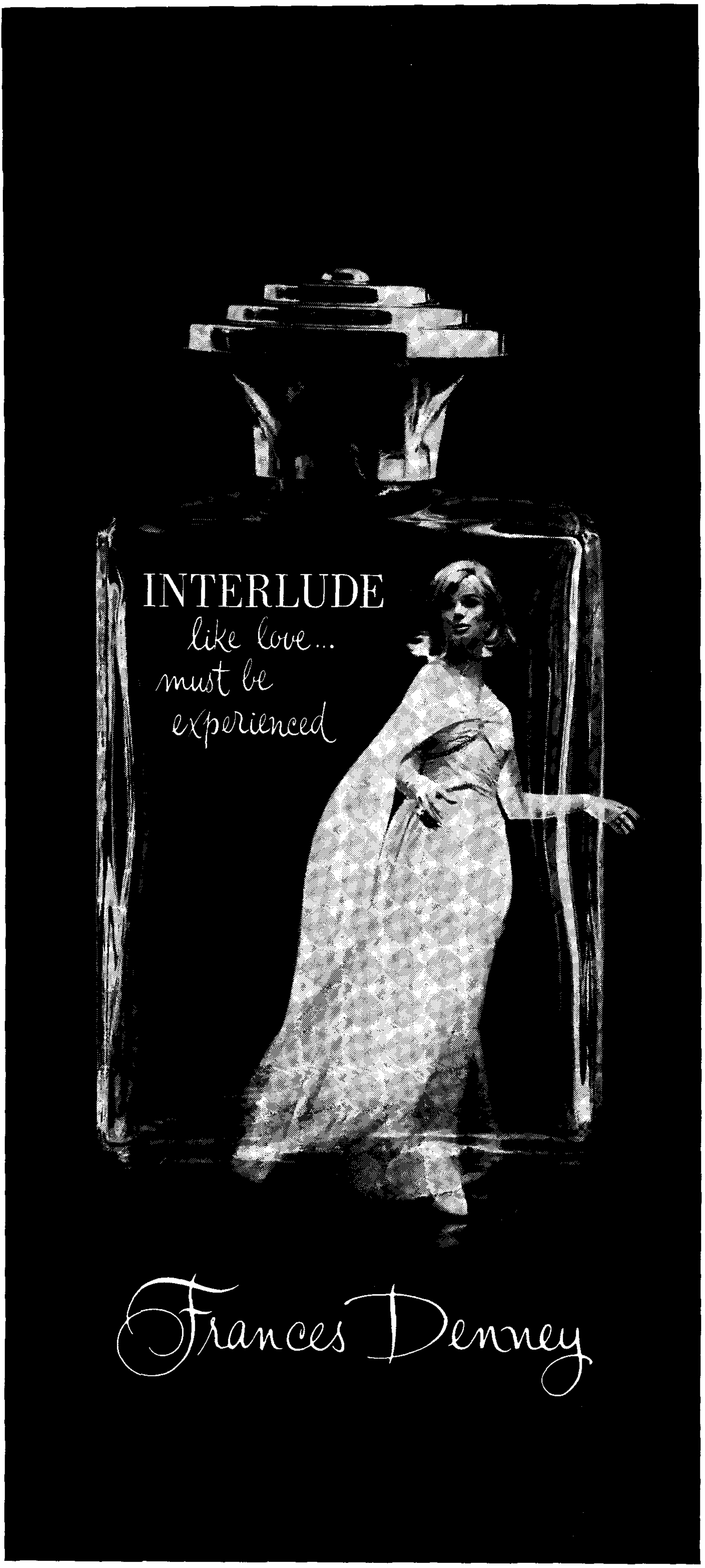
diamond amidships on the front of one dress means "All Right to Pass," and a big circle on the back of another dress means "No Passing." Very pert, and $35. Straight, tailored, mannish pants by (this is how they talk here) "a little Frenchman who is the darling of Saint-Tropez" are slightly low-slung from waistbands that go into a flat V on the stomach, above which sit three buttons. The ones I saw are of a heavy but silky gray corduroy; $23. Versions of these meticulous designs also come in a heavy white cotton that is ribbed like ottoman; $20. For the day when the delivery man arrives while you are sunning yourself in a bikini, Bloomingdale's provides knee-length pullovers of a weighty and handsome towelling, such as one with six-inch vertical stripes in pale blue and violet, plus an open V neck and long cuffed sleeves. Or such as one that is a straight oblong of purple with three rows of zigzag pink appliqué down each side. The first of these is $50, the second is $45. Among the pleasantries—almost lunacies—here are the one-piece pantaloon outfits, again from Saint-Tropez, in firm polished cottons, with elasticized bottoms that can be pulled above the knees and bloused like plus fours; $50. One, in blue or yellow, has white polka dots; others are in clematis prints. Ken Scott, now of Italy, has sent over a long dress on caftan lines, of cotton in a jungle print, and with sleeves that bell out as they near the wrists; $90. There are several lounging-pajama beauties. The pants of one are straight, and black waffle piqué printed in a Paisley pattern (blue, purple, and cerise) is the goods. The halter top is sparse enough to put the shoulders and back completely out-of-doors, and a tab at the center front binds it carelessly to the pants by means of one button; $40 in all. The designer is French. For the hostess way of life, Paola Davitta, *born* Italian, does very circular pants of white cotton mousseline that bears a brilliant sort of tulip pattern. The top is loose, sleeveless, and overhanging, and the whole thing is lined; $90.

Marianne Spottiswoode, whose place of business is 33 East 68th Street, makes a specialty of custom clothes executed for her in Paris in accordance with designs of her own, but she has a boutique façade, too. There is plenty of raffia about, making, in one case, a very short bolero top above a long, bare midriff, which ends in slung-on-the-hips pants that have two bands of raffia at the bottom; $135. Another deal is an over-the-head bolero



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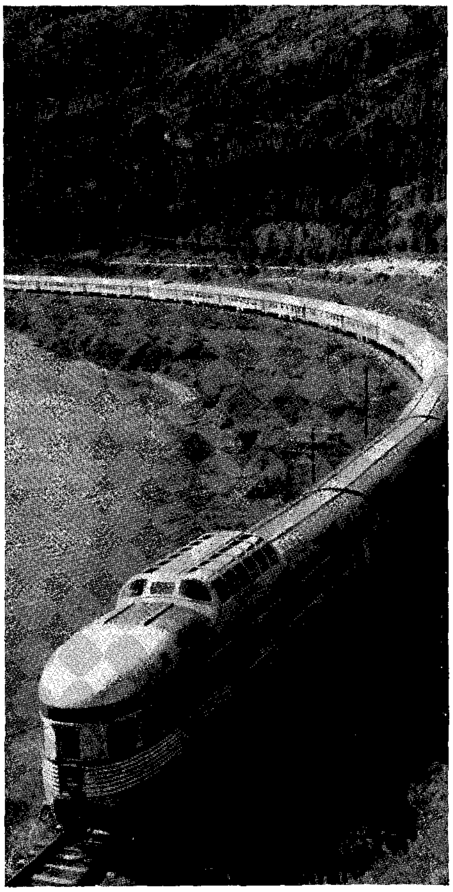

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of raffia with a single pompon on the chest; a shoulder-strap Empire dress of linen in pink, yellow, or pearl gray is its companion piece. My favorite, though, is an extremely *raffiné* crocheted sheath of a weave so loose that the narrow belt can be run through it at any elevation that comes to mind. Oh, I forgot about the scoop neck. The sheath can be lined, if anyone insists on being ladylike; $175 as is. And to prove that England continues to indulge in pleasantries and lunacies, there are plus fours of apricot chiffon with heavy silk-cord openwork crochet at the top; these take a week to order, which gives one time to think the whole thing over.

RECESS, now. But I am considering a dissertation on the new clothes that go jingle, jangle most insistently when the customer dares move in them. For something has to be said about the new uses of plastic, which shows no sign of dying on the vinyl.

—LOIS LONG

•

It is a near-certainty that runaway inflation in the U.S. will come only if there is nuclear war. *Such a war would give an overwhelming premium to assets outside of primary target areas.* Natural resource companies, whose properties are generally located in sparsely populated areas, are thus better insurance against atomic catastrophe than even "growth" manufacturing firms, generally located in urban areas. *Insurance stocks should be avoided completely.*

Similarly, all kinds of real estate outside of primary target areas are an excellent hedge against runaway inflation. *You can get the latest list of critical target areas in the U. S. from your State Civil Defense Director, or by writing to the Office of Civil Defense, Washington, D.C. 20310.*

Of course, if you are concerned about the dangers of atomic destruction, you should keep copies of your records of ownership of securities and other assets, as well as other valuable records, in a safe, bomb-proof shelter outside of target areas.—*From "Your Investments," by Leo Barnes.*

And send your sinuses to Arizona.

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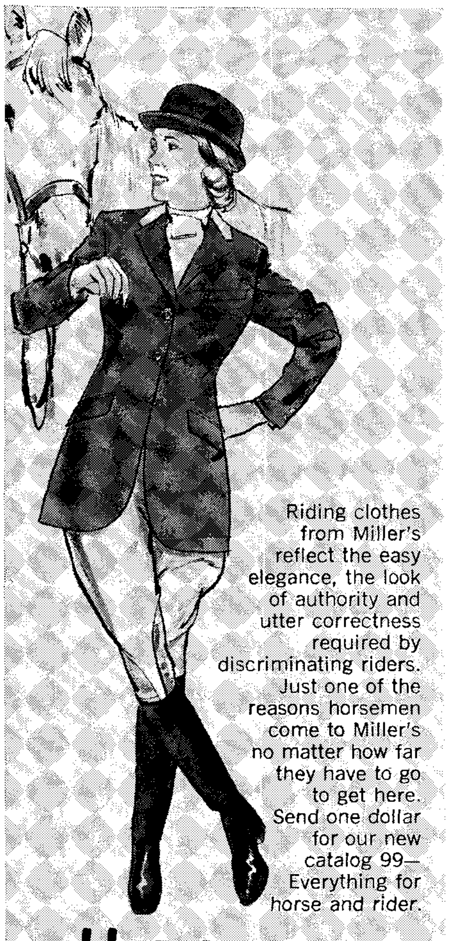
9:30 FESTIVAL OF ARTS 11
A documented profile of Igor Stravinsky with a concert performed by him and Robert Croft. Selections: a cantata, "Abraham and Isaac," with Andrew Foldi, baritone; "Elegy to JFK" with mezzo-soprano Kathy Berberian; two song cycles, "Berceuse du Chat" and "Pribaotki" with Kathy Berberian and a ballet, "Pulcinella." Rerun. A germ weapon is used to paralyze a government.—*TV schedule in the Chicago Sun-Times.*

We never trusted those bassoons.



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THE ART GALLERIES

Ars Longa

PERHAPS because it encourages our feeling that we as Americans are fast-stepping, vital, alert, and alive, we tend to think of ourselves as a "young" nation. But we, like England, are actually one of the oldest nations, in the sense that we have retained one form of government for many generations. Who outstrips us in this rather special competition? Not Germany or Italy; Hitler and Mussolini put a stop to continuity there, and before these two freebooters both countries had had upsets in government in the middle nineteenth century. Not Russia; not France (consider Napoleon, and the Commune, and the Directorate, and the other governments after them, not to mention Vichy). Not Spain or Portugal, obviously. There is San Marino, a republic since away back in the ninth century, but it is ancient enough to be *hors concours*. Even China and Japan, though they remain in our minds as old, old nations, are not old at all. Politically, they are young. We are, as I was saying, old in point of governmental continuity, and now the Corcoran Gallery of Art, in Washington, has set out to demonstrate that American painting has acquired a fairly long history, too.

It must at least be said that in the hands of the Corcoran our record in this field is voluminous. The exhibition, which is subtitled "250 Years of American Art" and which we are told is the first full survey of the subject ever to be held in the capital (or, as far as I know, anywhere else in such size and intensity of coverage), is truly an enormous undertaking. Seven hundred items are listed—including a handful of sculptures and a slightly larger section of drawings, prints, and watercolors—and the range is from around 1718 to the present. All but a scant few of the pieces are taken from the Gallery's own resources. Though the show does sag here and there from sheer weight of coverage, it also casts some illuminating sidelights on our artistic development. It sags badly in the opening section, where not ten or twelve but fifty or sixty examples of works by the pre-Revolutionary painters known as "limners" are presented. The limners were portrait painters, mostly itinerant, and theirs must have been a lovely life, for they travelled in leisurely fashion from town to town and from manor house to manor house along the country lanes, stopping over for a few days or even weeks, as guests, if a wealthy farmer or merchant wanted his own or his family's portrait painted. The limners must have fulfilled some of the functions of the medieval minstrel, bringing gossip from the regions they had passed through, and they were direct ancestors of the Coney Island gallery, for the majority of them carried bundles of canvases on which the figures and backgrounds were already painted in, with a space left bare for the face of the sitter—very like the painted screens at Coney with a hole in the middle where the sitter can poke his face out and become a rodeo cowboy, a racing motorist, or a jet pilot. The limners performed a recognizable and reasonable function. In a world emerging from the partial chaos of the true pioneer days into a period of increasing stability and social and economic stratification, they gave the well-to-do a chance to demonstrate the solidity of their position and their background by accumulating a gallery of family portraits. The trouble was that the majority of the limners were scarcely more than a cut above the tavern sign painters, who also cruised the country highways, and because of this, so generous a display of their works as the exhibition offers seems less a contribution to the amateur's understanding than a slightly grandiose display of the Gallery's stockpile. All the better-known names are listed, such as John Smibert, John Wollaston, Robert Feke, and Jeremiah Theus, these of course being well above the rank of mere limners, and there are works by men less celebrated, like the bouncy "Portrait of a Gentleman," artist unknown, and the charming Matthew Pratt portrait of Elizabeth Stevens Carles, a late-eighteenth-century New Jersey lady of obvious elegance and of a romantically adventurous life. (I have my quibbles

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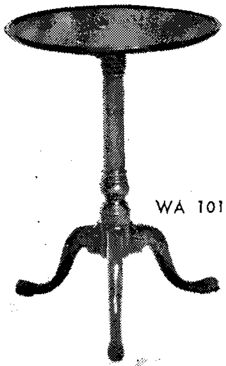

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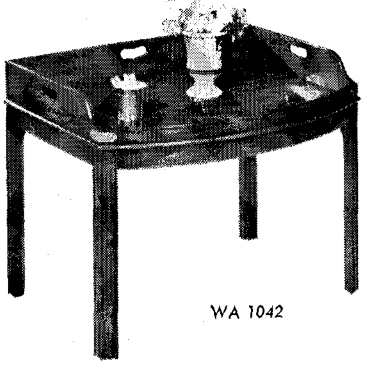

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about the catalogue, which makes it frequently difficult to identify artists and subjects. But it does provide some wonderfully interesting anecdotal background material. Mrs. Carles, born Stevens, was of a family near Trenton that had sided with the Revolution, and the house was invaded and the occupants were mishandled by a marauding band of redcoats. A Hessian captain, Israel Carles, arrived in time to put a stop to the pillaging, fell in love with Elizabeth on the spot, and returned, after the war, to marry her.) Many of the better limners and portrait painters had come from Europe or had studied there, and as the cities became more populous they for the most part set up studios and settled in them. At best, though, the work was still parochial, and it was not till the turn of the century, with the advent of Benjamin West, Ralph Earl, Stuart, and the incomparable Copley, that traces of broader interest and greater sophistication appeared. A number of the family portraits are curiously touching (an example is the portrait of John Hancock and his wife, done by Edward Savage around 1800), because of the atmosphere of serenity and devotion the pictures convey. But it is a relief when, a few decades later, one finds the artists' eyes turning from their long-nosed, solemn-visaged sitters to the fields and hills and waters behind them.

Benjamin West was one of those who led the way, along with Washington Allston, whose "Time After Sunset," with its feeling of rustic placidity, is one of the best in this section and has a charm almost rivalling that of Constable. From then on, on the evidence of the collection, things began moving faster. There was a period of intense romanticism, set off, perhaps, by the new interest in landscape, and the landscape often was garnished, in the Italianate way, with shepherds, nymphs, flocks of sheep, waterfalls, and such—all, I'm afraid, too dependent on European ideology to have much true value in relation to the American scene. An exception is Thomas Cole, whose two pictures in the showing, "The Departure" and "The Return," both based on knightly alarums and excursions, give an inkling of his ability to project fantasy into something resembling the imagery of dreams. In the main, though, it is not until the middle of the nineteenth century that one senses any truly native impulse behind the work. This, I think, came clearly as an artistic reflection of the development of the West and the expansionist phase that followed, and it

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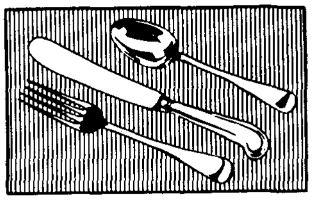

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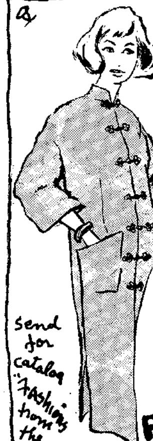

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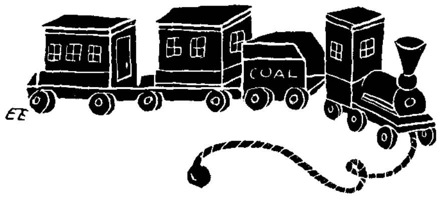
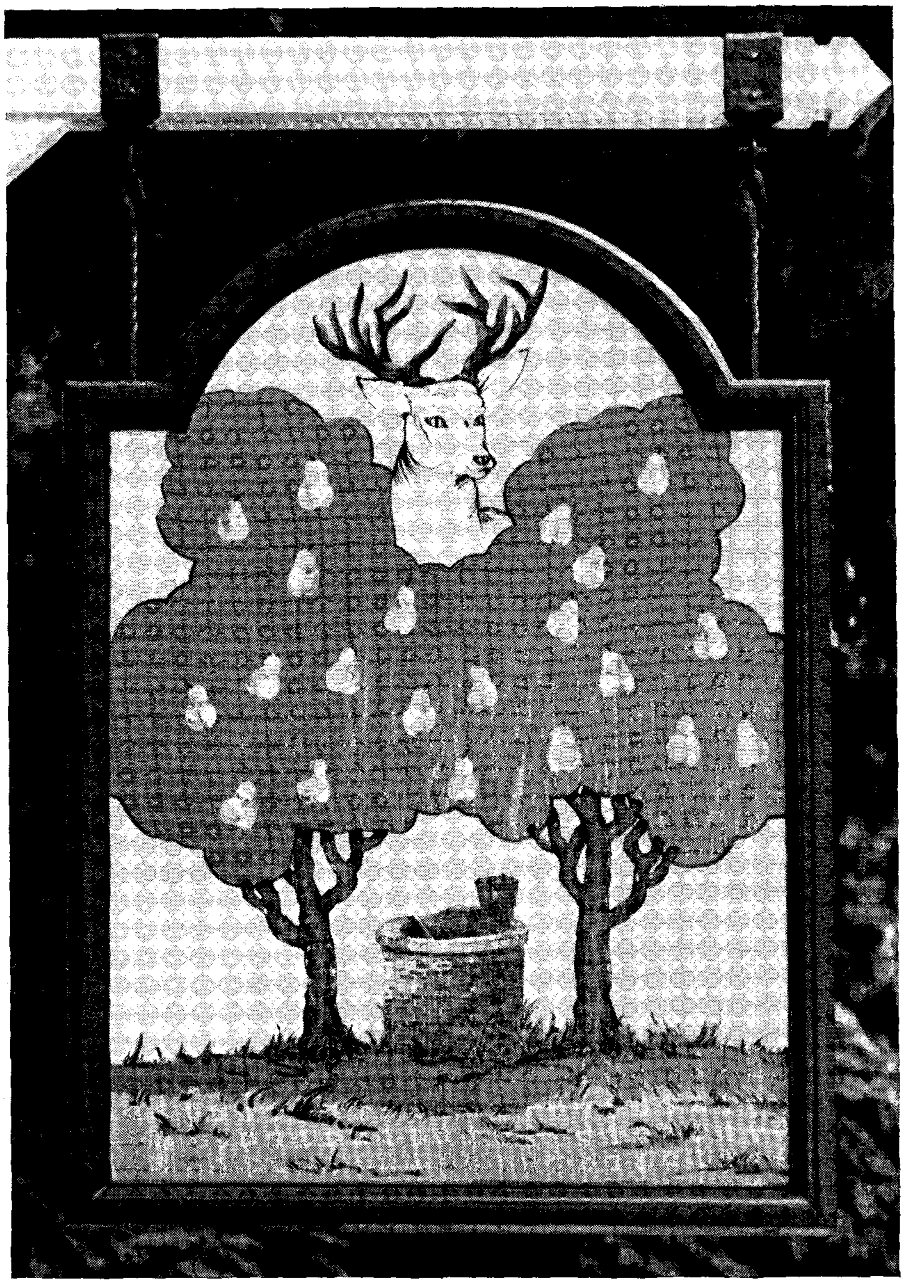
was strong enough to survive the Civil War and thrive again after it. At any rate, American artists almost en masse seem suddenly to have realized what a *big* country this is, with a quantity of scenery spectacular enough in itself to need no prettying up *alla Toscana*. Indeed, they were so overawed by what they saw that before long things began to get out of hand; the political and social expansionism was echoed by an artistic expansionism, and the paintings, as they came from the hands of such men as Albert Bierstadt and Frederick Church, got bigger and bigger until they reached the point of the ridiculous. (Church's "Niagara Falls," in the collection, is around nine feet long and proportionately high.) Meanwhile, however, a whole generation of major landscapists came into being, half of them recording the majestic vistas of the Rockies—Seth Eastman, George Catlin, Bierstadt (who could be quite effective when he faced a panoramic view big enough to tax his outsize canvases; some of his Rocky Mountain scenes are fully as large as that "Niagara Falls"), among others—and the rest (Asher Durand, Eastman Johnson, Jasper Cropsey, and Cole again, a group soon to be christened the Hudson River School) exploring with even greater fervor the craggier aspects of the Catskills and the Adirondacks. Bierstadt is not well represented in the exhibition, while Catlin, curiously, is not represented at all, but Eastman has a lively study called "Lacrosse Playing Among the Sioux Indians," set against a mountainous background, and Cropsey ("Washington's Headquarters on the Hudson") and Durand (see his brooding "Edge of the Forest") have excellent pieces on view. As a further proof of an awakened interest in the native scene, there was also a sudden surge of genre painting, evidenced by such pieces as George Caleb Bingham's "Cottage Scenery," "The Long Story," by William Sidney Mount (the most famous man in the group), and "Negro Boys on the Quaiside," by the relatively little-known David Norslup.

Both the landscape schools, like the dinosaur, perished, as I have said, of giantism. They were followed by a tween-tides era, of uneasy, shifting, and often conflicting impulses, when





Strictly stag.

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the few really good men, such as Homer, Eakins, Blakelock, and Ryder, were in a sense misfits and were so regarded. The lapse may have been because the "accepted" artists had once again turned to Europe for inspiration, and, unfortunately, to the wrong Europe—to the Europe of Munich and the "Old Masterish" tradition, instead of the still violently controversial school of Impressionism. We were a long time getting over that mistake, and a longer time still catching up with that almost undetectable rhythmic beat that provides the true tempo for artistic progress. It is only recently that we have not only caught up with but in some respects forged ahead of the general line of march. But it's time I stopped this step-by-step sort of particularizing, and—at the risk of appearing cursory—I shall say only that the rest of the show, from the early nineteen-hundreds onward, seems to me like nothing so much as an overly large Whitney Annual.

This is said with no intention of disparagement, of either the Whitney or the Corcoran, except for the slight implication of usualness, of the *déjà vu*, that the comparison conveys. For the truth is that one of the faults of the whole affair is that so much of it is curiously predictable, while at the same time, paradoxically, there is a lengthy list of more or less inexplicable omissions of key persons, along with an even more staggering amount of what I suppose might be called imbalances in the selection—the number of instances in which an outstanding painter will be limited to a meagre showing, against a larger one for a man clearly less talented. Winslow Homer has but one painting on view, as has Eakins—as, for that matter, have Blakelock and Ryder. To be sure, the Homer is a superb example—a study of a stalwart fisherman's wife silhouetted against the ocean, called "A Light on the Sea"—and though the examples by the others are less sensational, they are adequate. But these are in strange contrast to the generally unknown George Smillie, who has two paintings, both pretty bad, and a pair of particularly uncouth canvases by a man named Thomas Prichard Rossiter, which only add to one's bewilderment. On the whole, the feeling one gets is of helter-skelter selection, channelled almost wholly along the lines of the Gallery's collection (which, being a long, slow, gradual accretion, could hardly have been consistently planned), and if the purpose was to delineate truly two hundred and fifty years of American painting, a bit of borrowing here and there would have

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helped fill in the gaps and give a better balance to the undertaking. Speaking of longevity, the Corcoran Gallery was founded, in principle, by William Wilson Corcoran, a Washington banker-financier, well before the Civil War, with his own collection as its nucleus, but it was not opened officially until 1859—which still puts it, in point of age, up with such other old-timers as Durand-Ruel, Bernheim-Jeune, and the Tate Gallery.

—Robert M. Coates

◆

THE LITTLE RAPIDS

Over its cliff
splashes the
little rapids,
a braid of glossy
motion in perpetual
flow and toss,
its current rayed
flashing down
crayon veins.

Life-node of my
precipice of bone,
a snake-mouth muscle
spills urgent venom
to soft hills,
to flesh-warm stone.

A replica of all
power's crotched
here in the ribs,
knot and nubbin
of the jutting flood.
Leaps and drops
are instants in
the swirling hour
reiterated from
this hub:

Grief-gusher,
freshet of desire,
snug nest of joy
and fear,
its zest constant
even in sleep,
its padded roar
bounding in the
grotto of the breast.

Hinge of hate and
love, steep springhead,
riddle of my blood,
primal pool of
cruelty, and all
queer sweet thrills . . .
Ravine of my body,
red, incredulous
with autumn,
from here curt death
will hurl me delirious
into the gorge.

—May Swenson

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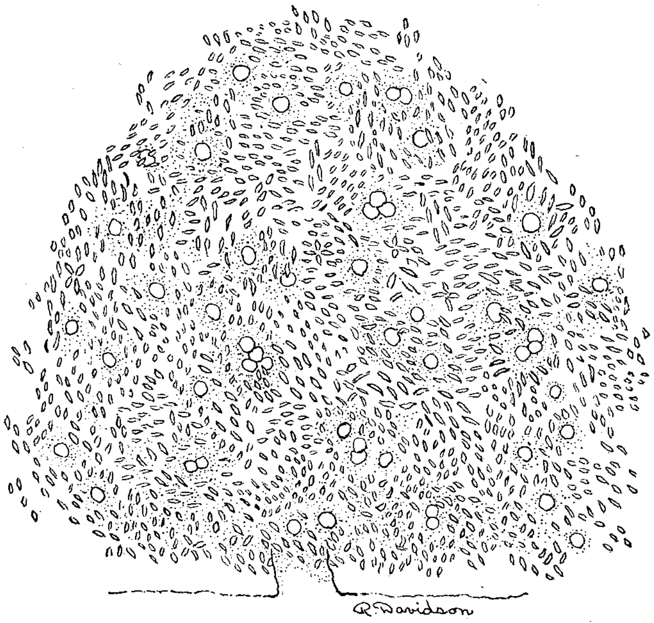
A REPORTER AT LARGE

ORANGES—I

THE custom of drinking orange juice with breakfast is not very widespread, taking the world as a whole, and it is thought by many peoples to be a distinctly American habit. But Danes drink it regularly with breakfast, and so do Hondurans and Filipinos. The day is started with orange juice in the Colombian Andes, and, to some extent, in Kuwait. Bolivians don't touch it at breakfast time, but they drink it steadily for the rest of the day. The "play lunch," or morning tea, that Australian children carry with them to school is usually an orange, peeled spirally halfway down, with the peel replaced around the fruit. The child unwinds the peel and holds the orange as if it were an ice-cream cone. People in Nepal almost never peel oranges, preferring to eat them in cut quarters, the way American athletes do. The sour oranges of Afghanistan customarily appear as seasoning agents on Afghan dinner tables. Squeezed over Afghan food, they cut the grease. The Shamouti Orange, of Israel, is seedless and sweet, has a thick skin, and grows in Hadera, Gaza, Tiberias, Jericho, the Jordan Valley, and Jaffa; it is exported from Jaffa, and for that reason is known universally beyond Israel as the Jaffa Orange. The Jaffa Orange is the variety that British people consider superior to all others, possibly because Richard the Lionhearted spent the winter of 1191-92 in the citrus groves of Jaffa. Citrus trees are spread across the North African coast from Alexandria to Tangier, the city whose name was given to tangerines. Oranges tend to become less tart the closer they are grown to the equator, and in Brazil there is one kind of orange that has no acid in it at all. In the principal towns of Trinidad and Tobago, oranges are sold on street corners. The vender cuts the oranges in half and sprinkles salt on them. In Jamaica, people halve oranges, get down on their hands and knees, and clean floors with one half in each hand. Jamaican mechanics use oranges to clear away grease and oil. The blood orange of Spain, its flesh streaked with red, is prized throughout Europe. Blood oranges grow well in Florida, but they frighten American women. In the Campania region of Italy, land is scarce; on a typical small patch, set on a steep slope, orange trees are interspersed with olive and walnut trees, grapes are trained to cover trellises overhead, and as many as five different vegetables are grown on the ground below. The over-all effect is that a greengrocer's shop is springing out of the hillside. Italy produces more than four billion oranges a year, but most of its citrus industry is scattered in gardens of one or two acres. A Frenchman sits at the dinner table, and, as the finishing flourish of the meal, slowly and gently disrobes an orange. Sometimes, Europeans eat oranges with knives and forks. On occasion, they serve a dessert orange that has previously been peeled with such extraordinary care that strips of the peel arc outward like the petals of a flower from the separated and reassembled segments in the center. The Swiss sometimes serve oranges under a smothering of sugar and whipped cream. Norwegian children like to remove the top of an orange, make a little hole, push a lump of sugar into it, and then suck out the juice. English children make orange-peel teeth and wedge them over their gums on Halloween. Irish children take oranges to the movies, where they eat them while they watch the show, tossing the peels at each other and at the people on the screen. In the New York Botanical Garden, six mature orange trees are growing in the soil of the Bronx. Their trunks are six inches in diameter, and they bear well every year. The oranges are for viewing and are not supposed to be picked. When people walk past them, however, they sometimes find them irresistible.



THE first known reference to oranges occurs in the second book of the "Five Classics," which appeared in China around 500 B.C. and is generally regarded as having been edited by Confucius. The main course of the migration of the fruit—from its origins near the South China Sea, down into the Malay Archipelago, then on four thousand miles of ocean current to the east coast of Africa, across the desert by caravan and into the Mediterranean basin, then over the Atlantic to the American continents—closely and sometimes exactly kept pace with the major journeys of civilization. There were no oranges in the Western Hemisphere before Columbus himself introduced them. It was Pizarro who took them to Peru. The seeds the Spaniards carried came from trees that had entered Spain as a result of the rise of Islam. The development of orange botany owes something to Vasco da Gama and even more to Alexander the Great; oranges had symbolic importance in the paintings of Renaissance masters; in other times, at least two overwhelming invasions of the Italian peninsula were inspired by the visions of paradise that oranges engendered in northern minds. Oranges were once the fruit of the gods, to whom they were the golden apples of the Hesperides, which were stolen by Hercules. Then, in successive declensions, oranges became the fruit of emperors and kings, of the upper prelacy, of the aristocracy, and, by the eighteenth century, of the rich bourgeoisie. Another hundred years went by before they came within reach of the middle classes, and not until early in this century did they at last become a fruit of the community. Just after the Second World War, three scientists working in central Florida surprised themselves with a simple idea that resulted in the development of commercial orange-juice concentrate. A couple of dozen enormous factories sprang out of the hammocks, and Florida, which can be counted on in most seasons to produce about a quarter of all the oranges grown in the world, was soon putting most of them through the process that

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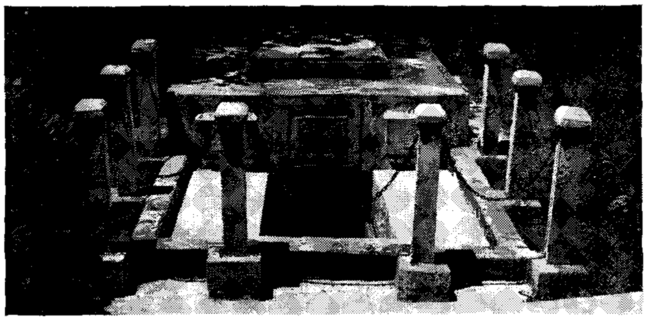

Small wonder that Bajans stay clear of Chase Vault at night. And small wonder that many tourists come to view the tomb with fascination. But always in the daytime.

There are plenty of happy things to do when the sun comes up in Barbados. Like lie under it, on one of the silkiest beaches that's ever trickled through your toes.

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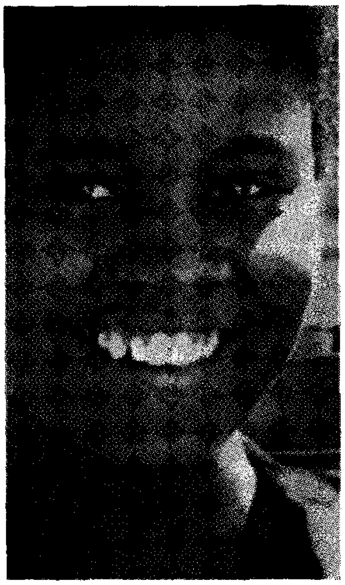

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results in small, trim cans, about two inches in diameter and four inches high, containing orange juice that has been boiled to high viscosity in a vacuum, separated into several component parts, reassembled, flavored, and then frozen solid. People in the United States used to consume more fresh oranges than all other fresh fruits combined, but in less than twenty years the per-capita consumption has gone down seventy-five per cent, as appearances of actual oranges in most of the United States have become steadily less frequent. Fresh, whole, round, orange oranges are hardly extinct, of course, but they have seen better days since they left the garden of the Hesperides.

Fresh oranges have become, in a way, old-fashioned. The frozen product made from them is pure and sweet, with a laboratory-controlled balance between its acids and its sugars; its color and its flavor components are as uniform as science can make them, and a consumer opening the six-ounce can is confident that the drink he is about to reconstitute will taste almost exactly like the juice that he took out of the last can he bought. Fresh orange juice, on the other hand, is probably less consistent in flavor than any other natural or fermented drink, with the possible exception of wine. The taste and aroma of oranges differ by type, season, county, state, and country, and even as a result of the position of the individual orange in the framework of the tree on which it grew. Ground fruit—the orange that one can reach and pick from the ground—is not as sweet as fruit that grows high on the tree. Outside fruit is sweeter than inside fruit. Oranges grown on the south side of a tree are sweeter than oranges grown on the east or west sides, and oranges grown on the north side are the least sweet of the lot. The quantity of juice in an orange, and even the amount of Vitamin C it contains, will follow the same pattern of variation. Beyond this, there are differentiations of quality inside a single orange. Individual segments vary from one another in their content of acid and sugar. But that is cutting it pretty fine. Orange men, the ones who actually work in the groves, don't discriminate to that extent. When they eat an orange, they snap out the long, thin blades of their fruit knives and peel it down, halfway, from the blossom end, which is always sweeter and juicier than the stem end. They eat the blossom half and throw the rest of the orange away.

An orange grown in Florida usually has a thin and tightly fitting skin, and

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it is also heavy with juice. Californians say that if you want to eat a Florida orange you have to get into a bathtub first. California oranges are light in weight and have thick skins that break easily and come off in hunks. The flesh inside is marvellously sweet, and the segments almost separate themselves. In Florida, it is said that you can run over a California orange with a ten-ton truck and not even wet the pavement. The differences from which these hyperboles arise will prevail in the two states even if the type of orange is the same. In arid climates, like California's, oranges develop a thick albedo, which is the white part of the skin. Florida is one of the two or three most rained-upon states in the United States. California uses the Colorado River and similarly impressive sources to irrigate its oranges, but of course irrigation can only do so much. The annual difference in rainfall between the Florida and California orange-growing areas is one million one hundred and forty thousand gallons per acre. For years, California was the leading orange state, but Florida surpassed California in 1942, and grows three times as many oranges now. California oranges, for their part, can safely be called three times as beautiful.

The color of an orange has no absolute correlation with the maturity of the flesh and juice inside. An orange can be as sweet and ripe as it will ever be and still glisten like an emerald in the tree. Cold—coolness, rather—is what makes an orange orange. In some parts of the world, the weather never gets cold enough to change the color; in Thailand, for example, an orange is a green fruit, and travelling Thais often blink with wonder at the sight of oranges the color of flame. The ideal nighttime temperature in an orange grove is forty degrees. Some of the most beautiful oranges in the world are grown in Bermuda, where the temperature, night after night, falls consistently to that level. Andrew Marvell's poem wherein the "remote Bermudas ride in the ocean's bosom unespied" was written in the sixteen-fifties, and contains a description, from hearsay, of Bermuda's remarkable oranges, set against their dark foliage like "golden lamps in a green night." Cool air comes down every night into the San Joaquin Valley in California, which is formed by the Cascade Range to the west and the Sierra Nevadas to the east. The tops of the Sierras are usually covered with snow, and before dawn the temperature in the valley edges down to the frost point. In such cosmetic surround-

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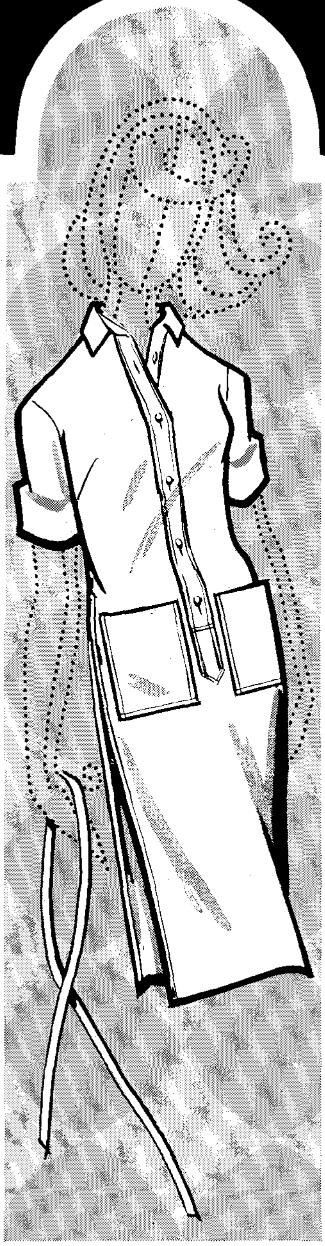

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ings, it is no wonder that growers have heavily implanted the San Joaquin Valley with the Washington Navel Orange, which is the most beautiful orange grown in any quantity in the United States, and is certainly as attractive to the eye as any orange grown in the world. Its color will go to a deep, flaring cadmium orange, and its surface has a suggestion of coarseness, which complements its perfect ellipsoid shape. It originated in Bahia, Brazil, probably as a bud sport, or mutation, of the Brazilian Selecta Orange. In 1870, an American Presbyterian missionary in Bahia was impressed by the seedlessness and rich flavor of this unusual orange with an umbilicus at its blossom end, and sent twelve nursery-size trees to the United States Department of Agriculture in Washington. The department propagated the trees and sent the progeny to anyone who cared to give them a try. In 1873, Mrs. Luther C. Tibbets, of Riverside, California, wrote for a pair of trees, got them, and planted them in her yard. Mrs. Tibbets' trees caught the attention of her neighbors and, eventually, of the world. From them have descended virtually every navel orange grown anywhere on earth today, including the Carter, the Golden Nugget, the Surprise, the Golden Buckeye, the Robertson, and the Thomson. The patriarchal one should by rights be called the Bahia, but merely because of its brief residence in the District of Columbia it has been known for ninety-six years as the Washington Navel Orange.

In the United States last year, around twenty-four billion two hundred and twenty-one million oranges were grown. These included, among others, Maltese Ovals, Pope Summers, Nonpareils, Rubys, Sanford Bloods, Early Oblongs, Magnum Bonums, St. Michaels, Mediterranean Sweets, Lamb Summers, Lue Gim Gongs, Drake Stars, Whites, Whittakers, Weldons, Starks, Osceolas, Majorcas, Homosassas, Enterprises, Arcadias, Circassians, Centennials, Fosters, Dillars, Bessies, and Boones, but not—in all of these cases—in any appreciable quantity. Actually, one variety alone constitutes fully half of the total crop. Originally known in California as the Rivers Late Orange and in Florida as the Hart's Tardiff, it had been imported into the United States early in the eighteen-seventies in unlabelled packages from the Thomas Rivers Nursery, of Sawbridgeworth, Hertfordshire. The easygoing Mr. Rivers had not only left off the name of the orange trees; he also failed to

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note where he had found them. They grew to be big, vigorous trees that bore remarkable quantities of almost seedless fruit containing lots of juice, which had a racy tartness in delicious proportion to its ample sugars. As supposedly different varieties, the trees were already beginning to prosper when an orange grower from Spain, travelling in California, felt suddenly at home in a grove of the so-called Rivers Lates. "That," said the Spanish grower, clearing up all mysteries with one unequivocal remark, "is the Late Orange of Valencia." Out of the bewildering catalogue of orange varieties and strains, the Valencia has emerged in this century as something close to a universal orange. It is more widely and extensively planted than any other. From Florida and California and Central and South America to South Africa and Australia, Valencias grow in abundance in nearly all the orange centers of the world except Valencia. Having given the world the most remunerative orange yet known, Spain now specializes in its celebrated strains of bloods and navels. Only two per cent of the Spanish crop are Valencias, and perhaps only half of that comes from the groves of Valencia itself; much of the remainder grows in old, untended groves near Seville, where cattle wander through and munch oranges on the trees, on either bank of the Guadalquivir.

The Valencia is a spring and summer orange, and the Washington Navel ripens in the fall and winter. The two varieties overlap twice with perfect timing in California—where, together, they are almost all of the total crop—and the orange industry there never stops. In Florida, the Valencia harvest begins in late March and ends in June, and for about four months there is no picking. Florida grows few navel oranges, somewhat to the state's embarrassment. Florida growers tried hard enough, some seventy or eighty years ago, but the Washington Navel, in the language of pomology, proved to be too shy a bearer there. Instead, to meet the fall and winter markets, Florida growers have a number of locally developed early varieties to choose from, and in the main they seem to prefer three: the Pineapple Orange, the Parson Brown, and the Hamlin. The Pineapple developed in the eighteen-seventies and was so named because its full, heavy aroma gave packinghouse employees the feeling that they were working in Hawaii rather than in Florida. The Pineapple is fairly seedy, usually containing about a dozen seeds, but it is rich in flavor, loaded with juice, and

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pretty to look at, with its rough-textured, bright-orange skin and its slightly elongated shape. The skin is weak, though, and highly subject to decay. Most oranges, with appropriate care, will live about a month after they are picked. Pineapple Oranges don't have anything like that kind of stamina. (The Temple Orange and the Murcott Honey Orange, which are not actually oranges, ripen at the same time that Pineapples do. They are natural hybrids, almost certainly tangors—half orange, half tangerine—and they are so sweet that people on diets sometimes eat them before dinner in order to throttle their appetites. Oranges float, but these have so much sugar in them that if you drop one into a bucket of water it will go straight to the bottom.) Parson Nathan L. Brown was a Florida clergyman who grew oranges to supplement his income; the seedy, pebble-skinned orange that now carries his name was discovered in his grove about a hundred years ago. It tends to have pale-yellow flesh and pale-yellow juice, for, in general, the color of orange juice is light among early-season oranges, deeper in mid-season varieties, and deeper still in late ones. The seedless, smooth-skinned Hamlin, also named for a Florida grove owner, ripens in October, usually about two weeks ahead of the Parson Brown.

Both Hamlins and Parson Browns, when they are harvested, are usually as green as grass. They have to be ripe, because an orange will not continue to ripen after it has been picked. Many other fruits—apples and pears, for example—go on ripening for weeks after they leave the tree. Their flesh contains a great deal of starch, and as they go on breathing (all fruit breathes until it dies, and should be eaten before it is dead), the oxygen they take in gradually converts the starch to sugar. When oranges breathe, there is no starch within them to be converted. Whatever sugars, acids, and flavor essences they have were necessarily acquired on the tree. Hence, an advertisement for "tree-ripened" oranges is essentially a canard. There is no other way to ripen oranges. It is against the law to market oranges that are not tree-ripened—that is to say, oranges that are not ripe. Women see a patch or even a hint of green on an orange in a store and they seem to feel that they are making a knowledgeable decision when they avoid it. Some take home a can of concentrated orange juice instead. A good part, if not all, of the juice inside the can may have come from perfectly ripe, bright-green oranges.

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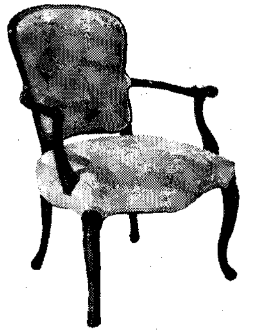

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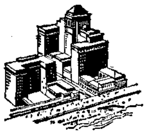

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Some oranges that become orange while they are still unripe may turn green again as they ripen. When cool nights finally come to Florida, around the first of the year, the Valencia crop is fully developed in size and shape, but it is still three months away from ripeness. Sliced through the middle at that time, a Valencia looks something like a partitioned cupful of rice, and its taste is overpoweringly acid. But in the winter coolness, the exterior surface turns to bright orange, and the Valencia appears to be perfect for picking. Warm nights return, however, during the time of the Valencia harvest. On the trees in late spring, the Valencias turn green again, growing sweeter each day and greener each night.

AT the beginning of the Valencia harvest last season, I drove to Florida, looking forward to its fresh orange juice in much the same frame of mind that I had once been in, in Burgundy, when nearing Beaune and the road that leads through Aloxe-Corton, Nuits-Saint-Georges, Vosne-Romanée, Gevrey-Chambertin, and so on up to Dijon. Several years earlier, I had made visits to orange groves in Spain and California, but this was Florida, with nearly fifty million orange trees, yielding more oranges than Spain, Italy, and Mexico—the second, third, and fourth orange countries—put together. About a mile south of the Georgia-Florida line on U.S. 301, on a day as hot as summer although it was in fact the first day of spring, I stopped at the Florida Welcome Station to try some of the free orange juice that was proclaimed on a sign outside. A good-looking red-headed girl handed me a three-ounce cup of reconstituted concentrate. It was good concentrate, as I remember, but I felt a little nonplussed. After driving for some hours, I found myself on Interstate 75 near Leesburg, in Lake County, where the Ridge begins. The Ridge is the Florida Divide, the peninsular watershed, and, to hear Floridians describe it, the world's most stupendous mountain range after the Himalayas and the Andes. Soaring two hundred and forty feet into the sub-tropical sky, the Ridge is difficult to distinguish from the surrounding lowlands, but it differs more in soil condition than in altitude, and citrus trees cover it like a long streamer, sometimes as little as a mile and never more than twenty-five miles wide, running south, from Leesburg to Sebring, for roughly a hundred miles. It is the most intense concentration of citrus in the world. The Ridge alone out-

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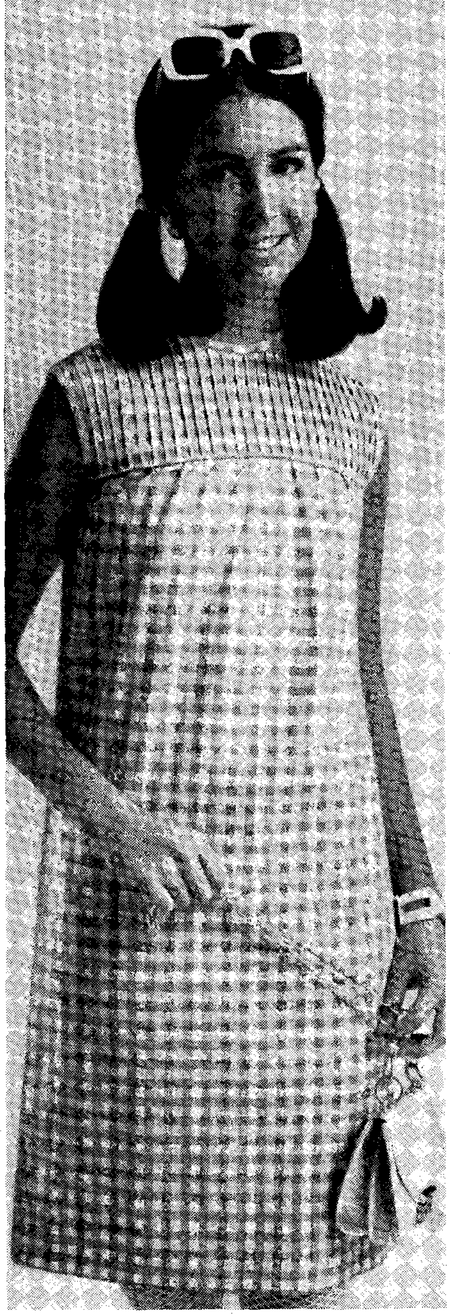
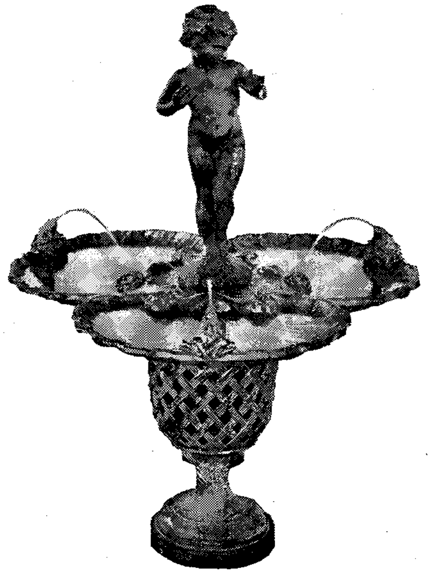


produces Spain and Italy. Its trees, planted in rows determined by surveyors' transits, are so perfectly laid out that their patterns play games with your eyes. The trees are dark and compact, like rows of trimmed giant boxwoods, usually about fifteen or twenty feet high. On the Ridge, as in the Indian River section of eastern Florida, citrus plantations are called groves; in California, they are generally called orchards. Citrus trees are evergreen, and in the ancient world they were coveted for their beauty long before anyone ever thought to eat their fruit. Of all the descriptions of them that I have ever run across, the one I prefer is contained in these three lines by a first-century Chinese poet:

> In the full of spring on the banks
> of a river—
> Two big gardens planted with
> thousands of orange trees.
> Their thick leaves are putting the
> clouds to shame.

The poet's name was Tu Fu, and he had so much confidence in his writing that he prescribed it as a cure for malaria. Beyond those three lines, I am unfamiliar with Tu Fu's canon. But I believe in him. Or at least I did that morning at the beginning of the Ridge, where the orange trees were shaming the clouds, and the air was sedative with the aroma of blossoms. Valencia trees, unlike all other orange trees, are in bloom and in fruit at the same time. So most of the trees in every direction were white and green and orange all at once.

After leaving Interstate 75, I noticed a sign on a roadside eating place that had originally said, "FRESH ORANGE JUICE;" the word "fresh" had been painted over with white paint but was still showing through. I dropped in briefly at the Florida Citrus Commission, in Lakeland, and was invited to have a cup of orange juice, which came out of a dispenser in the front lobby. It was concentrate. In Winter Haven, which is on the Ridge and about equidistant from either end, I took a room in a motel on the edge of an orange grove. Next door was a restaurant, with orange trees, full of fruit, spreading over its parking lot. I went in for dinner, and, since I would be staying for some time and this was the only restaurant in the neighborhood, I checked on the possibility of fresh juice for breakfast. There were never any requests for fresh orange juice, the waitress explained, apparently unmindful of the one that had just been made. "Fresh is either too sour or too watery or too



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something," she said. "Frozen is the same every day. People want to know what they're getting." She seemed to know her business, and I began to sense what turned out to be the truth—that I might as well stop asking for fresh orange juice, because few restaurants in Florida serve it. After dinner, I drove downtown, and in a hardware store I found a plastic orange reamer on a bottom shelf. I bought a knife, too, and went back to the place on the edge of the orange grove. I picked several oranges, squeezed them, and poured the juice into a tall glass. I had what I wanted, but it had been a long day.

THE trees in that particular grove were perhaps thirty feet tall. I learned, eventually, that they had been planted in 1885. Because of their great size, obvious age, and relatively metropolitan setting, they are a landmark among citrus men around Winter Haven, who, giving directions, will often say something like, "Turn left at the stop light. You can't miss it. You'll see a grove of big Seedlings on the corner." Seedlings are often spoken of as a distinct variety of orange, but actually the term is a general one, applying to any tree grown entirely from a planted seed. There aren't very many fully grown Seedlings anymore, and those that still exist are usually old and quite tall. Most citrus trees consist of two parts. The upper framework, called the scion, is one kind of citrus, and the roots and trunk, called the rootstock, are another. The place where the two parts come together, a barely discernible horizontal line around the trunk of a mature tree, is called the bud union. Seedling trees take about fifteen years before they start bearing well, and they bristle with ferocious thorns. Budded trees come into bearing in five years and are virtually free of thorns. In Florida, most orange trees have lemon roots. In California, nearly all lemon trees are grown on orange roots. This sort of thing is not unique with citrus. With the stone fruits, there is a certain latitude. Plums can be grown on cherry trees and apricots on peach trees, but a one-to-one relationship like that is only the beginning with citrus. A single citrus tree can be turned into a carnival, with lemons, limes, grapefruit, tangerines, kumquats, and oranges all ripening on its branches at the same time. Trees that are almost completely valueless for their fruit seem to make the most valuable rootstocks. Most of the trees on the Ridge are growing on Rough Lemon—a kind of lemon

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whose fruit is oversized, lumpy, ninety per cent rind, and all but inedible. As a rootstock, it forages with exceptional vigor and, in comparison with others, puts more fruit on the tree. Bitter Oranges, or Sour Oranges, the kind usually associated with Scottish marmalade and with Seville, make an outstanding stock in certain soils, notably on the banks of the Indian River. Brochures and booklets distributed by the citrus industry usually say that orange trees live about forty years, but this is probably meant to suggest an amortization span and, whatever the reason, is too conservative. In Europe, one celebrated tree called the Constable lived for four hundred and seventy-three years. This tree, also known as "François I" and "Le Grand Bourbon," was planted as a seed in 1421 by the gardener of the Queen of Navarre. Its profusion of oranges attracted people from all over the kingdom to the Royal Gardens in Pamplona. Both France and Navarre were at the time ruled by Bourbon kings, and the prize tree was at first coveted and then finally inherited by the family's northern branch. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Constable of Bourbon had it in his *orangerie* at Chantilly. In 1532, Francis I moved it to his new castle at Fontainebleau. In the late seventeenth century, Louis XIV installed it at Versailles. It died there in 1894, property of the Republic. A good many trees in Florida are still bearing after more than a century. Hence, that eighty-year-old grove in Winter Haven is not particularly ancient or notable, except for the fact that so many experts seem to think—apparently because of the unusual height of the trees—that it is a Seedling grove. The trees are, in fact, Valencias and Pineapples on Rough Lemon.

The man who told me this was in a good position to know, since his family owns the grove and he himself runs one of the state's most successful citrus nurseries. His name is William G. Adams, and when I called his office to introduce myself and ask if I could visit the nursery, he said, "Fine, I'll be right over to pick you up." He happened to be driving a helicopter when he arrived. We flew at five hundred feet over grove after grove, covering some fifteen miles from Winter Haven to his acreage near Haines City. Since conversation could only be shouted, I spent most of the time looking down at the groves. The most striking thing about them from the air, after the unvarying precision of the planting patterns, was the difference between or-

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ange and grapefruit trees. On the ground, somehow, it was not nearly so obvious, but, from above, the grapefruit trees were a light meadow green, and the orange trees seemed as dark as pines. Light-green rectangles of grapefruit trees occurred with a kind of random frequency within the wider and darker majority. There seemed to be about six times as many orange trees. The edges of some groves were lined with stacked cordwood, ordinary wood fires being the most rudimentary form of frost protection. We went over a picking crew, with ladders slanting into the trees, field boxes (they are three feet long with a heavy partition across the middle) suggesting bright-orange dominoes, and tractors pulling carts full of oranges out to a high-sided, open semitrailer parked at the end of the rows of trees. The big truck body itself contained a brilliant orange rectangle, composed of fifty thousand oranges, or half a load. The helicopter was yawing and swaying in a gusty head wind, and Adams—a youthful man wearing an open-necked shirt and a fibre hat with madras band—was having trouble keeping it on a true course. The problem didn't seem to bother him. "Isn't this thing great?" he shouted.

"It sure is," I said. "How long have you had it?"

"Almost three months."

"What did you fly before that?"

"Never flown before. There's nothing like it!"

He tilted the thing far over to one side and slid tumultuously downhill, over some wires, and into his nursery. Although it occupies only sixty acres, the nursery is large enough to accommodate an inventory of a million trees, with seedbeds at one end and deliverable trees at the other. Like most other nurserymen, he said, he gets his Rough Lemons and a good many of his Sour Oranges from the Everglades. They grow wild there, and are picked and sold mainly by Indians. There is, of course, no native citrus in Florida, but trees of all varieties have gone wild, their seeds having been dropped by birds, animals, or men. Adams puts, say, a couple of thousand Rough Lemons through an ordinary meat grinder with a coarse blade, and grinds them up—pulp, peels, seeds, and all. He opens a long furrow, eight inches wide and one inch deep, and fills it up with this pale-yellow mash, which produces seedlings. Graduated from the seedbed when they are about six months old, they are set as individuals in rows and are called liners. They are about a foot and a half tall when

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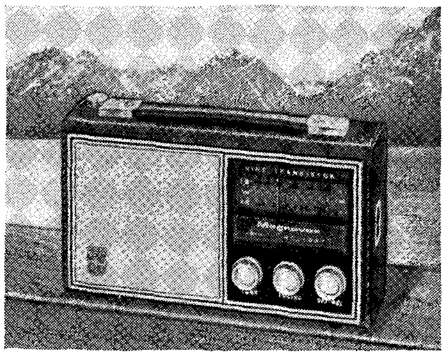

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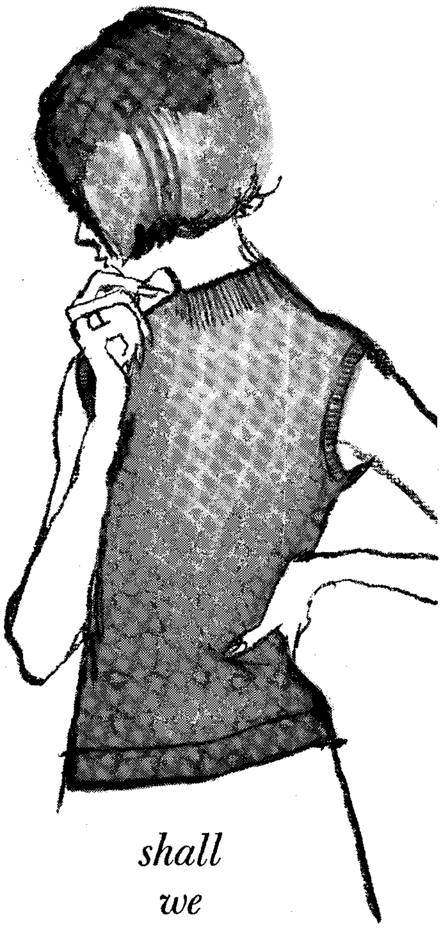
they are budded, in the following season. One of Adams' men was putting Hamlin buds on Rough Lemon stock the day I was there. He began by slicing a bud from a twig that had come from a registered budwood tree—of which there are forty-five thousand in groves around Florida, each certified under a state program to be free from serious virus disease and to be a true strain of whatever type of orange, grapefruit, or tangerine it happens to be. Each bud he removed was about an inch long and looked like a little submarine, the conning tower being the eye of the bud, out of which would come the shoot that would develop into the upper trunk and branches of the ultimate tree. A few inches above the ground, he cut a short vertical slit in the bark of a Rough Lemon liner; then he cut a transverse slit at the base of the vertical one, and, lifting the flaps of the wound, set the bud inside. The area was bandaged with plastic tape. In a couple of weeks, Adams said, the new shoot would be starting out of the bud and the tape would be taken off. To force the growth of the new shoot, a large area of the bark of the Rough Lemon would be shaved off above the bud union. Two months after that, the upper trunk, branches, and leaves of the young Rough Lemon tree would be cut off altogether, leaving only a three-inch stub coming out of the earth, thick as a cigar, with a small shoot and a leaf or two of the Hamlin flippantly protruding near the top. Another year goes by before the scion is, in the language of the business, grove-ready. Adams and I walked down to the far end of the nursery to inspect some of his grove-ready trees. On the way, he told me that he was born in Lakeland and had studied aeronautical engineering at Georgia Tech, but, on coming out of the Navy in 1946, he had decided to go into the citrus business. He started his own nursery in a corner of a grove his father owned in Alturas, and moved it to Haines City in 1960. The bud unions of his grove-ready trees resembled knees, badly crippled. In a few years, the widening trunks would smooth them out. Meanwhile, Adams would sell the trees for something close to two dollars apiece, planted. He guessed that he would sell two hundred thousand by the end of the year.

AT Lake Alfred, about five miles north of Winter Haven, the University of Florida maintains a Citrus Experiment Station, which, with the important parallel efforts of a substation in eastern Florida, of other pomologists



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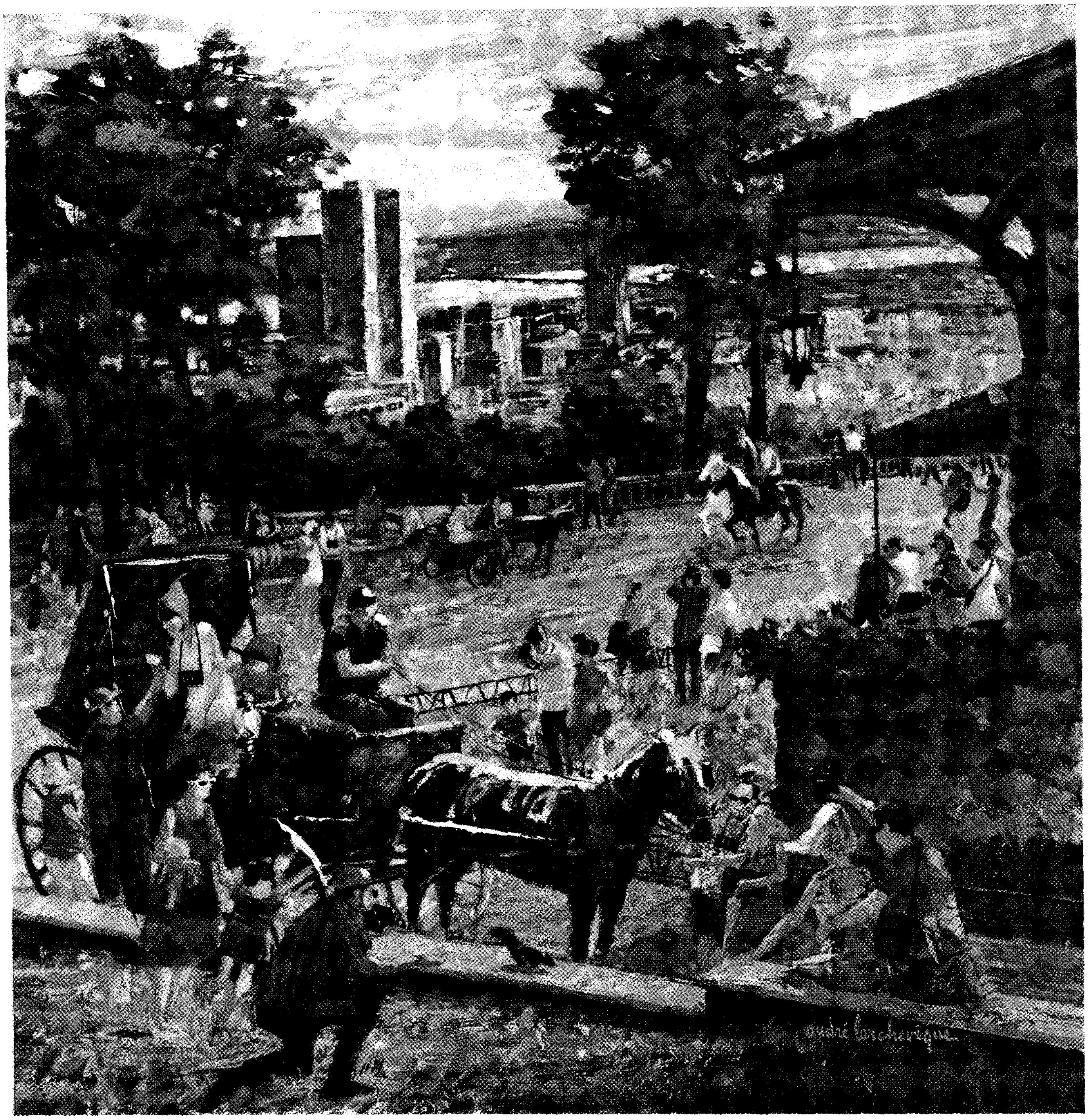

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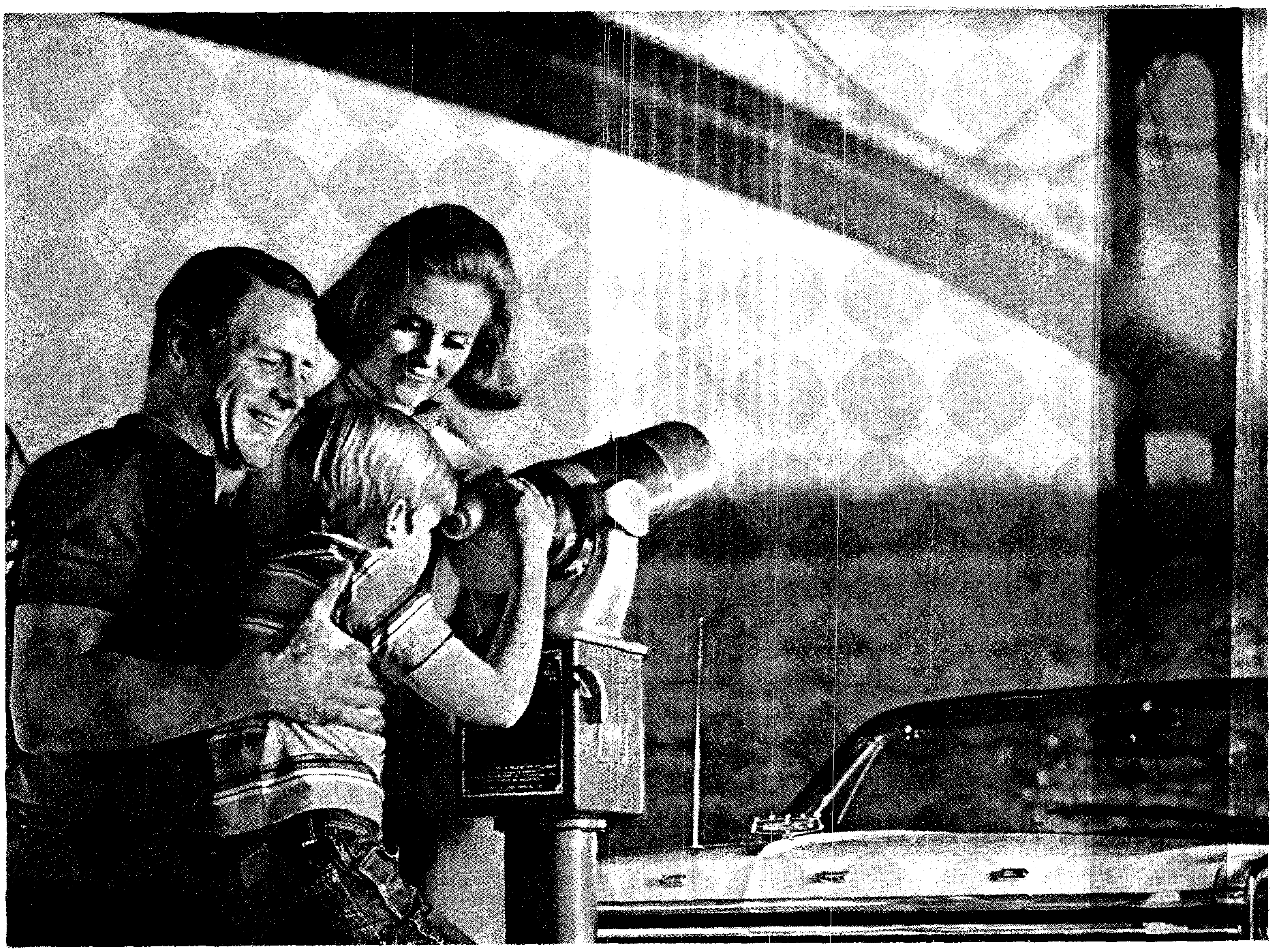

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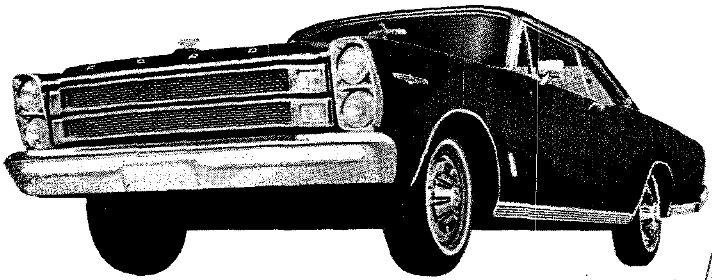

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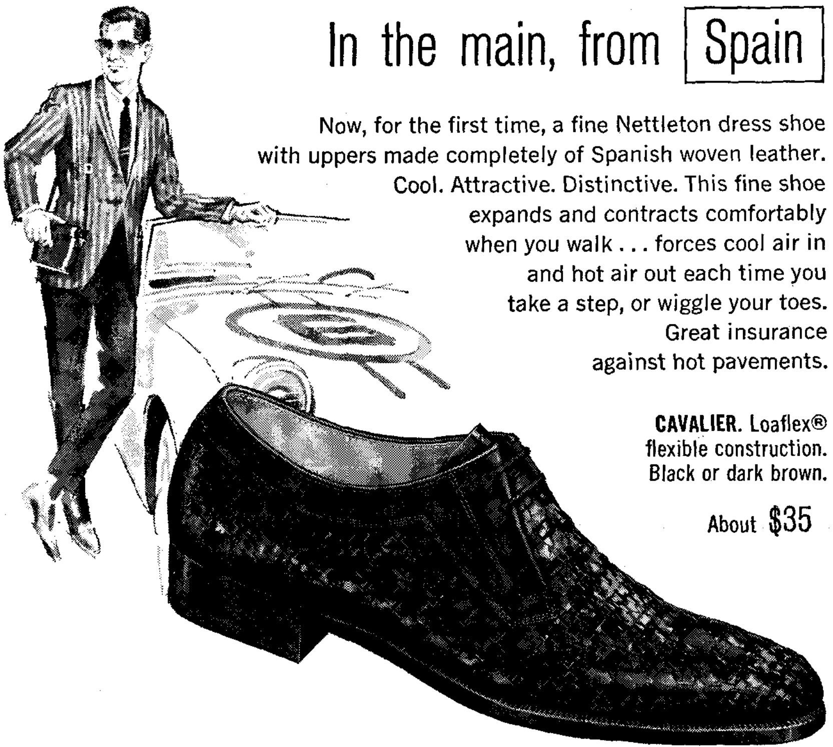
at the university itself (in Gainesville), and of the much smaller United States Horticultural Station in Orlando, offers a kind of intelligence service for the citrus industry. The Experiment Station has sixty-five scientists, working on everything from flavor and color to post-harvest diseases, mechanized picking, and the biochemistry of citrus metabolism. When the respiration of an orange is under surveillance there, the orange breathes into an apparatus that resembles a heart-lung machine. In the station compound, which is surrounded by orange groves, are five buildings, including a miniature fresh-fruit packing-house, a pocket concentrate plant, and a citrus library of thirty-five thousand books. I went to the Experiment Station soon after I had arrived in Florida and returned at least a dozen times. Nearly all of the visits I eventually made to specific growers, pickers, packers, and others began as suggestions made by the pomologists at Lake Alfred.

Dr. Herman Reitz, the director of the Experiment Station, is noted in his field for, among other things, research that resulted in a series of papers that detailed the remarkable and consistent differences among oranges grown in various positions on a single tree. He was born in Belle Plaine, Kansas, and is a graduate of Kansas State University. A surprising number of people involved in important ways with citrus in Florida are from places like Kansas, Minnesota, Illinois, and Pennsylvania. One man at the Experiment Station, whom Dr. Reitz recommended as probably the most knowledgeable person in the state on the subject of the harvesting and handling of fresh fruit, obviously outdistances everyone else in the catalogue of strangers who are contributing to the economy of Florida. His name is William Grierson, and he is an Englishman, a former officer in the Royal Air Force. Despite the tidal rise of concentrate, Grierson has been trying to keep growers and shippers interested in fresh fruit. In his office, in a frame over the door, he has a small broken lance, which he carved himself from a piece of birch to symbolize his jousts in the name of fresh oranges and the kind of success he feels he has had. "I am the leader of His Majesty's loyal opposition," he told me the moment I walked into his office. "The fresh-fruit trade has been almost completely neglected lately. I believe that if growers continue to neglect the fresh-fruit market, they may find, in the next ten or twenty years, that the market for all forms of orange products has



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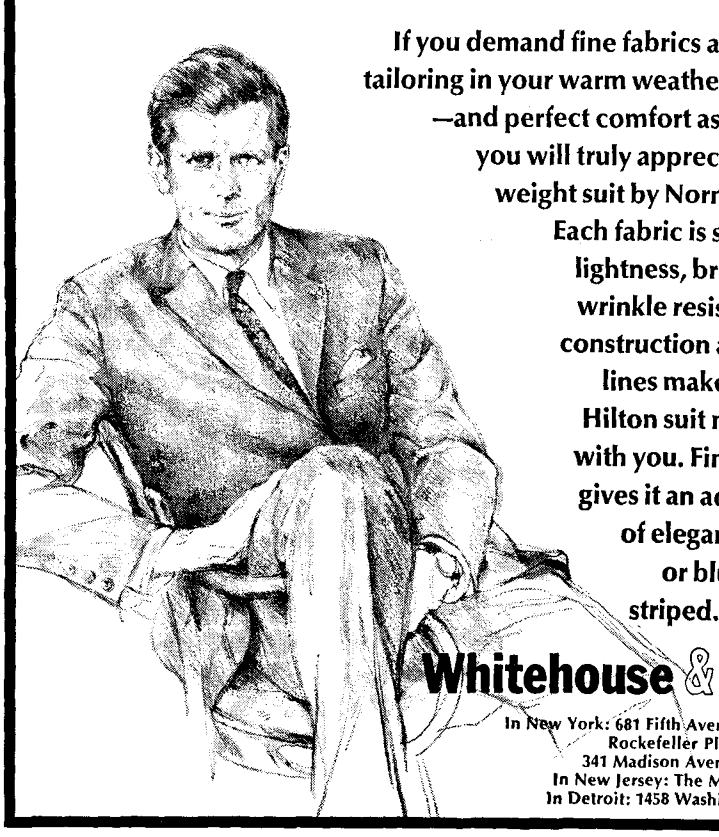

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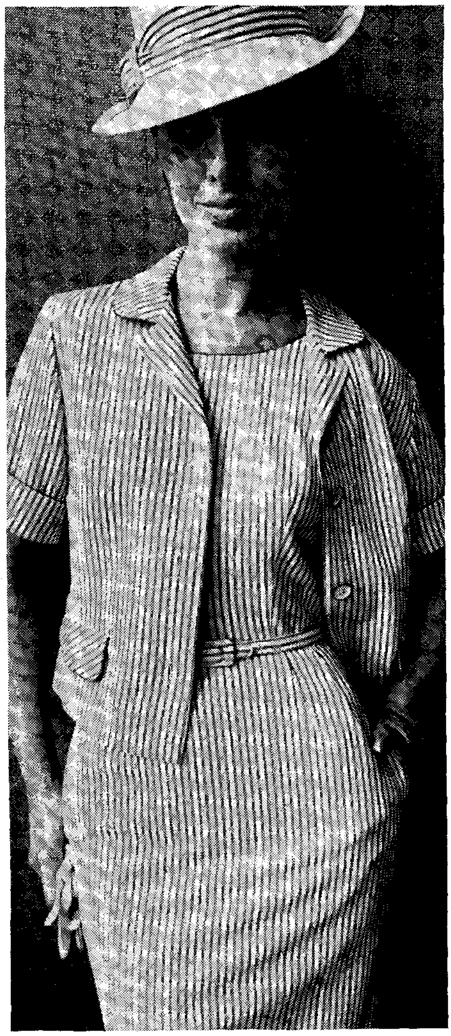

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suffered. These canners get a blood lust whenever they see an orange. I, among others, have been out lobbying to try to keep the fresh-fruit part of the industry alive, although it isn't becoming for a scientist to be out lobbying. In 1948, as a result of overplanting, growers were busy cutting down orange trees, grafting over to grapefruit, planting over to avocados, and that sort of thing, but then the miracle came. Oranges have quadrupled. The concentrate boom is the boomiest boom since the Brazilian rubber boom. The normal laws of economics are defied. When a freeze comes along now, it's a fortunate disaster. It halves the crop, triples the price, reduces taxes, and saves gasoline. When things are going wrong, they are at their best—all bolstered by the miracle of concentrate. This industry is now hungry for new miracles, but one miracle per industry is considerably above any normal quota. We cannot always rely on natural disasters to keep down the volume of fruit. Incidentally, after the great freeze of 1962—the worst freeze of this century—the leaves all turned manila and fell to the ground. Much of the fruit fell to the ground, too, but a lot of it still hung eerily, and with a macabre beauty, in the trees. They looked like odd Christmas trees covered with bright-orange balls."

Grierson is a trim and well-groomed man in his late forties, with brown hair and a modest mustache. He talks and works swiftly, a bit nervously. It is easy to imagine him working in an office in Curzon Street, but it is fairly startling to listen to his more or less Oxonian inflections while looking past his shoulder, out of his office window, into an orange grove. "My father was a British Army veteran who decided to run an apple ranch in Wenatchee, Washington," he said. "He went there from England not long after I was born, but unfortunately his health collapsed, and in 1922, when I was five, I was sent back to England. I eventually returned—this time to Canada—with a scholarship to Ontario Agricultural College, in Guelph, then back to England for the war, then back to teach at the University of British Columbia, where I had fourteen hundred and forty biology students. Quite enough for a young teacher. I moved on to various experiment stations, working on apples, and finally got my Ph.D., from Cornell. After that, I worked as chief of fruit-and-vegetable research in the food section of the Canadian Defence Research Medical Laboratories, in Toronto. If you want to sample a dog's life,

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try being a Ph.D. in a medical laboratory. I came here in 1952. Citrus is fascinating, and in Florida you don't have to dress in an ornamental manner." He was wearing a white, short-sleeved shirt, open at the collar. "A citrus fruit is, botanically, a berry," he went on. "Did you know that? A special kind of berry called a hesperidium. Many berry-type fruits are full of seeds, but they don't have to be. Citrus is monoecious—both sexes are in the same blossom—but in some varieties the pollen and the ovules are always imperfect and fertilization seldom occurs. Oranges can set fruit parthenocarpically—that means 'by virgin development'—so they can develop a fruit even if the flower isn't fertilized. The fruit, however, will be essentially seedless. If an orange has five seeds or less, it is called seedless. People write in and complain about the seeds they find in seedless oranges. On the other hand, if an orange likes its own pollen, as the Parson Brown and the Pineapple do, it will have dozens of incestuous seeds. There is more total weight of citrus fruit each year than of any other tree fruit in the United States, but very little research, actually. There are citrus experiment stations here and in Riverside, California, and in Weslaco, Texas, but that's about all in this country. More than forty stations are working on apples. The procedure here can be difficult for people who deal with subjective matters like taste and aroma. Before they can publish, they have to prove what they are saying mathematically. The public has very low taste perception, anyway. You must meet Bob Rutledge at the Florida Citrus Mutual. He is a phenomenon. If you come down here, you should meet phenomena. You must meet Mac—Dr. Louis Gardner MacDowell, the patron saint of concentrate. You should meet Ben Hill Griffin, of Frostproof, Florida—probably the last of the great orange barons. Too bad most of the interesting people are dead. E. Bean—that was a famous name in oranges once. In Northern cities, grocers used to put up signs advertising 'E. BEAN'S ORANGES HERE.' Bean designed the orange crate, in 1875. He designed the field box, too, the one used in the groves. It weighs fifteen pounds and holds ninety pounds of fruit, or about two hundred oranges. Try slinging something like that around all day! By and large, we're still tied to his damned field box. Today, most oranges are grown either by corporations or coöperatives. Sunkist, in California, is the largest marketing coöperative in

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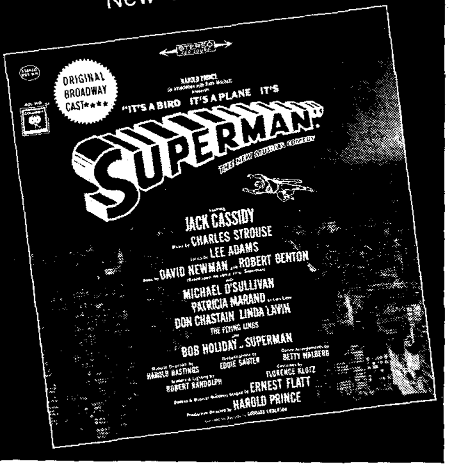

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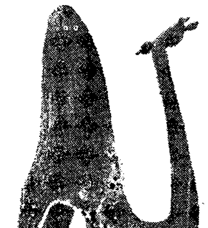
the world, but we have smaller ones on the same order here. You should meet a production manager. One of the best in the state is Art Mathias."

MATHIAS, production manager for the Haines City Citrus Growers Association, works for two hundred and thirty so-called growers, but he is the actual farmer, and, with his crews, produces about a quarter of a billion oranges a year. As citrus men go, he is atypical in that he loves to eat citrus fruit. He eats four or five oranges every day and at least two grapefruit, either chilled or broiled, the latter with maple syrup and cinnamon on them, left in the oven until slightly brown on top. He and his wife keep a big glass jar in the refrigerator filled with home-cut orange and grapefruit sections. Mathias was born in Evansville, Indiana, but he is a thoroughgoing Floridian. His father, once an engineer in an Indiana brewery, moved to Florida in 1920, when Mathias was ten months old, and eventually became production manager for the Haines City Citrus Growers Association. Mathias, who now cruises the groves in an air-conditioned and radio-equipped Chevrolet, and supervises the efforts of mastodonic spray trucks, remembers riding the groves on horseback with his father in an era when spray machines were pulled by mules. He majored in citrus at the University of Florida, later joined Haines City as spray foreman, and replaced his father as production manager in 1959.



Mathias is a handsome man with a somewhat vestigially athletic build, a gray edge around the temples, and a soft, easily flowing voice. He has an unpretentious attitude about his work. "There are fourteen thousand growers and fourteen thousand ways of raising fruit," he told me. "We're mighty lucky the citrus tree is so hardy, or we would have killed the species long ago." The groves he supervises cover a total of seven thousand acres scattered over some fifty miles of the Ridge. Among Haines City's two hundred and thirty growers, a few own as little as five acres. Most own about twenty acres, and the largest single holding in the coöperative is three hundred acres. Owning a block of orange trees is like owning a block of stock. Many of Florida's fourteen thousand growers have never been to Florida. Thirty per cent of them live outside the state. At the moment, mature groves, with trees ten years old and older, are selling for something like four thousand dollars an acre. Membership in the Haines City Citrus Growers Association costs one dollar. If an owner has bearing trees on his property, the coöperative gives him a drawing account, advancing the costs of production against eventual profits, and sending him a check for the difference at the end of the season. Owners with new groves are sent monthly bills until their trees come into bearing. Mathias likes to plant trees fairly spaciously on a twenty-five-foot square, but the decision is the owner's. The more concentrated the pattern the more money the trees will earn in the short term and the less in the long term. Owners who happen to be in the area participate heartily at monthly board meetings, but they leave Mathias alone—just as big-company stockholders are prone to sound off at annual meetings but seldom make a nuisance of themselves in production plants. Actually, Mathias wishes that more of them would come around and have a look at their groves.

It is difficult, though, to walk in the groves, because you sink to your shins in sand. All of Florida was under water fifty million years ago, and the Ridge is the remains of a string of submarine hills. Clay and limestone are under the sand, but the sand is about twenty feet deep. There are traces of phosphate in it and occasional suggestions of organic material, but it would be a scandalous exaggeration to call it sandy soil. It has the texture and porosity of a beach, and feels exactly the same underfoot. "It's a kind of hydroponic deal," Mathias explained to me during the course of a day that I spent riding around with him from grove to grove. "The sand holds up the trees, and we do the rest." His car pitched and rolled in the soft sand, and once in a while was stopped altogether. When this happened, he deftly rocked it back into action. Only occasionally, he said, does he have to radio for a tractor to pull him free. In varying amounts, he feeds the trees nitrogen, phosphorus, potassium, calcium, magnesium, iron, copper, manganese, zinc, boron, and molybdenum. The trees, in turn, are fed upon, or otherwise attacked, by many kinds of mites, insects, and fungus diseases, against which Mathias's crews use a liquid arsenal ranging from a fine mist of petroleum to parathion, a deadly nerve gas developed by German scientists during the Second World War. Workers have to wear gas masks when they are applying it, but parathion is very volatile; it does its work and vanishes. "Citrus is sprayed very little, compared with other fruits," he said. "A few sprays are toxic, and we have to be careful. Most are non-toxic. The hazard to the consumer is virtually nil. By law, even the peel of an orange has to be safe for eating, and all of the spray residue, if there is any, is actually thrown away with the peel."

During the course of the day, Mathias got out of the car several times to correct the technique of men who were spraying young trees, taking off his glasses, putting on a hat, and walking into the fringes of a wet gale of copper fungicide, zinc, manganese, borax, and Chlorobenzilate. Mathias has to mount campaigns against rust mites, red mites, six-spotted mites, Texas citrus mites, mealy bugs, cottony cushion scales, soft scales, black scales, Florida wax scales, purple scales, Florida red scales, snow scales, yellow scales, dictyospermum scales, chaff scales, white flies, white-fly fungi, aphids, plant bugs, orange-dog caterpillars, Mediterranean fruit flies, melanose, and citrus scab, to name a few. The problem sometimes becomes complex. Rust mite, for example, is a creature that gives an unappealing rusty color to an orange. Rust mite is controlled with sulphur-based miticides. But if the weather happens to be hot after a sulphur spray, oranges will get something called sulphur burn, which looks more or less like the effects of rust mite. Sometimes, Mathias has seventy-two hours to stop an infestation—of aphids, for example—or it is too late. Some foes attack underground, most notably the burrowing nematode, a small worm that is the author of a disease called the spreading decline. The nematode feeds on small roots and increasingly cuts off the food supply of the tree, which dies slowly, from the top down, as more and more skeletal branches appear each year and the amount of fruit steadily decreases. When people in Florida are feeling depressed and miserable with some unspecific malady, they sometimes tell one another that they have the spreading decline. Since no one has yet found a way to kill the nematodes without killing the tree, decline brings economic disaster. Whole groves of affected trees and a surrounding margin of healthy trees often have to be bulldozed into a great pyre and burned; after the land they stood on is fumigated, it must

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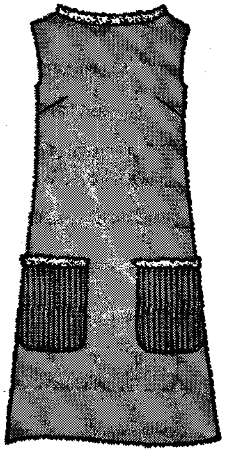

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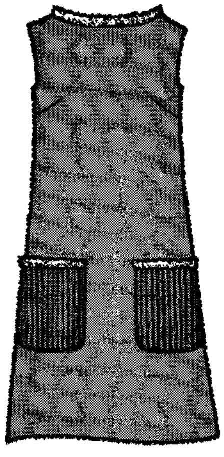

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be left empty for three years. As we drove along, Mathias would now and again point to areas full of half-dead trees and say, "Decline." Some were all but leafless, and looked like Northern apple trees in February. Once, we were on a secondary road, moving along between healthy, thick-foliaged orange groves, when perhaps fifty acres of treeless land suddenly came into view, covered with new houses, all of which looked alike. "Decline," Mathias explained.

Lightning kills as many orange trees as any disease. Central inland Florida has more thunderstorms than any other area in the United States, and there is not much on the Ridge for the bolts to strike except the trees. Wind damages oranges. Whipping branches against one another, it can put a minute scratch on a new, tiny orange that will develop into a blemish covering a large area of the mature fruit. It is possible that the gusty blasts of spray machines cause as much wind damage as wind itself. Considering the enemies of citrus as a whole, it is no wonder that the trees people keep in their yards for ornamental effect seemed—to me, at least—to be the sorriest-looking trees in the state. For the most part, the trees of the commercial groves are beautiful things that shine with health. They are pruned with enormous machines that move along the middles—the lanes between rows of trees—and, with big circular saws, trim the trees until they are hedged and topped with such uniformity that the Ridge itself seems to be a macrocosmic reproduction of the gardens at Chenonceaux or Villandry.

Abruptly turning off a road and into a grove, Mathias drove about a hundred yards and stopped at the brink of a conical pit that was at least a hundred feet across and about forty feet deep. Valencia trees around the rim tilted crazily over the edge, part of their roots protruding into the air, bleached white by the sun. Fruit nonetheless hung from the limbs of these trees, and some of it had dropped and piled up far below among new scrub-pine trees. Mathias said that the hole had suddenly appeared one day about four years earlier. Something had obviously released a plug under the sand, which had simply run out, taking part of the grove with it. "These sinkholes develop quite frequently," he said. "A house went into one not long ago. Another time, an entomologist at the Experiment Station lost his back yard." Years ago, before the development of the citrus groves on the Ridge, logging crews working the pines that grew there orig-

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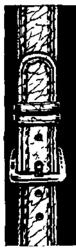

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inally were occasionally surprised by the sudden sensation that the earth was giving way beneath them. They ran for their lives, sometimes shouting, "The Devil's got the roots!" Citrus men would be more likely to call it the work of God, however, because the Ridge's tendency to perforate itself with sinkholes has resulted in considerable benefit to the growers of oranges. The holes are caused by the collapse of the ceilings of underground caverns, made by underground rivers in the soluble limestone. If a fissure develops in the limestone, the sand above pours through it. Or, during a drought, when the level of the water in the caverns drops, the ceilings become unsupported and may give way. The sinkhole Mathias showed me was a small one. Some of the older ones are a mile or so across, and, more often than not, are filled with water. There are about thirty thousand named lakes on the Ridge, most of which began as sinkholes and most of which are almost perfectly round. Towns like Winter Haven and Orlando are polka-dot Venices. The advantage to orange growers is that the lakes tend to modify cold air and protect trees from frost. It is not enough merely to have lakes in the general vicinity, however, and the quality of a grove site will vary according to its position in relation to the nearest lake. Mathias went through a grove and stopped at the edge of a pond called Little Lake Hamilton to show me how true this is. Along the north shore, all the orange trees had been severely damaged in the big freeze of 1962. All their leaves had fallen, the fruit was lost, and the trees had later been radically pruned. Along the south shore, which the north wind had reached after passing over the lake, no trees were damaged and no oranges were lost.

Even more than the proximity of lakes, good air drainage can keep a grove relatively safe from frost. This is one of the advantages of the Ridge as a whole. Cold air runs off it like water off a tent. But within its undulations there are countless pockets and knolls that will make one spot relatively dangerous for citrus trees and another spot, actually only a few yards away, relatively safe. Driving along a highway, Mathias pointed out the robustness of trees growing across the top of a slight rise. The car went down a gentle slope. At the bottom, in a pocket where cold air would collect on a night of frost, no trees at all were planted. Some trees on the edge of the pocket had obviously been damaged. At a time

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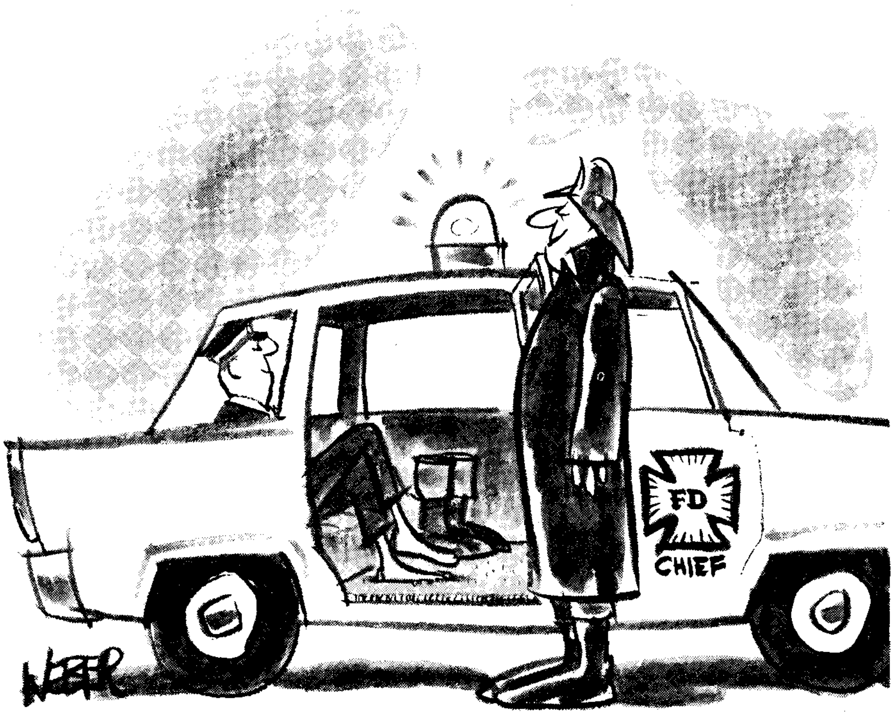

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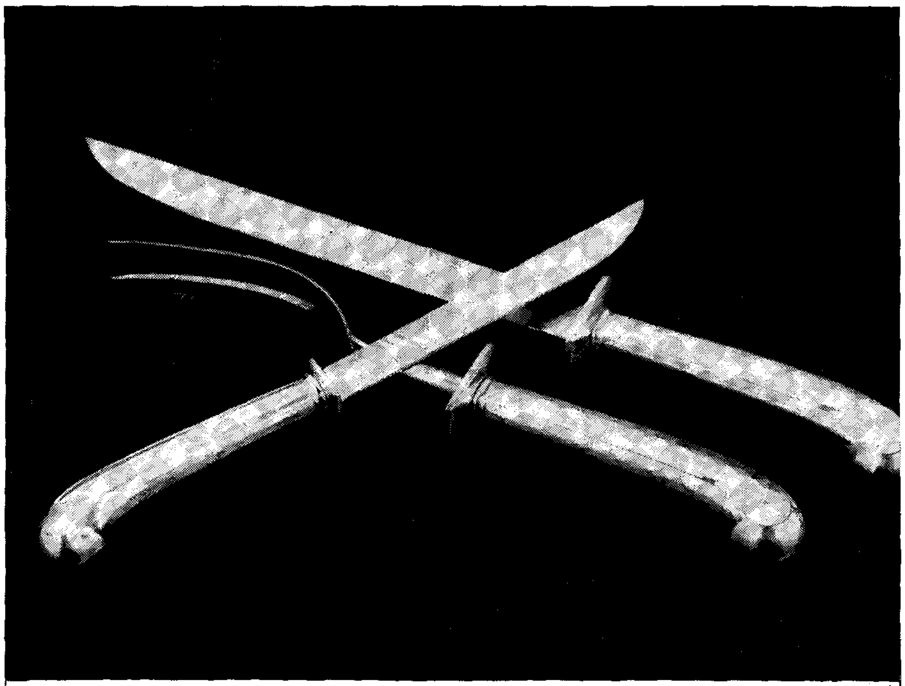

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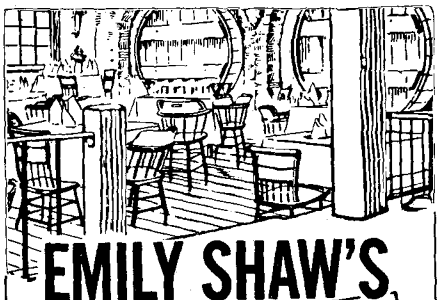

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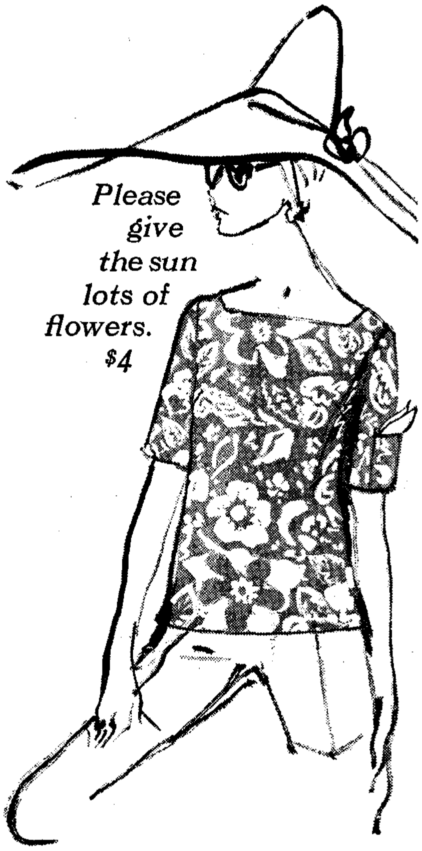
when the temperature on the nearby crests is around thirty-six degrees, Mathias said, the temperature down in the pocket might be twenty-four degrees. What passes for a cold night in Florida seldom goes very far below twenty-eight degrees—the temperature at which oranges freeze—and this is why the net effects of a Florida freeze can turn on sensationally slight differences in the location of trees. Mathias left the highway and drove on level ground through a fine grove of Valencias, heavy with fruit. After several hundred yards, he said, "Now watch this." The car started down a hill—not a steep one, merely a discernible incline. The farther down we went, the more the trees showed the effect of the 1962 freeze—increasingly pruned back and threadbare, with fewer and fewer oranges on them and new shoots, much too young to bear, poking up in confused jumbles from the trunks. Farther downhill, the trees had been killed to the bud union, and at the foot of the slope they had been killed to the ground. They still stood there, leafless and gray. The difference in altitude between the dead trees and the trees full of oranges at the top of the rise was twenty feet, if that.

The history of Florida is measured in freezes. Severe ones, for example, occurred in 1747, 1766, and 1774. The freeze of February, 1835, was probably the worst one in the state's history. But, because more growers were affected, the Great Freeze of 1895 seems to enjoy the same sort of status in Florida that the Blizzard of '88 once held in the North. Temperatures on the Ridge on February 8, 1895, went into the teens for much of the night. It is said that some orange growers, on being told what was happening out in the groves, got up from their dinner tables and left the state. In the morning, it was apparent that the Florida citrus industry had been virtually wiped out. The groves around Keystone City, in Polk County, however, went through the freeze of 1895 without damage. Slightly higher than anything around it and studded with sizable lakes, Keystone City became famous, and people from all over the Ridge came to marvel at this Garden of Eden in the middle of the new wasteland. The citizens of Keystone City changed the name of their town to Frostproof.

The twentieth century has had numerous severe freezes, but no great one until 1962, when, on the night of December 11th, northwesterly winds carried a mass of gelid air down from



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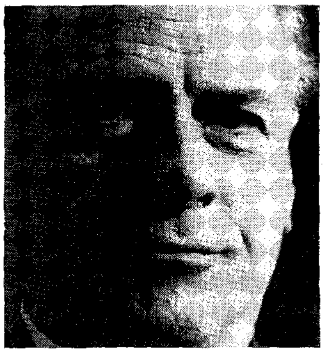
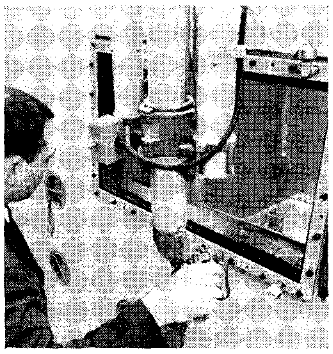
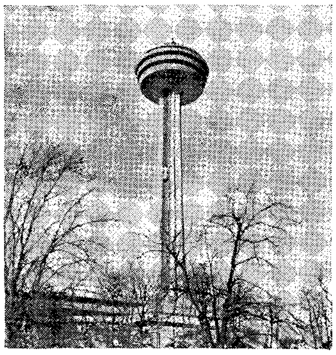
All told, 2 million students and 65 thousand teachers guarantee a high volume of well educated people to keep the province vibrant with new talent and fresh ideas. Described below are a few other interesting facts about Ontario.



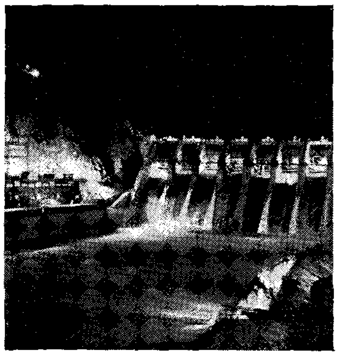
On TV, Hitler wouldn't have sted ten minutes," says rofessor Marshall McLuhan. ewsweek Magazine describes im as "the oracle of the new ommunications." He lectures t a leading Ontario university nd directs the university's entre for Culture and Technolgy. Professor McLuhan's ewest book *Understanding edia* is a best-seller in e United States.



Ontario universities are equipped for atomic-age research. This 5-megawatt swimming pool-type reactor at McMaster University in Hamilton, has contributed greatly in the area of solid state and nuclear research since it went critical in 1959. Nuclear science as a field of research has been going on at McMaster for twenty years under the guidance of Professor H. G. Thode. Now president of the University, Doctor Thode is internationally known for his work on the geochemistry of sulphur isotopes.



This Skylon—the tallest reinforced concrete structure of its kind in the world—stands on the Ontario side of Niagara Falls. Now visitors can study the cataract, not to mention great portions of New York State and Ontario, from a new vantage point 775 feet above the river.



Pictured above is the giant Warsak hydro-electric dam at the mouth of the Khyber Pass in West Pakistan. It was designed by one of the world's largest consulting engineering companies. A team from this Ontario company travelled to Pakistan to supervise construction of the entire project under Canada's foreign aid program. Our participation in projects like the Warsak hydro-electric dam is not unusual. Ontario is constantly involved in large-scale international projects.

For economic and industrial information about Ontario, write to:
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the Arctic with such speed—a thousand miles a day—that the temperatures were still at the killing level when the cold reached Florida. It lasted four nights, and, at its coldest, was cold enough to split the bark of trees, causing a sound like repeated rifle shots. During much of that great freeze, Mathias told me, a fairly stiff wind was blowing. Driving north through a grove, he pointed out that, seen from the south side, the trees appeared to have been completely unaffected. Then he turned the car around and drove the other way, and the same trees looked ragged, battered, and half alive. The worst night was December 13th, when the temperature in some parts of the Ridge stayed below twenty degrees for as much as four and a half hours, and even Frostproof recorded a minimum for the night of twenty-four degrees. Nearly eight billion oranges were lost in Florida. So many trees were either damaged or killed that the ultimate effect was to cut the state's production in half. Immediate losses of ripe fruit on the trees would have been even greater after the 1962 freeze if there had not been a slow thaw, which enabled citrus men to harvest millions of frozen oranges and rush them to concentrate plants for processing.

If freezing air moves into grove land on a relatively calm winter night with an open sky above, the temperature can be, say, twenty-six degrees at ground level and thirty-four degrees just above the tops of the trees. Because of this phenomenon, known as temperature inversion, some groves have wind machines—great engines supported on towers with something like an airplane propeller mounted on them to mix the cold, low air with the warmer air above. Wind machines are useless on windy nights and effective only in relatively mild freezes. Oil heaters (called smudge pots only by tourists), wood fires, coke fires, and even burning automobile tires are also used to fight the cold. Such heat sources set up convection currents that stir together the colder and warmer layers of air. During freezes, some growers turn on overhead water sprinklers—which exist because there are short but crucial periods of drought in Florida every year—and spray their trees until they are coated with icicles. This dramatic system sometimes works, because when water freezes it releases heat. Although the temperature of the air may have dropped to twenty-five degrees, water freezing on the fruit and foliage of an orange tree will hold at thirty-two degrees as long as more

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water continues to be applied. It takes a lot of nerve to wage a water-spray battle with Arctic air. If the wind is blowing with any speed, it forces the temperature of the ice down, and the fruit—perhaps the tree, too—is lost. If the period of deep cold lasts for too many hours, the weight of ice on the tree becomes so heavy that whole branches break and crash to the ground. So a kind of race develops between the accumulating weight of the ice and the arrival of sunrise and the thawing temperatures of the day. In 1962, many growers lost this race, but some, although they had applied layer after layer of ice until their trees looked like frozen fountains, were saved by the rising sun, which melted away all the ice, leaving perfect oranges, unaffected, hanging on the trees, worth three times as much as they had been a day or so before.

Four days before the arrival of the 1962 freeze, Florida knew it was coming, having been told so by the Federal-State Frost Warning Service, in Lakeland, on which production managers, like Mathias, and every kind of grower, large and small, depend, day in and day out, each winter. A great deal of planning is involved before a campaign against cold can be staged. The required manpower alone is staggering. Mathias's regular crew numbers only about a hundred men, but he needs two hundred men to light and refill his oil heaters. The decision to call out such expensive platoons is made on the basis of teletyped bulletins from the Frost Warning Service, and the service itself is, in the main, a small, spare, superbly professorial man, with a leaky pipe and a tousled mustache, whose name is Warren O. Johnson. His experience with freezing air goes back to his youth; he was born and raised in Benson, Minnesota. He was sent to Florida in 1935 by the United States Weather Bureau after a disastrous forecast, originating in Washington, had predicted warm temperatures for Florida on the night of December 12, 1934, the date of one of the most severe freezes of the twentieth century. The microclimate of Florida, in weathermen's terms, obviously needed its own microforecast, and Johnson has been so successful at it that whenever he gets depressed by other factors in his life he goes out into the groves to talk to people like Mathias, and he says that their praise heals his spirits. Johnson predicts temperatures for dozens of points all over the Ridge and the rest of the state, and his thoughts are superimposed on television screens almost as

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quickly as they develop. He is seldom more than one degree off in his predictions. He has predicted fifty degrees for one spot and thirty-two degrees for another spot less than a mile distant, hitting it on the nose both ways. When he says that there is going to be a "hard freeze"—twenty-six degrees or lower for four hours or more—growers who have heating equipment get going. He tells them how low the temperature will go and for how long, how fast it will drop, when it will hit twenty-eight degrees, what the differences are likely to be in their area between high and low ground, how calm the night will be, how much frost deposit will come with the cold, what changes in the weather to expect during the night, what temperatures to plan for the next night, and how long the over-all snap will last.

Because of the high cost of heating equipment, Mathias told me, many growers trust to luck and location to get them past a freeze. An unprotected grove that is next to and due south of a heated grove will benefit from the warm air produced at the neighbor's expense, and owners of unprotected groves have actually complained that their northerly neighbors were putting out inadequate amounts of heat.

In spring, as the weather warms and dries out, the overhead sprinkler systems and the portable irrigation pipes on the ground come into their period of more conventional use. After the blossoms go, each tree has many thousands of minute oranges on it—several times the number it could ever conceivably bear to fruition. Taking a twig in his hand, Mathias snapped it off and handed it to me. "Count the fruit right there on that one little twig," he said. The new, deep-green oranges were each about the size of the head of a hatpin. I counted eighteen. "Well, hell, you can't have eighteen oranges on one twig," he said. "It's got to drop some of them. But you want to keep as many as you can. Good moisture sets more fruit. If the weather is dry, you irrigate in an effort to head off a lot of this drop and set a bigger crop."

At that moment, I thought I saw something moving at a distance through the pattern of tree trunks that surrounded us on all sides, and I asked Mathias if any creatures lived in the groves, which to me had always seemed to contain an unnatural and all but unending silence.

"There aren't many," he said. "Rabbits come in and out. They gnaw the bark of the trees. Wildcats hunt the rabbits. People with dogs hunt the wild-

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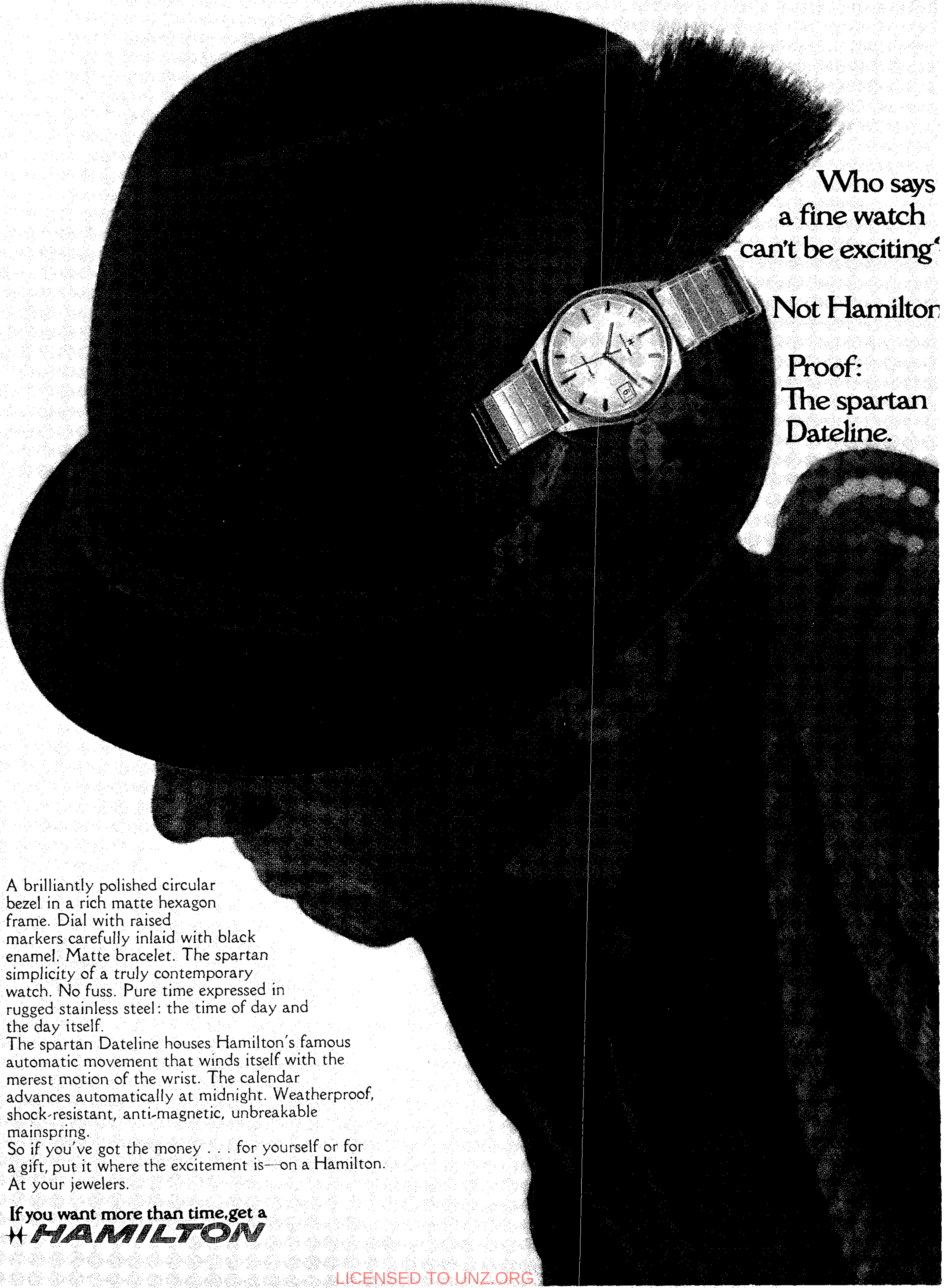

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cats. Deer eat the leaves. Cows sometimes come in and eat the fruit. There are mice, of course, and rats, and what you call land turtles (we call them gophers), and what you call gophers (we call them salamanders). There are chicken snakes, gopher snakes, and rattlesnakes. They don't live in the groves; they just come in to eat the mice. We used to have a fellow in the crew who was called Snake Man. His real name was Walter Henderson, but no one knew it. He was a tree planter, a sprayer, a grove man. They called him Snake Man because he always caught snakes and scared the others. He couldn't stay away from snakes. One day, Snake Man picked up a little old ground rattler and waved it at the boys. It bit him in the thumb, and the foreman told him he had to go to the hospital. Snake Man said it was nothing and he wasn't going. They finally got him there, and his arm swelled up three times its size, and they thought he was going to die. He was in the hospital a week, and a few days after that he came back to work. When the other boys saw him, one of them called to him, 'Hey, Snake Man, how are you?' Snake Man stopped, and he looked at the whole bunch of them, and he said, 'My name is Walt.' "

I WOULD like to have met Snake Man, but that proved to be impossible. He disappeared a few years ago, and he is thought to have been murdered. I had to settle for Bird Man, an amiable but untalkative, hardworking orange picker I met one day, whose wife and three-year-old son were in the grove with him. The boy played in the sand beside a galvanized tub, which his mother was filling with oranges to supplement the family income. Orange pickers are an admirable group. They are, in a sense, individual contractors. They work at their own speed and they stay at it according to their own will and endurance. The work they do is so hard that only people of considerable toughness of body and spirit last very long in the groves. Weak, slow, or lazy people make almost no money picking oranges, because their pay is measured by the amount of work they do. Under the Secretary of Labor's plan to reduce unemployment by taking unemployed people to places where work exists, busloads of workers from other states have been sent to Florida during the orange harvests, but nearly all of these people have quit at once. One of them wrote to the Florida State Employment Service, saying, "In one half day, I have learned that I am not

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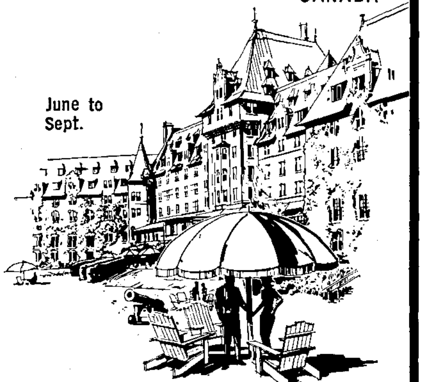

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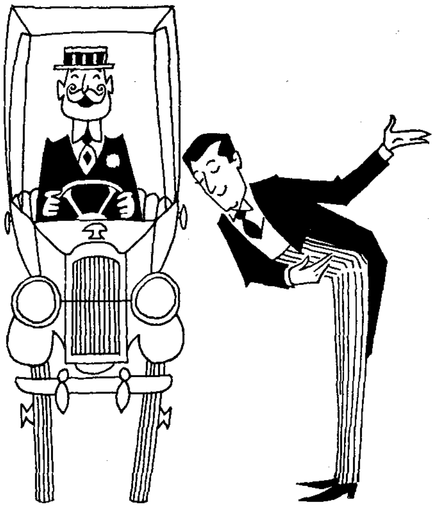
a citrus picker. If you know of any seasonal farm work in the state that doesn't require the combined agility of a monkey and the stamina of a horse, I would like to hear of it." The working day for pickers begins when the dew dries, because the skins of oranges grow taut when covered with water and the fruit is easily damaged. Charles Baty, the foreman of the crew in which Bird Man was working, told me that Bird Man is an average picker and that, with his wife's help, he gets about eighty boxes of oranges a day. At twenty-five cents a box, that makes twenty dollars. Sometimes, when a picker comes to a tree, a good many oranges are already on the ground. Many seem perfectly healthy. Fallen fruit is not picked, however, since it can raise the bacteria count beyond the levels permitted by government inspectors in packinghouses and concentrate plants. Some growers go through their groves with disk harrows just before picking time in order to chop up the fallen fruit and relieve pickers of the temptation to stuff their bags with it. A picker has to pick each tree clean. An isolated orange that has been missed is called a shiner, because of the way it will shine like a light bulb alone in the tree. Baty goes around with a shiner pole in his hand. It has a hook on one end. If only one or two oranges are left in a tree, he will flick them out with the pole. If he finds a half-dozen shiners, he will send the picker back to the tree. "If I don't send a man back for six, the next time he'll leave twelve," he explained. At that moment, he saw a tree with an array of shiners glistening within its canopy. "Bird Man," he called out, "you got about eight or ten up here." Bird Man got out of the tree he was in and picked the shiners, looking guilty.

"You should talk to Doyle Waid," Baty said to me. "He's through for today because the strap of his picking bag cut his shoulder. I've never seen anyone better than Doyle. He's quit early and he's already picked a hundred boxes anyway."

Waid, a short and somewhat frail man with sandy hair and shallow, light-blue eyes, seemed to weigh about a hundred and thirty-five pounds. The back of his neck was heavily creased from his years under the sun. He lived, at the time, in a trailer in Davenport, Florida, with his wife, his four sons, and his daughter. He said he picked oranges six days a week and on Sunday as well when there was work. Until he was eighteen, he lived in Cleveland, Mississippi; then he came to Florida,



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started picking, liked the money, and stayed, leaving the state only in the summer to work apples, cherries, and pears, near Hartford, Michigan. He is white. About three-quarters of Florida's orange pickers are Negroes. Standing there drinking a cup of water that particular afternoon, he looked like someone who had earned his money. He looked worn out. He had no shirt on, and his body was glistening in the heavy humidity and heat, which was in the nineties. There was a red welt across his shoulder and down his chest, where the strap of his picking bag had rubbed through his skin—enough, in places, to bring out some blood. Gnats were swarming all over the welt, but he paid no attention to them. It was five minutes past three, and he had picked twenty thousand oranges that day. He would get twenty-five dollars, and he seemed to be feeling pretty good about it. Picking a hundred boxes a day is impossible for most people, but for him it had become a minimum standard. After all, he was good at it, and he was in his prime as a picker. At the time, he was twenty-nine years old.

"I have made as high as forty-one dollars in a day," Waid told me.

"When did you do that?"

"Back in tangerines."

Each tangerine has to be removed from the tree with a pair of clippers, or a plug would pull out of the skin. Tangerines pay three times as much as oranges, which are snapped from the tree with a fast turn of the wrist that is similar to the motion used by a baseball pitcher throwing a curve. In California, oranges are clipped like tangerines. Florida gave up clipping oranges during the Second World War. Pickers try to fill their picking bags each time they make one descent on their ladders. Certain historic orange trees have borne as many as twelve thousand oranges at one time, but an average yield is closer to fifteen hundred. Waid pointed out a nicely structured tree with well-spread limbs. "That tree is good picking," he said. "It's got big fruit. It's easy to ladder. You can set your ladder in there and get your inside fruit good. That's a bad tree next to it, with the branches close together. It's a hard set. A good average tree, it oughtn't to take over seven sets to get it."

The main direction of research in harvesting seems to be toward getting rid of human pickers. With the rise of concentrate, orange-tree plantings are multiplying, but the picking force is diminishing. Florida used to depend on the supplementary help of offshore labor—pickers mainly from the British

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West Indies—but the Department of Labor is making it increasingly difficult for these workers to enter the United States. So, with a sense of considerable urgency, citrus men are hoping for the development of a mechanical harvesting machine. The citrus business is looking for an Eli Whitney, and many candidates are applying themselves to the pursuit of the fortune that would settle upon the inventor of what might be called the orange gin. One is Fred D. Lasswell, Jr., of Tampa, who draws the comic strip "Barney Google and Snuffy Smith." Lasswell's entry is a big set of whirling flexible fins, which are pushed up against a tree so they can snap the oranges free from the twigs that hold them. International Harvester once tried to develop Lasswell's fins, but apparently without great success. William Adams, the nurseryman I visited, has something in a back room that looks like a giant version of the conical spring that fits behind the batteries in an ordinary flashlight; spiralling through the branches of a citrus tree, it is supposed to disengage the fruit with gentle force. Another inventor has tried sucking the fruit off the tree by using a kind of vacuum cleaner, more or less turning the picker into a janitor. The most active of the new Whitneys—and at the same time the central coördinator of nearly every other inventor's efforts in the state—is Glenn Coppock, an agricultural engineer at the Experiment Station. Coppock, a public servant whose salary comes from the Florida Citrus Commission, tries out all sorts of new ideas, his own and those of others. One of his inventions is an assemblage of outsize, soft-rubber drill bits that screw themselves into the canopy of a tree and, on the way in, twist off the oranges. He has also tried combing the trees with huge combs. It takes a man about an hour to pick an average tree clean. Coppock wants to get all the fruit off the tree in a couple of minutes. Recently, he has been rolling into the groves with something he calls the Inertia Tree Shaker. This is an enormous steel arm, eighteen feet long, with a padded claw on one end, that reaches into a tree, grabs hold of a branch, and thunders back and forth while the oranges drop into a nylon apron. Tree shakers are already in use in the harvesting of nuts and of certain fruits that can stand a little damage—such as cherries for canning and plums that are destined to be prunes. Oranges headed for concentrate plants could be harvested in this way, too. Coppock is also

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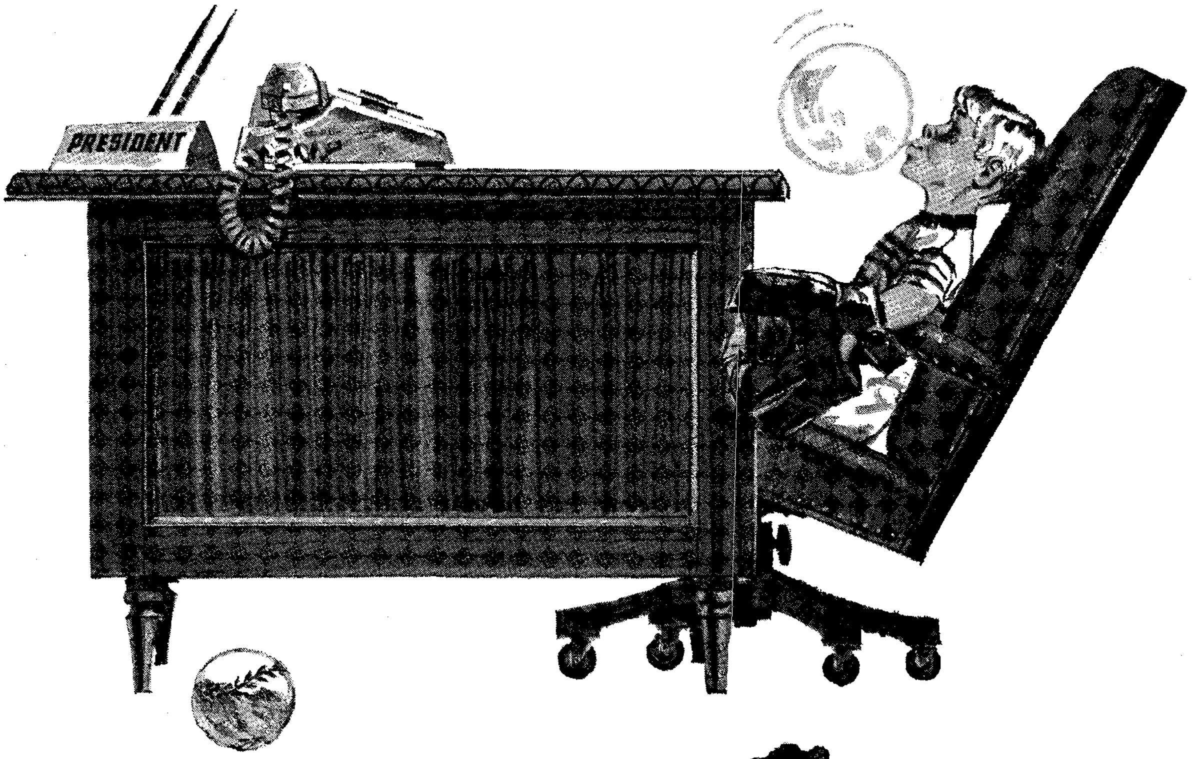

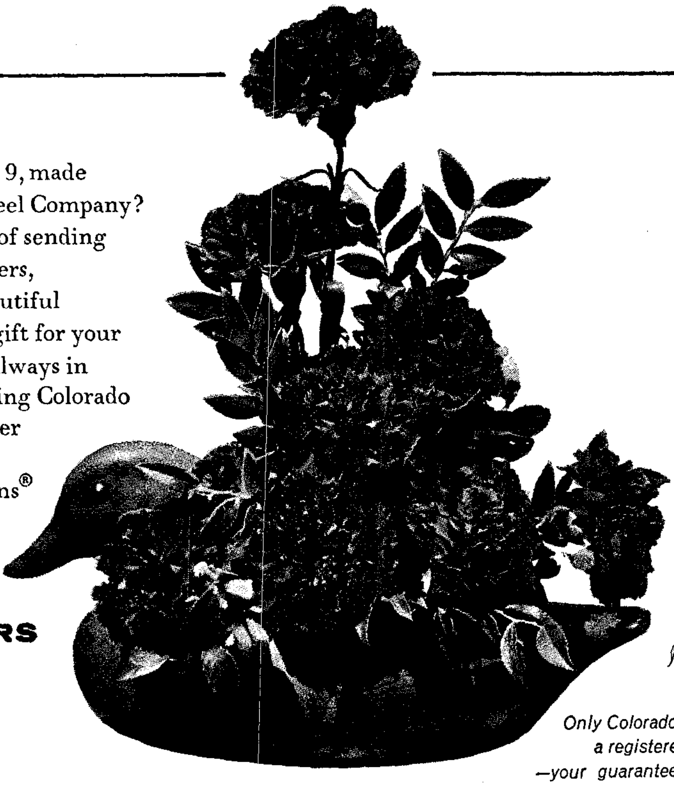

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vorking on what he calls the Oscillatng Air Blast Machine. This brute is imple enough. It is a bank of huge ans that goes up to a tree and blows t it with winds of hurricane force. The air emerges through louvers, which nove so that the wind is delivered in usts that swing oranges like pendulums and tear them free. The Oscillatng Air Blast Machine can clean a tree n two minutes. However, the defoliaion of the tree may have been so coniderable that it will appear to be in the inal throes of spreading decline. One najor problem for both the shakers and he air-blast machines is that Valencia rees, half of the total number in the tate, carry ripe fruit and new fruit at he same time, and therefore can be neither shaken nor blasted at harvest ime without destroying the following ear's crop.

I asked Doyle Waid if he had ever een one of Coppock's mechanical ickers.

"I seen 'em work," he said. "They lon't work." —JOHN MCPHEE

(This is the first of two articles on oranges.)

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[From the Kansas City Star]

Life doesn't ever have to be mundane vhen there are people around like Louis nd Meredith (Mr. and Mrs. Louis Marcell) Davis . . . especially when those articular people are thoughtful enough o let more than 100 friends participate vith them in an extraordinary evening.

The invitation for Wednesday night aid come to a Thunderball party and ress like a character from Ian Fleming's amous James Bond 007 episodes. That's ll it said. It didn't happen to mention hat after everyone arrived "en costume" hey would be served dinner, then ushered nto busses and taken to the premiere howing of "Thunderball," at the Plaza heater.

Among the gorgeous Bond girlfriends here were many—like Karen Marmon vith long, beautiful blond hair; Mary Ann Olson, with long, beautiful auburn air and metallic overblouse; Connie Glenn with a silver mesh dress over a ilver sheath, silver boots and white vinyl oat; Janie Berkley with black leather hip ants.

The artillery-carrying men included Bud Foster with a knife and a pistol; Bill Cromwell with a "German luger" that hot off flames (excellent for lighting igarettes); and Jack Glenn, who sported a huge red carnation that belied the pistol n his pocket.

Guests were constantly getting "shot" while enjoying a delectable meal of rice and a special beef stroganoff. The final shot, before boarding the busses, was felt by all. It was a load of tear gas. Everyone left with watering eyes which cleared up in time to watch "Thunderball."

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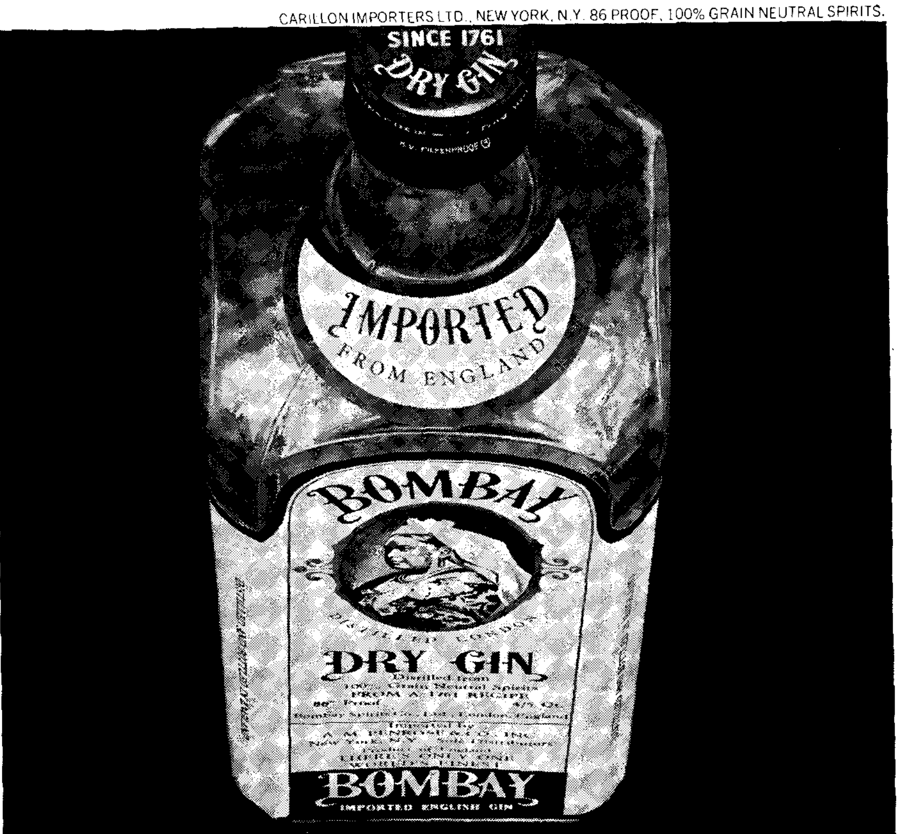

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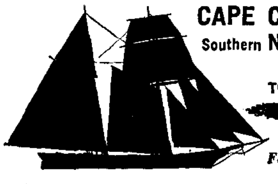

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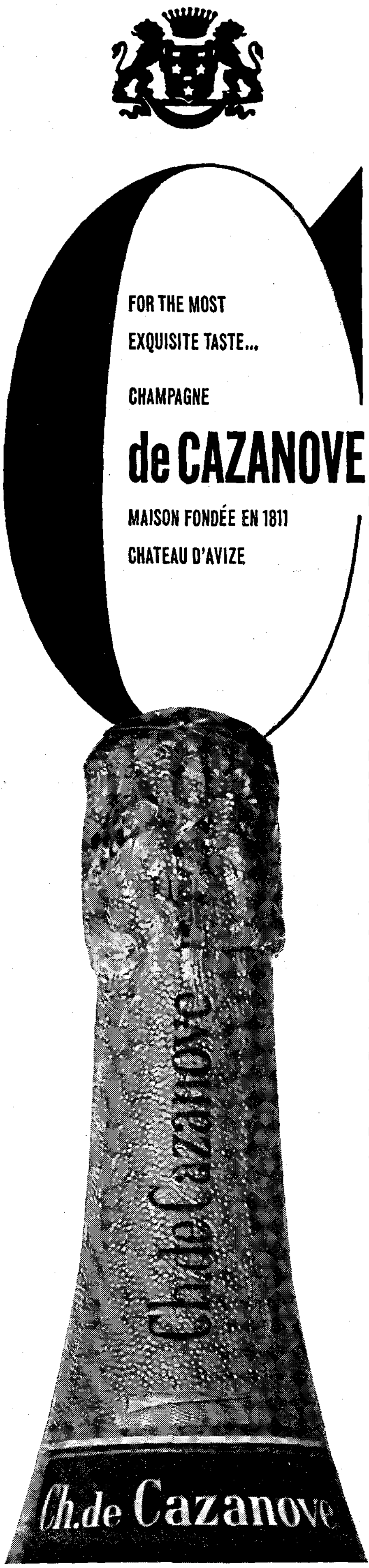

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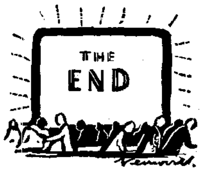
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Too Young, Too Old

NEW YORK is surely the only city in the country where it is a commonplace, week in and week out, for one to be able to see movies imported from England, France, Russia, Poland, Germany, Italy, Czechoslovakia, Spain, India, Sweden, Japan, Denmark, Argentina, and Hong Kong. Once in a while, we even get a movie from our near but shy neighbor, English-speaking Canada. Movies from French-speaking Canada are still rarer; one called "À Tout Prendre" has just arrived, and it is a curiosity not only because of its place of origin. One of the curious things about it is that the title has been mistranslated here as "Take It All." The ordinary meaning of the phrase is "on the whole," or "all in all," and one is tempted at first to hear in it echoes of the Shakespearean "He was a man, take him for all in all," but I have to admit that the temptation doesn't survive for long, the substance of the movie being more likely to put us in mind of some such un-Shakespearean epitaph as "Take him for all in all, he was a mouse." The fact is that the hero of "Take It All" is a young college student whose manhood is still in jeopardy and who, to an almost uncanny degree, lacks any striking qualities whatever. He is a plump-faced, impassive lad of good family and apparently ample means, who falls in love with a pretty Negro girl at a party and begins an affair with her. She is married and, it turns out, worldly enough to see no harm in occasionally being unfaithful to her lover as well as to her husband. The young man takes care to practice a commensurate infidelity. The affair marches steadily downhill from merry to dolorous; the girl becomes pregnant, the student decides to marry her, and then, still without a show of passion, decides not to. He breaks off the relationship and the girl tries in vain to renew it. She sends the boy a last letter announcing that she has lost the baby and absolving him of any blame for her unhappiness, and as the picture ends the young man stands poised on the brink of what one hopes is a sufficiently deep body of water, whining aloud, in most poetical tropes, over the choice he must make between living and dying.



Yeats has spoken of the ignominy of boyhood, and the ignominy of young manhood is perhaps even more painful to observe, if not to experience. We might find the hero of "Take It All" more bearable if, like Stephen Dedalus, he were witty as well as glum, hopeful as well as despairing. Stephen has a fantastically ambitious goal to pursue in the world around him, and the odds against his achieving this goal help carry him, in our sympathies, past bravado into gallantry, while the hero of "Take It All" is locked tight inside the brassbound box of himself and is all too evidently no Houdini.

The movie comes close to being a one-man job. The credits inform us that it was "created," directed, and co-produced by Claude Jutra, who also plays the leading role. Why "created" and not "written"? Well, Mr. Jutra, like his hero, is very young, and when one is young one prefers classy words like "create." The note of juvenile narcissism is further heightened by the fact that many of the characters in the movie bear the names of the people playing them. The hero is Claude as in Claude Jutra; the heroine is Johanne, played by a girl named simply Johanne; and Claude's friend Victor is played by Victor Desy. The implication is that because the names they bear are real, the story they enact is real, and because it is real it is touching. Not so. The movie is a talented pastiche of the works of the masters at whose feet Mr. Jutra has sat, especially Godard and Truffaut, and it succeeds only in the degree to which it imitates art and not life.

"JUDEX" is a movie from far-off French-speaking France, and a thoroughly silly one. It purports to have been made in homage to Louis Feuillade, who, back around the time of the First World War, was turning out serial thrillers about wicked criminals and their virtuous avengers. Both the criminals and the avengers had a passion for scrambling in and out of windows and over rooftops, masked and in acrobatic tights and cloaks, and even from this synthetic re-creation of the genre one can guess how exciting their derring-do must have seemed to the audiences of those days. But the fatal stamp of a patronizing coyness is on every frame of "Judex," and it fails from first to last. The blame for the direction rests with Georges Franju.

—BRENDAN GILL

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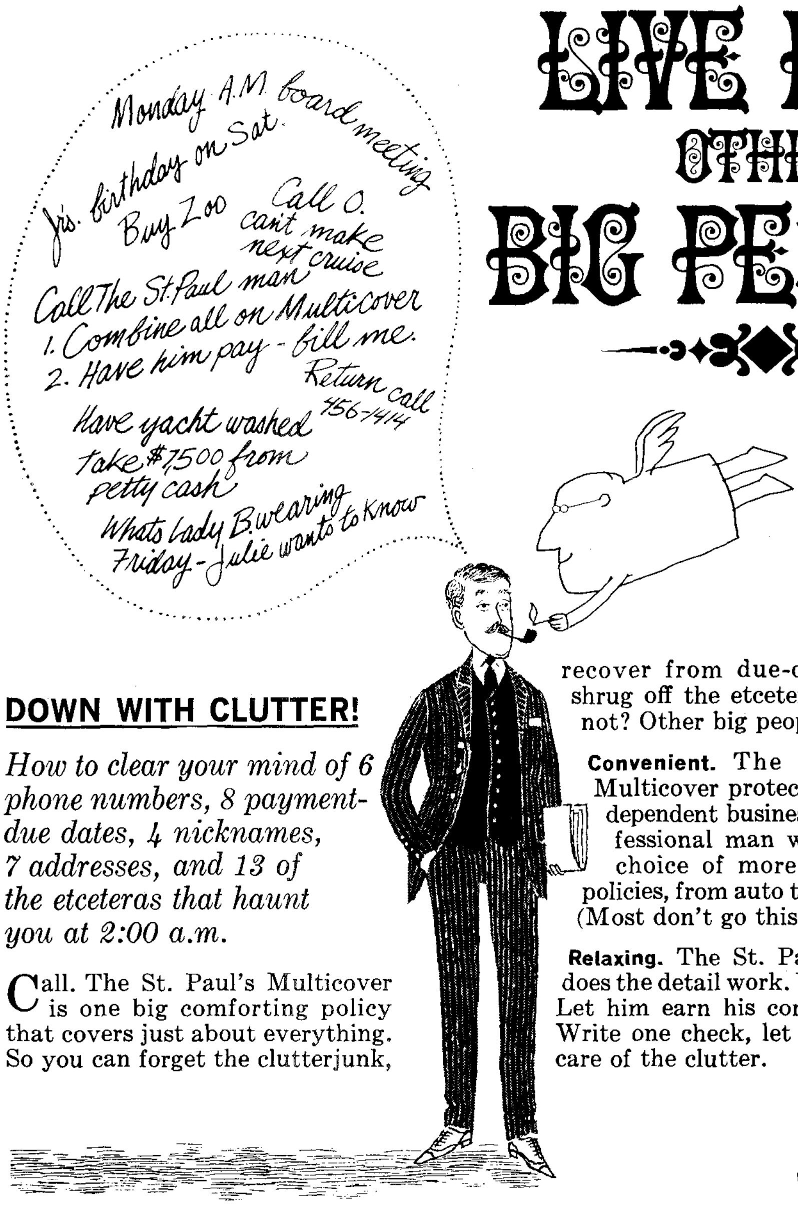
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THE RACE TRACK

Who Now?

THERE is a dictum of racing that if you run a horse often enough he's bound to get beat. But no one—or almost no one—could conceivably have foreseen that it would happen to Graustark in the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland last week. (Curiously, the one to upset the applecart was Abe's Hope, whose number was taken down after he had finished first in the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park last month.) Although there have been more unexpected goings on than usual this season in the progress of the three-year-olds toward the spring classics, the defeat of Graustark tops the lot. It hardly came as a surprise when John Galbreath, who owns him, declared Graustark out of the Kentucky Derby at Louisville on Saturday. X-rays taken several days after the Blue Grass showed the fracture of a small bone in the colt's left forefoot. No doubt it happened in the race. It is my guess that Graustark will be retired to the stud.

It is easy to be overenthusiastic about a big, handsome, bred-in-the-purple individual who in race after race makes his opposition look like buggy horses. Graustark certainly did that in his three starts as a two-year-old. Returning to competition at Hialeah in January, he romped away with the Bahama Stakes and a preliminary race in such impressive style that observers were saying here was a nonesuch with all the might of Man o' War plus the capability of Citation as a three-year-old, with the charm of Kelso thrown in for good measure. Then the colt bruised his left hind heel during a workout and was idle for a couple of months. Coming up to Keeneland, he ran two first-class sprints against second-class animals, and scared all but two other entrants away from the Blue Grass Stakes. The race itself started off as though it would be a carbon copy of his seven previous efforts. At one stage in the early running, Graustark was ten lengths in front. Later, he began to slow down—it took him twenty-five seconds to go from the six-furlong pole to the mile—and Abe's Hope whipped past him in the stretch.

Offhand, I'd say that the parade of excuses for Graustark's defeat took hours to pass a given point. The leading

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ones were, of course, that the bruise on his hind heel hurt him, that the bar plate he wore to protect it picked up an inordinate amount of mud from the sloppy track, that Baeza rode him badly (you must always criticize the jockey of a beaten 1–5 shot), that an abscess was forming in his left front hoof, and that the distance of the Blue Grass Stakes was a quarter of a mile farther than he'd ever run. I have no notion what the truth is, but I doubt that the broken bone cost him the race, because horses invariably keep going full tilt for some distance after an injury like that.

If Graustark had won the race and hadn't been hurt, my opinion is that there still would have been at least a dozen starters in the Kentucky Derby, since a number of trainers I know would have had a go at him just for luck. As things stand now, there may be as big a field and as merry a scramble as there was when Count Turf won fifteen years ago. There are three-year-olds from everywhere at Churchill Downs, and Colonel Martingale says he couldn't find the winner with a poltergeist's divining rod.

IT has been a long road to the winner's circle for Valley Farm's Selari, but he finally made it in the mist and drizzle at Aqueduct last Saturday. Far behind for most of the mile and a furlong of the Grey Lag Handicap, he went round the leaders in the stretch and won going away from Beaupy, who set the pace all the way until Selari passed him. Power of Destiny was third. Since the middle of last August, Selari had started fifteen times and finished second on eight occasions—six of them major stakes. If that isn't consistency, or hard luck, or both, I ask you! Earlier in the week, Hirsch Jacobs saddled his first stakes-race winner at the Big A this season—Straight Deal, in the Bed o' Roses Handicap. What a Treat, who was second, and Queen Empress, who was third, alternated in the lead till Straight Deal ran them down.

AND A RAY OF HOPE: The Wheatley Stable's Bold Lad, the best two-year-old in 1964, who hadn't been under colors since he wound up tenth in the Kentucky Derby last year, won at Garden State Park last weekend.

—AUDAX MINOR

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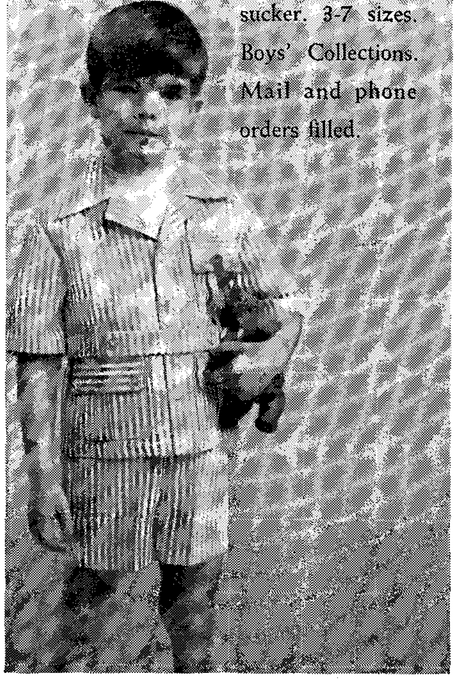

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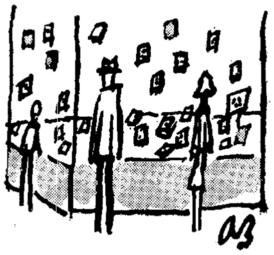
BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FORBUSH AND THE PENGUINS, by Graham Billing (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). This marvellous novel is accurately described by the publisher: "Forbush is a young New Zealand biologist who volunteers to live alone in an Antarctic hut for five months in order to record, day by day, the habits of a dying colony of penguins. In the desolate beauty of his icy world, he becomes obsessed, through the tragedy of the penguins and through his own recollections, with the nature of life and death, cruelty and love." Mr. Billing has a large and observant heart, and the natural tension in his writing is the mark of a talent that can only deepen and grow more important as the years go by.



A GENEROUS MAN, by Reynolds Price (Atheneum). Mr. Price tries very hard in his second novel to explain how it feels to be a poor fifteen-year-old North Carolina farm boy who experiences, in forty-eight hours, a startling number of firsts: He makes love to two women, gets drunk on moonshine, is nearly done in by a circus python, sees a ghost, and learns that there are other people in the world besides himself. The dialogue, which takes up much of the book, often sings. Indeed, the convoluted connective passages, full of knotted non-sentences and stunted poetic effects, confirm the suspicion that the author would be a fine dialect novelist—a vanished but still lamented breed.

A VISION OF BATTLEMENTS, by Anthony Burgess (Norton). Mr. Burgess wrote this first and previously unpublished novel in 1949 when, as a composer, he was "empty of music but itching to create." It was a good impulse. There are fine comic moments, particularly between the hero, an addled British soldier stationed in Gibraltar at the end of the Second World War, and his barracks-mate, a kindly homosexual, who teaches him how to wash behind his ears and take care of his clothes; the prose, swinging along behind Joyce, is occasionally inspired and always controlled; and the hero is probably the first of the Angry Young Men or, better, Funny Young Men. Most important, Mr. Burgess hasn't stopped writing.

GENERAL

LBJ: A FOREIGN OBSERVER'S VIEWPOINT, by Michael Davie (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). This portrait of President Johnson, by the deputy editor of the London *Observer*, is a marvel of international empathy. Davie does what a foreign observer is supposed to do: perceive, without partisanship, local peculiarities, traditions, and disagreements. His understanding of (for instance) American Populism is just about matchless—at least, few Americans are dispassionate enough to match it—and he has a fine awareness of its continuing influence on the President and on many other Americans. Davie admires Johnson, but he can understand why some Americans do not.

THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE, by Henri Isselin, translated by Charles Connell (Doubleday). An excellent account by a Frenchman of the unexpected Allied victory in September, 1914—the painful triumph that prevented the Germans from defeating the British and the French in the first six weeks of the war. Isselin believes battles are won, not just lost, and though he recognizes stupidity he also appreciates what good soldiers do. He thinks highly of the imperturbable French commander-in-chief, Joffre, and makes his praise for the man seem sound military judgment.

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS: POLITICS IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST, by Edward N. Costikyan (Harcourt, Brace & World). What its author learned in a political career that included a stint as Democratic leader of the Eighth Assembly District South and a stint as Democratic leader of New York County, from which post he retired in 1964 because, he says, he needed the time he was spending on politics to make a living. He illustrates his arguments and bolsters his opinions with many anecdotes, some controversial, some pleasantly gossipy. He believes that the traditional organization—the political party, the club, the leader, and his captains—is essential to good government, especially here, where the city bureaucracy exerts enormous and not always responsible power. His assessments of people and ideas are bracing, and his first-hand descriptions of political processes could not be better.

"THE MOST ENGLISH MINISTER . . .": THE POLICIES AND POLITICS OF PALMERSTON, by Donald Southgate (St. Martin's). Viscount Palmerston (1784-1865) entered Parliament as a Tory in 1807 but became a Whig Foreign Secretary in 1830. For most of the rest of his life, in that post or as Prime Minister, he not only made English foreign policy but created an English style in international affairs. England had come out of the Napoleonic wars with worldwide respect and real power, and Palmerston thought her success was attributable to her form of government. While he never lost sight of balance-of-power considerations, he made Great Britain the active champion of constitutional governments abroad. Southgate likes Palmerston, and, even better, understands him and his disentanglable mixture of nationalist and idealist, jingo and liberal, and presents his case with detail sufficient to gladden specialists and in an attractive, simple style.

THE UNCOMPROMISING HEART: A LIFE OF MARIE MANCINI, LOUIS XIV'S FIRST LOVE, by Françoise Mallet-Joris, translated from the French by Patrick O'Brian (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). A sensitive account of a woman by a woman for women. Marie Mancini was one of the nieces Cardinal Mazarin imported from Italy to increase his power by marrying them well in France. Marie's offer was too good: she got a proposal from Louis XIV, whom Mazarin was busy marrying to a Spanish princess. Marie might have become Louis's mistress, but she had an exalted character, with literary rather than practical concepts of love and honor; she renounced the King and married an Italian prince. Her remarkable qualities helped ruin her marriage. As she fled her husband all over Europe, she turned into an international scandal. The book is very good; it would be still better if the author did not nag the reader to sympathize with the subject.

MAN IN THE UNIVERSE, by Fred Hoyle (Columbia). Mr. Hoyle must surely be one of the most prolific scientific writers. His latest book is essentially a reprint of lectures that

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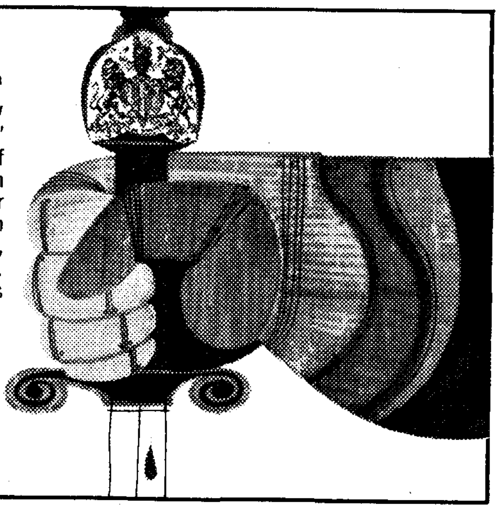

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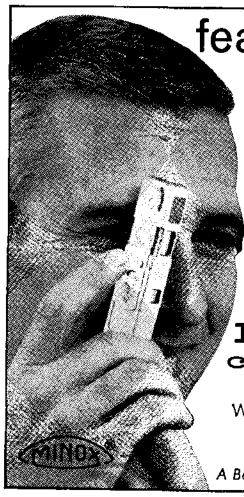

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he gave in 1964, in which he blasted away at established ideas about science and society. He is especially troubled by the proliferation of technology—the construction of machines and gadgets, like the transistor radio, that complicate and fill our lives with meaningless noise—and he puts a good deal of the widely publicized "scientific" work connected with rocket flights in this category. In his opinion, large telescopes on earth could tell us more about the universe than all the rocket flights made so far—and at a fraction of the cost. Since the book was written, the first really significant rocket-borne astronomy has produced marvellous closeup photography of Mars. Perhaps looking at the Mars pictures might change Hoyle's mind, but to judge from the asperity and conviction with which he states his views, that would take some doing.

NOTE: Donald Hall's Profile of Henry Moore, which appeared in this magazine in December, has been issued in book form by Harper & Row, under the title "Henry Moore: The Life and Work of a Great Sculptor." Over a hundred photographs and drawings have been added.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE PEDESTAL, by George Lanning (Harper & Row). A properly scary and pleasurably confusing neo-Gothic novel. The setting is a big old house on the outskirts of a village near Cleveland, and the principals include a young man convalescing from a nervous breakdown, his bad-tempered wife, a gossipy cleaning woman, several hard-drinking friends, and the pedestal of the title—a six-foot piece of carved mahogany with three clawed feet. Mr. Lanning is a writer of quality.

ECHO OF TREASON, by Jonathan Burke (Dodd, Mead). A thriller set in motion when a convicted English wartime traitor fresh out of prison announces that he intends to write his memoirs and identify certain well-placed former associates who abandoned the Nazi cause to save their skins. Mr. Burke tells this simple story as it should be told—simply and in complete seriousness.

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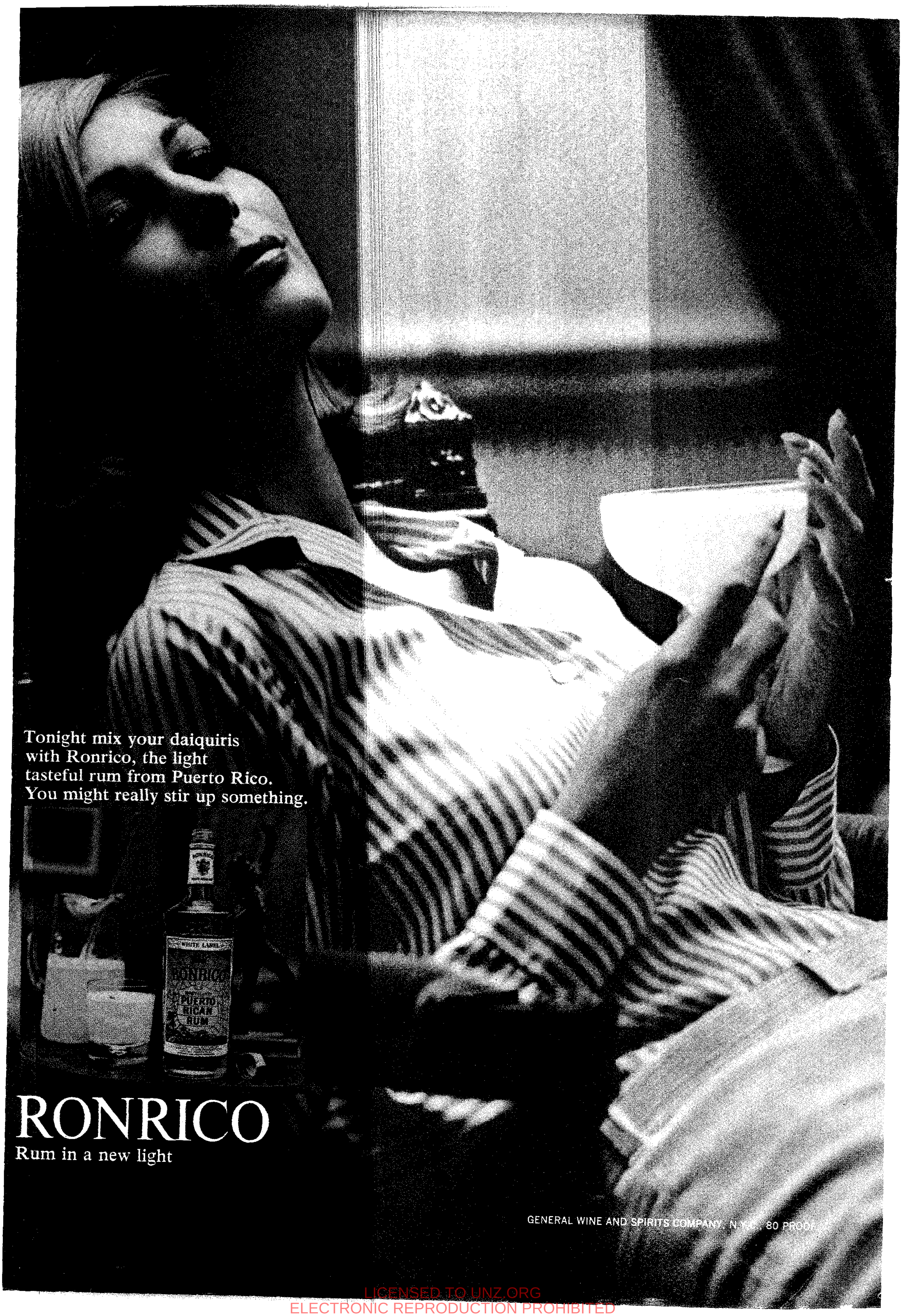
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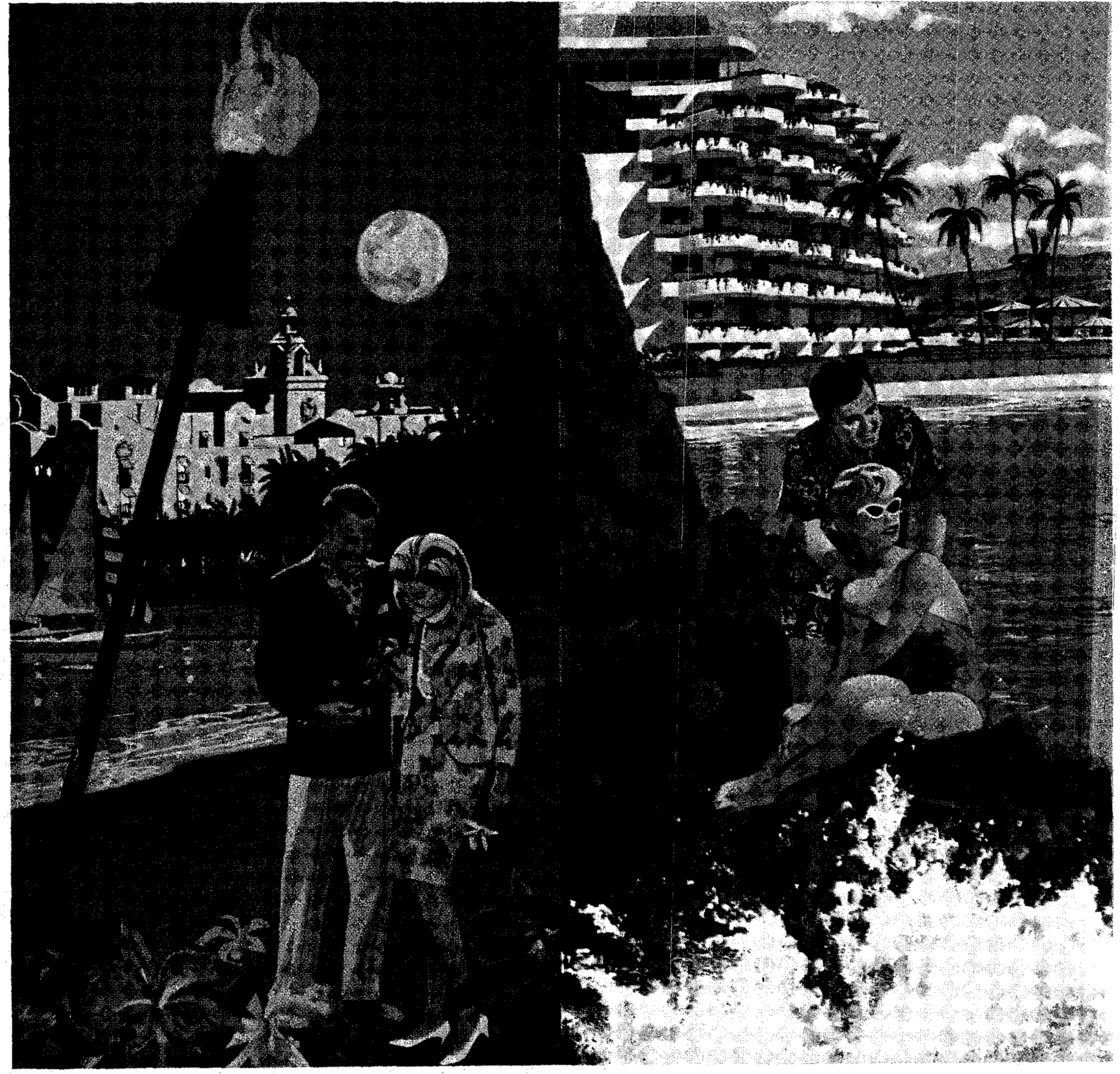

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